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Mary Robinson
the gift
from her
grandfather

THE QUAVER.

+

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▲

CHOICE COLLECTION

OF

NATIONAL SONGS.

WHEN WE TWO PARTED IN SILENCE
AND TEARS.

WHEN we two parted,
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted,
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek, and cold,
Colder thy kiss!
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my brow,
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame,
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in its shame,

They name thee before me,
 A knell to mine ear ;
 A shudder comes o'er me—
 Why wert thou so dear ?
 They know not I know thee,
 Who knew thee too well !
 Long, long shall I rue thee
 Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met,
 In silence I grieve,
 That my heart would forget,
 Thy spirit deceive !
 If I should meet thee
 After long years,
 How should I greet thee ?
 With silence and tears !

THE LILY AND ZEPHYR.

A DUET.

Lo ! when the showers descending
 Weigh the lily's crest,
 How its frail cup, bending,
 Seems with woe oppress'd !
 Drops on drops assail her,
 Whelm each lucid leaf ;
 The pale flower grows yet paler,
 Lost in hopeless grief.

Zephyr, lightly sweeping
 O'er the blooming plain,
 Spies that lily weeping,
 Newly washed with rain !
 Fondly bends he o'er it,
 Blowing drops away,
 With a kiss restores it,
 Lady of the May !

POOR TOM.

THEN farewell, my trim-built wherry,
 Oars and coat, and badge, farewell ;
 Never more at Chelsea ferry
 Shall your Thomas take a spell.

But to hope and peace a stranger,
 In the battle's heat I'll go ;
 Where, expos'd to ev'ry danger,
 Some friendly ball will lay me low.

Then mayhap, when homeward steering
 With the news my meemates come,
 Even you, my story hearing,
 With a sigh, may cry—poor Tom.



THE KISS.

THE kiss, dear maid, thy lips have left,
 Shall never part from mine,
 Till happier hours restore the gift
 Untainted back to thine.
 The parting glance that fondly gleams,
 An equal love may see,
 The tear that from the eyelid streams
 Can weep no change in me.

The kiss, &c.

I ask no pledge to make me blest,
 In gazing when alone ;
 Nor one memorial for a breast,
 Whose thoughts are all thine own.
 By day or night, in weal or woe,
 That heart no longer free,
 Must bear the love it cannot show,
 And silent ache for thee.

The kiss, &c.

BRITONS, UNITED, MUST PREVAIL.

My ship's my house, my home, my land,
My family not few ;
My children those whom I command,
A bold and jolly crew ;
And while together thus we sail,
Britons, united, must prevail.

For treasure, I've my seamen's love,
And if the foe intends
To venture forth, he soon may prove,
The value of such friends,
For while, together, thus we sail,
Britons, united, must prevail.

MARY, I BELIEVED THEE TRUE.

MARY, I believed thee true,
And I was blest in thus believing ;
But now I mourn that e'er I knew
A girl so fair and so deceiving.
Few have ever loved like me ;
Oh ! I have loved thee too sincerely !
And few have e'er deceived like thee,
Alas ! deceived me too severely.

Fare thee well ! yet think awhile
On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee ;
Who now would rather trust that smile,
And die with thee than live without thee.
Fare thee well ! I'll think on thee,
Thou leav'st me many a bitter token ;
For see, distracting woman, see
My peace is gone, my heart is broken.

THE MINUTE GUN.

WHEN in the storm on Albion's coast,
The night-watch guards his wary post,
From thoughts of danger free,
He marks some vessel's dusky form,
And hears, amid the howling storm,
The minute gun at sea.

Swift on the shore a hardy few
The life-boat man with gallant crew,
And dare the dangerous wave :
Through the wild surf they cleave their way,
Lost in the foam, nor know dismay,
For they go the crew to save.

But, oh ! what rapture fills each breast
Of the hopeless crew of the ship distress'd !
Then, landed safe, what joy to tell
Of all the dangers that befell :
Then heard is no more,
By the watch on the shore,
The minute gun at sea.

TO GUARD FROM FOES HER NATIVE LAND.

WHEN Vulcan forg'd the bolts of Jove,
In Ætna's roaring glow,
Neptune petition'd he might prove
Their use and pow'r below ;
But finding in the boundless deep,
Such thunders would but idly sleep,
He with them arm'd Britannia's hand,
To guard from foes her native land.

Long may she hold the awful right,
And when thro' circling flame,
She darts her vengeance in the fight,
May justice guide her aim !

While if assail'd in future wars,
Her soldiers brave and gallant tars,
Shall launch her fires from every hand,
On ev'ry foe to Britain's land.

I SAW THEE WEEP.

I saw thee weep—the big bright tear
Came o'er that eye of blue ;
And then methought it did appear
A violet dropping dew :
I saw thee smile—the sapphire's blaze
Beside thee ceas'd to shine ;
It could not match the living rays
That fill'd that glance of thine.

As clouds from yonder sun receive
A deep and mellow dye,
Which scarce the shade of coming eve
Can banish from the sky,
Those smiles unto the moodiest mind
Their own pure joy impart ;
Their sunshine leaves a glow behind,
That lightens o'er the heart.

PALE FACES.

PALE faces stand by,
And our bright ones adore ;
We look like our wine,
You worse than our score.
Come, light up your pimples,
All art we outshine ;
When the plump god doth paint,
Each streak is divine.

Clean glasses are pencils,
Old claret is oil ;
He that sits for his picture,
Must sit a good while.

WHEN WE DWELL ON THE LIPS.

WHEN we dwell on the lips of the lass we adore,
Not a pleasure in nature is missing ;
May his soul rest in heaven ! he deserves it, I'm sure,
Who was first the inventor of kissing.

Master Adam, I verily think was the man,
Whose discovery will ne'er be surpass'd,
Then since this sweet game with creation began,
To the end of the world may it last.

PROUD WOMAN I SCORN YOU.

PROUD woman I scorn you, brisk wine's my delight,
I'll drink all the day and I'll revel all night :
As great as a monarch the moments I'll pass,
The bottle my globe, and the sceptre my glass.
The tables my throne, and tavern my court,
The drawers my subjects, and drinking my sport.
Here's the queen of all joy, here's a mistress ne'er coy,
Dear cure of all sorrows, and life of all bliss,
I'm a king when I hug you, much more when I kiss.

LOVE WAKES AND WEEPS.

Love wakes and weeps,
While Beauty sleeps !
O for Music's softest numbers !
To prompt a theme
For Beauty's dream,
Soft as the pillow of her slumbers.

Through groves of palm
Sigh gales of balm,
Fire-flies on the air are wheeling ;
While through the gloom
Comes soft perfume,
The distant beds of flowers revealing.

O wake and live !
No dream can give
A shadow'd bliss, the real excelling ;
No longer sleep,
From lattice peep,
And list the tale that Love is telling.



OUR COUNTRY IS OUR SHIP, D'YE SEE.

Our country is our ship, d'ye see,
A gallant vessel too,
And of his fortune proud is he,
Who's of the Albion's crew ;
Each man, whate'er his station be,
When duty's call commands,
Should take his stand,
And lend a hand,
As the common cause demands.

Among ourselves, in peace, 'tis true,
We quarrel, make a rout,
And having nothing else to do,
We fairly scold it out :
But once the enemy's in view,
Shake hands, we soon are friends.
On the deck,
Till a wreck
Each the common cause defends.

TASTE! OH TASTE.

TASTE, oh taste, this spicy wine,
Drain the sparkling cup I pray ;
Does your heart in sadness pine ?
Drink and sadness clears away.
Now may nimble troops of pleasure,
Seal your hours, in merriment light
Deck the day with fancy's treasure,
Bless your dreams and crown the night.

FLOWING HAIR:

TIME has not thinn'd my flowing hair,
Nor bent me with his iron hand ;
Ah ! why so soon the blossom tear,
Ere Autumn yet the fruit demand.
Let me enjoy the cheerful day,
Till many a year has o'er me roll'd ;
Pleas'd, let me trifle life away,
And sing of love till I grow old.

O ! LIFE IS LIKE A SUMMER FLOWER.

O ! LIFE is like a summer flower,
Blooming but to wither ;
O love is like an April hour—
Tears and smiles together.
And hope is but a vapour light,
The lover's worst deceiver ;
Before him now it dances bright,
And now 'tis gone for ever.
O joy is but a passing ray,
Lovers' hearts beguiling :
A gleam that cheers a winter's day,
Just a moment smiling.

But tho' in hopeless dark despair,
The thread of life may sever,
Yet while it beats, dear maid, I swear
My heart is thine for ever.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled !
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led !
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victory !
Now's the day, and now's the hour !
See the front of battle low'r !
See approach proud Edward's pow'r !
Edward ! chains and slavery !

Wha will be a traitor knave ?
Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
Wha sae base as be a slave ?
Traitor ! coward ! turn and flee.
Wha for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw ;
Freeman stand, or freeman fa'
Caledonian ! on wi' me !

By Oppression's woes and pains !
By your sons in servile chains :
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be, shall be free !
Lay the proud usurpers low !
Tyran'ts fall in every foe !
Liberty's in every blow !
Forward ! let us do, or die !

GENERAL WOLFE'S SONG.

How stands the glass around ?
 For shame ! ye take no care, boys.
 How stands the glass around ?
 Let mirth and wine abound ;
 The trumpets sound,
 The colours they are flying, boys ;
 To fight, kill, or wound,
 May we still be found
 Content, with our hard fare, my boys,
 On the cold ground.

Why, soldiers, why
 Should we be melancholy, boys ?
 Why, soldiers, why ?
 Whose business 'tis to die. ♪
 What, sighing ? fie !
 Drink on, and let's be jolly, boys,
 'Tis he, you, and I,
 Cold, hot, wet, or dry,
 We're always bound to follow, boys,
 And scorn to fly.

'Tis but in vain,
 (I meant not to upbraid you, boys,)
 'Tis but in vain
 For soldiers to complain ;
 Should next campaign
 Send us to Him that made us, boys,
 We're free from pain ;
 But should we remain,
 A bottle and kind landlady
 Cures all again.

THE BEGGAR.

A BEGGAR I am, and of low degree,
 For I'm come of a begging family ;

I'm lame, but when in a fighting bout,
 I whip off my leg and I fight it out.
 In running I leave the beadle behind,
 And a lass I can see, tho' alas! I'm blind;
 Thro' town and village I gaily jog
 My music, the bell of my little dog.

I'm clothed in rags,
 I'm hung with bags,
 That round me wage;
 I've a bag for my salt,
 A bag for my malt,
 A bag for the leg of a goose:
 For my oats a bag,
 For my groats a bag,
 And a bottle to hold my booze.

It's ~~now~~ Heaven bless you for your charity,
 And then push the can about, fol de rol de rea.
 In begging a farthing I'm poor and old,
 In spending a noble I'm stout and bold;
 When a brave full company I see,
 It's "my noble masters your charity!"—
 But when a traveller I meet alone,
 "Stand and deliver, or I'll knock you down!"
 All day for a wandering mumper pass,
 All night—oh! a barn, a buxom lass.
 I'm clothed in rags, &c.

ADIEU, MY NATIVE LAND, ADIEU.

ADIEU, my native land, adieu!
 The vessel spreads her swelling sails;
 Perhaps I never more may view
 Your fertile fields, your flowery dales.
 Delusive hope can charm no more,
 Far from the faithless maid I roam;
 Unfriended seek some foreign shore,
 Unpitied leave my peaceful home.
 Adieu, my native, &c.

Farewell, dear village, oh, farewell !
 Soft on the gale thy murmur dies ;
 I hear thy solemn evening bell,
 Thy spires yet glad my aching eyes,
 Though frequent falls the dazzling tear,
 I scorn to shrink from fate's decree ;
 And think not, cruel maid, that e'er
 I'd heave another sigh for thee.
Adieu, my native, &c.

In vain through shades of frowning night,
 Mine eyes thy rocky coast explore ;
 Deep sinks the fiery orb of light,
 I view thy beacons now no more.
 Rise ! billows, rise ! blow hollow winds !
 Nor night, nor storms, nor death I fear,
 Unfriended bear me hence, to find
 That peace which fate denies me here.
Adieu, my native, &c.

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### CEASE YOUR FUNNING.

CEASE your funning,  
 Force or cunning,  
 Never shall my heart trepan ;  
 All these sallies,  
 Are but malice,  
 To seduce my constant man.  
 'Tis most certain,  
 By their flirting,  
 Women oft have envy shown ;  
 Pleas'd to ruin,  
 Others wooing,  
 Never happy in their own.

## HERE'S THE BOWER.

HERE's the bow'r she lov'd so much,  
 And here's the tree she planted ;  
 Here's the harp she us'd to touch,  
 Oh ! how that touch enchanted !  
 Roses now unheeded sigh,  
 Where's the hand to wreath them ?  
 Songs around neglected lie,  
 Where's the lips to breathe them ?  
 Spring may bloom, but she we lov'd  
 Ne'er shall feel its sweetness ;  
 Time that once so fleetly mov'd,  
 Now hath lost its fleetness.  
 Years were days when here she stray'd,  
 Days were moments near her ;  
 Heaven ne'er form'd a brighter maid,  
 Nor pity wept a dearer.

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## LOVE IN THE HEART.

WHAT is it that drives the red rose from the cheek,  
 Or the lily displaces with blushes that speak ;  
 That dims the bright beam by a tear in the eye ;  
 That checks a young smile by a murmuring sigh—  
 'Tis love ; 'tis love in the heart.

And what bids the soul the emotion declare,  
 By the glance of the eye, when the lips do not dare—  
 And what, when its meaning another can guess,  
 Emboldens the tongue the fond thought to express—  
 'Tis love, &c.

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## THE BANNER OF WAR.

BEHOLD the Britannia ! how stately and brave  
 She floats on the ambient tides !

For empire design'd, o'er the turbulent waves !  
How trim and how gallant she rides !  
Yet love in a true Briton's heart,  
With glory contends for a part ;  
And the fair cheek of beauty with tears is impearl'd,  
When the banner, the banner of war is unfurl'd.

On the shore how alert, how intrepid the crew ;  
How firm at their sovereign's command ;  
Or dauntless o'er ocean her foes to pursue,  
And die for the cause of our land !  
Yet one tear ere the heroes depart,  
One sigh shall be drawn from the heart :  
One kiss on the cheek which sweet sorrow's impearl'd,  
When the banner, the banner of war is unfurl'd.

Now forth to the conquest ! the battle swells high,  
And fierce round the vessel it roars ;  
Hark ! the sons of Britannia, "to victory !" cry,  
And victory sounds to our shores :  
Then peaceful again to their home,  
Shall the patriot warriors come ;  
No more the fair cheek shall with tears be impearl'd,  
But the banner of peace stand for ever unfurl'd.

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### THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

A Song to the Oak, the brave old Oak,  
Who hath ruled in the green wood long,  
Here's health and renown to his broad green crown,  
And his fifty arms so strong.  
There's fear in his frown, when the sun goes down,  
And the fire in the west fades out,  
And he sheweth his might on a wild midnight,  
When the storm through his branches about.  
Then here's to the Oak, the brave old Oak,  
Who stands in his pride alone,  
And still flourish he a hale green tree,  
When a hundred years are gone.

In the days of old when the spring with cold,  
Had brightened his branches grey,  
Through the grass at his feet, crept maidens sweet,  
To gather the dew of May.  
And on that day to the rebeck gay,  
They frolicked with lovesome swains ;  
They are gone, they are dead, in the churchyard laid,  
But the tree it still remains.

Then here's, &c.

He saw the rare times, when the Christmas chimes  
Was a merry sound to hear,  
When the squire's wide hall, and the cottage small  
Were filled with good English cheer.  
Now gold hath the sway, we all obey,  
And a ruthless king is he,  
But he never shall send, our ancient friend,  
To be tossed on the stormy sea.

Then here's, &c.

~~~~~  
HE WAS SUCH A NICE YOUNG MAN.

If pity dwell within your breast,
Some sympathy pray spare,
Of love that breaks young ladies' rest,
Indeed I've had my share.
His form is ever in my sight,
Forget I never can,
I'm haunted by him day and night,
He was such a nice young man.

'Twas at a ball held in the west,
On me he first did glance,
So gently he my fingers press'd,
And asked me out to dance ;
I blushed and whispered No, no, no,
Then smiling, dropt my fan,
For how could I refuse to dance,
He was such a nice young man.

The dance now o'er, my hand he took,
And led me to a seat,
And sighing, gave me such a look,
I'd ne'er seen one so sweet.
Refreshments begged of me to take,
I did the dainties scan,
Alas! I'd lost my appetite,
He was such a nice young man.

When growing late about to leave,
It rained in torrents fast,
Said he, Dear Miss, I really grieve,
I fear that it will last;
Then quick he hurried from the room,
And for a coach he ran;
His kindness quite o'erpower'd me,
He was such a nice young man.

As thro' the hall we went along,
He begg'd for my address,
I gave it him, not thinking wrong,
He was in such distress;
His card emboss'd he handed me,
With "Captain" Miss, I am,
My stars! thought I, O here's a chance,
He was such a nice young man.

Next morning drest and breakfast done,
Heart beating with desire,
The hall-door bell was loudly rung,
Enough to break the wire;
I thought I should have died with fright,
Up came our servant Ann,
A gentleman, Miss, waits below,
He is such a nice young man.

Almost I'd sunk 'twixt hope and fear,
I wish'd I was afar,
Guess my surprise him now to hear
Conversing with Mamma:

Such language elegant he used,
He did her heart trepan ;
She said she no objection had,
He was such a nice young man.

Now stop to dine with us you must,
I will not take denial ;
Excuse me, Ma'am, this visit first
Is far too great a trial,
Well, call again whene'er you please,
For visit here you can,
I'll call again to-morrow, Ma'am,
Said my very nice young man.

From house he scarce was out of sight,
When from the lower rooms,
A servant maid came in a fright,
And cried, He's stole the spoons !
Ah ! fetch him back, Mamma, she cries,
Off went our footman Dan,
Who brought him back, we found the spoons
Upon this nice young man.

A caution, ladies, give I must,
The moral I well know,
'Tis never the appearance trust
Of any dashing beau :
For this is what I should have done,
When to notice he began,
But who'd have thought he was a thief,
He was such a nice young man.

THE GIPSY KING.

'Tis I'm the Gipsy King.
And where's the king like me ?
No troubles my dignities bring,
No other is half so free !

In my kingdom there is but one table,
 All my subjects partake of my cheer ;
 We'd all drink champagne were we able,
 As it is, we have plenty of beer.

For I am, &c.

A king and a true one am I,
 No courtier nor minister here ;
 I see every thing with my own eye,
 And hear every thing with my own ear.
 No conspiracy I apprehend,
 Among brothers and sisters I rule,
 We both help to gain and to spend,
 And get drunk when the measure is full.

For I am, &c.

I confess that I am but a man,
 My failings who pleases may know ;
 I'm fond of my girl and my can,
 And of jolly companions a row.
 My subjects are kind to me,
 They don't grudge me the largest glass,
 Nor yet that I hold on my knee,
 At this moment the prettiest lass,

For I am, &c.

Ne'er a king do I envy, nor Keyser,
 That sits on a golden throne ;
 And I'll tell you the reason why, sir,
 Here's a sceptre and ball of my own.
 To sit all night through in a crown,
 I've a notion my can it would frame,
 So I pull my own nightcap down,
 And tiddle and smoke at my ease.

For I am, &c.

THE MAID OF JUDAH.

No more shall the children of Judah sing,
 The lays of a happier time ;

Nor strike the harp with the golden string
 'Neath the sun of an eastern clime.
 This, this was the lay of a Jewish maid,
 But not in her father's bowers ;
 So sweetly she sung, as in sadness she stray'd
 O'er the ruins of Babylon's towers.
 No more, &c.

Oh, where are the sons of mine ancient race,
 That were born but the Javein to bear ;
 Oh, where is that city whose wreck I trace,
 Which once was so lovely and fair ?
 The green grass grows on that fertile spot,
 Where once grew the sweetest of flowers ;
 Land of my kindred, thou shalt ne'er be forgot,
 While a ruin remains of thy towers.
 No more, &c.

THE WILD WHITE ROSE.

ALL in the garden of beauty there grows,
 Proudest, and sweetest, a strange white rose,
 Yet thorns dwell around the spot where it blows,
 So maidens beware of the wild young rose.
 But there is one hour,
 One word of power,
 The secret one happy lady knows,
 To call a fair sprite from its leaves at night,
 The genti king of the wild white rose.
 All in the garden, &c.

The maiden who dars its sweets to inhale,
 Till her rosy cheek is dewy and pale ;
 While love and fear contest in her heart,
 The fairy king from the flower may start.
 Sweet as the balm that round her flows,
 Bright as the bud that near her grows,
 Yet thorns for her breast,
 To rob her of rest,
 So maidens beware of the wild white rose.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
 How my childhood fled by,
 And the mirth of its December,
 And the warmth of its July.
 On my brow, love, on my brow, love,
 There are no signs of care ;
 But my pleasures are not now, love,
 What childhood's pleasures were.
 I remember, &c.

Then the bowers, then the bowers,
 Were as blithe as blithe could be ;
 And all their radiant flowers,
 Were coronals for me.
 Gems to night, love, gems to night, love,
 Are beaming in my hair ;
 But they are not half so bright, love,
 As childhood's roses were.
 I remember, &c.

I was merry, I was merry,
 When my little lovers came,
 With a lily or a cherry,
 Or some new invented game.
 Now I've you, love, now I've you, love,
 To kneel before me there ;
 But you know you're not so true, love,
 As childhood's lovers were.
 I remember, &c.

WE MET.

We met—'twas in a crowd,
 And I thought he would shun me,
 He came—I could not breathe,
 For his eyes were upon me ;

He spoke—his words were cold,
 And his smile was unaltered ;
 I knew how much he felt,
 For his deep-toned voice falter'd.
 I wore my bridal robe,
 And I rivall'd its whiteness ;
 Bright gems were in my hair,
 How I hated their brightness.
 He called me by my name—
 As the bride of another—
 Oh, thou hast been the cause
 Of this anguish, my mother !
 And once again we met,—
 And a fair girl was near him,
 He smiled, and whispered low,
 As I once used to hear him :
 She leant upon his arm—
 Once 'twas mine, and mine only—
 I wept—for I deserved
 To feel wretched and lonely.
 And she will be his bride !
 At the altar he'll give her
 The love that was too pure
 For a heartless deceiver.
 The world may think me gay,
 For my feelings I smother,—
 Oh, thou hast been the cause
 Of this anguish, my mother !

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### WE HAVE LIVED AND LOVED TOGETHER.

We have liv'd and lov'd together  
 Through many changing years,  
 We have shar'd each other's gladness  
 And wept each other's tears.  
 I have never known a sorrow,  
 That was long unsoothed by thee,  
 For thy smile can make a summer,  
 Where darkness else would be.

Like the leaves that fall around us,  
In Autumn's fading hours ;  
Are the traitor smiles that darken,  
When the cloud of sorrow low'rs.  
And though many such we've known, love,  
For prone, alas ! to range ;  
We both can speak of one, love,  
Whom time could never change,

We have liv'd and lov'd together,  
Through many changing years ;  
We have shar'd each other's gladness,  
And wept each other's tears.  
And let us hope the future,  
As the past hath been, will be,  
I will share with thee thy sorrows,  
And thou thy joys with me.

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### PLY THE OAR, BROTHER.

PLY the oar, brother, and speed the boat,  
Swift o'er the glittering waves we float ;  
Then home as swiftly we'll haste again,  
Loaded with wealth of the plundered main.  
Pull away, pull away,  
Row boys, row ;  
A long pull, and a strong pull,  
And off we go.

Hark ! hark ! as the neighbouring convent bell  
Throws o'er the waves its vesper swell,  
Sullen its boom from shore to shore,  
Blandishing its chime to the dash of the oar  
Boom, boom—dash, dash !  
Pull away, &c.

## THE MAID OF LLANWELLYN.

I've no sheep on the mountain, nor boat on the lake,  
Nor coin in my coffer to keep me awake ;  
Nor corn in my garner, nor fruit on the tree,  
Yet the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

Rich Owen will tell you with eyes full of scorn,  
Threadbare is my coat, and my hosen are torn ;  
Scoff on, my rich Owen, for faint is thy glee,  
While the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

The farmer rides proudly to market and fair,  
And the clerk at the tavern still claims the great chair ;  
But of all the proud fellows, the proudest I'll be,  
While the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

## BACCHANALIAN SONG.

GAILY still my moments roll  
Whilst I quaff the flowing bowl ;  
Care can never reach the soul  
Who deeply drinks of wine.  
Who deeply, &c.

See the lover, pale with grief,  
Binds his brows with willow leaf ;  
But his heart soon finds relief  
By drinking deep of wine.  
By drinking, &c.

Eyes of fire, lips of dew,  
Cheeks that shame the roses' hue ;  
Dearer these to me and you,  
Who deeply drinks of wine.  
Who deeply, &c.

## THE SOLDIER'S TEAR.

UPON the hill he turn'd  
 To take a last fond look  
 Of the valley and the village church,  
 And the cottage by the brook ;  
 He listen'd to the sounds  
 So familiar to his ear ;  
 And the soldier lean'd upon his sword,  
 And wip'd away a tear.

Beside the cottage porch  
 A girl was on her knees,  
 She held aloft a snowy scarf  
 Which flutter'd in the breeze :  
 She breath'd a prayer for him,  
 A prayer he could not hear,  
 But he paus'd to bless her as she knelt,  
 And wip'd away a tear.

He turn'd, and left the spot,  
 Oh ! do not deem him weak,  
 For dauntless was the soldier's heart,  
 Tho' tears were on his cheek.  
 Go, watch the foremost ranks  
 In danger's dark career,  
 Be sure the hand most daring there  
 Has wip'd away a tear.

## BEHOLD HOW BRIGHTLY.

BEHOLD how brightly breaks the morning,  
 Though bleak our lot, our hearts are warm,  
 Hur'd to toil, all danger scorning,  
 We'll hail the breeze and brave the storm.  
 Put off, put off, our way we know,  
 Take heed—whisper low—  
 Look out and spread your nets with care,  
 Take heed—whisper low—  
 The prey we seek we'll soon, we'll soon enanara.

Away! no clouds are lowering o'er us,  
 Freely now we tempt the wave;  
 Hoist, hoist each sail, while full before us  
 Hope's beacon shines to cheer the brave.  
 Put off, put off, &c.

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### HOW, WHEN, AND WHERE.

Oh, tell me when, and tell me where,  
 Am I to meet with thee, my fair?  
 I'll meet thee in the silent night,  
 When stars are shining gentle light,  
 Enough for love but not too bright,  
 To tell who blushes there.

You've told me when, now tell me where,  
 Am I to meet with thee my fair?  
 I'll meet thee in that lovely place,  
 Where flowerets dwell in sweet embrace,  
 And Zephyr comes to steal a grace,  
 To shed on the midnight air

You've told me when, and told me where,  
 But how shall I know thou'lt be there?  
 Thou'lt know it when I sing this lay,  
 Which wandering boys on organs play,  
 No lover sure can miss his way  
 When led by this signal air—  
 Fal, la, la, la, this signal air.

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### OH! THE MISSETOE BOUGH.

THE missetoe hung on the castle hall,  
 The holly branch shone on the old oak wall,  
 And the baron's retainers were blithe and gay,  
 And keeping their Christmas holiday;  
 The baron beheld with a father's pride,  
 His beautiful child, young Lovell's bride;

While she, with her bright eyes, seem'd to be  
The star of that goodly company.

Oh ! the mimstoe bough.

"I'm weary of dancing now," she cried ;  
"Here tarry a moment—I'll hide—I'll hide ;  
And Lovell, be sure thou'rt the first to trace  
The clue to my secret hiding-place."

Away she ran—and her friends began  
Each tower to search, and each nook to scan ;  
And young Lovell cried, "Oh ! where dost thou hide,  
I'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride."

Oh ! the mimstoe bough.

They sought her that night, and they sought her  
next day ;

And they sought her in vain when a week pass'd  
away ;

In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot,  
Young Lovell sought wildly, but found her not.  
And years flew by, and their grief at last  
Was told as a sorrowful tale, long past :

And when Lovell appear'd, the children cried,  
"See ! the old man weeps for his lost fair bride !"

Oh ! the mimstoe bough.

At length an oak chest, that had long lain hid,  
Was found in the castle—they rais'd the lid,  
A skeleton form lay mouldering there,

In the bridal wreath of that lady fair,  
Oh ! sad was her fate—in sportive jest  
She hid from her lord in the old oak chest ;  
It closed with a spring—and, dreadful doom,  
The bride lay clasped in her living tomb.

Oh ! the mimstoe bough.

#### BANKS OF THE BLUE MOSELLE.

When the glow-worm gilds the elfin bower,  
That clings around the shrine,

Where first we met, where first we lov'd,  
And I confessed me thine.  
'Tis there I'll fly to meet thee still,  
At the sound of vesper bell ;  
In the starry light of the summer night,  
On the banks of the blue Moselle.

If the cares of life should shade my brow,  
Yes, yes, in our native bowers ;  
My lute and harp might best accord,  
To tell of happier hours ;  
'Tis there I'd soothe thy grief to rest,  
Each sight of sorrow quell ;  
In the starry light of the summer night,  
On the banks of the blue Moselle.

### MY HEART AND LUTE

I give thee all, I can no more,  
Though poor the off'ring be ;  
My heart and lute are all the store,  
That I can bring to thee :  
A lute whose gentle song reveals  
The soul of love full well,  
And better far a heart who feels  
Much more than lute can tell.

Tho' love and song may fail, alas !  
To keep life's clouds away,  
At least 'twill make them lighter pass,  
Or gild them if they stay ;  
If ever care his discord flings,  
O'er life's enchanted strain,  
Let love but gently touch the strings—  
'Twill all be sweet again.

I give thee all, &c.

### THE MAID OF LLANGOLLEN.

Tho' lowly my lot and poor my estate,  
I see without envy the wealthy and great,  
Contented and proud a poor shepherd to be,  
While the maid of Llangollen smiles sweetly on me.

My way o'er the mountain I cheerfully take,  
At morn, when the song-birds their melody wake,  
At eve I return with a heart full of glee,  
For the maid of Llangollen smiles sweetly on me.

Glenarvon's rich lord passes scornfully by,  
But wealth canna mak' him see happy as I,  
And prouder than ever the proudest I'll be,  
While the maid of Llangollen smiles sweetly on me.

### THE ROSE SHALL CEASE TO BLOW.

THE rose will cease to blow,  
The eagle turn a dove.  
The stream will cease to flow,  
Ere I will cease to love.  
Ere I will cease to love, &c.

The sun will cease to shine,  
The world will cease to move.  
The stars their light resign,  
Ere I will cease to love.  
Ere I will cease to love, &c.

### WHEN A MAN'S A LITTLE BIT POORLY.

WHEN a man's a little bit poorly,  
He makes a fuss,  
Wants a nurse,  
Thinks he's going to die most surely,  
Sends for a doctor, who makes him worse.

I only caught a bit of a cold  
 My wife did make  
 Me gruel take,  
 Cuddles me up between kindness and scold,  
 And with her own hands my pillow did shake,  
 When a man, &c.

I three days with fever was furnac'd.  
 Balmy sleep,  
 To me 'd not creep,  
 Obliged to send for the doctor in earnest ;  
 Hopes of recovery faintly peep,  
 He with long and serious face,  
 Pronounc'd me ill,  
 Sent bolus—pill—  
 Draught—powder—and all the race  
 Of drugs compound, to make a long bill.  
 When a man, &c.

Leech'd—cupp'd—bled—and blister,  
 Slips and slops,  
 Eating tops,  
 So low each pill was a twister ;  
 I swallow'd about three doctor's shops,  
 Countenance turn'd a cadaverous tint ;  
 A bitter pill,  
 Grew weaker still,  
 Thro' the nurse had a bit of a hint,  
 Should'nt die sooner for making my will.  
 When a man, &c.

Worse and worse was my condition,  
 My body's sore,  
 Life's a bore,  
 The doctor call'd in a physician,  
 Who physio'd and bolus'd me ten times more.  
 Relations round with sighs and tears—  
 Each nephew—niece  
 Disturb my peace,  
 Even my wife chang'd hopes for fears,  
 Perverently wished me a happy release.  
 When a man, &c.

Then physician's consultation,  
 They view my face,  
 Hopeless case  
 Propound'd with much deliberation,  
 That I, alas! had run my race.  
 Skeleton like my bones peep through,  
 My eyes I fix,  
 I hear death ticks,  
 To wife and friends I bade adieu,  
 Expecting with Charon to cross the styx.  
 When a man, &c.

Wishing to leave the world in quiet,  
 Of drugs and such,  
 I had too much,  
 So I took a meal of my usual diet.  
 Got better, and 'scaped from death's cold clatch,  
 Physic since to the dogs I throw,  
 Happy and gay,  
 I pass each day;  
 And when I am summon'd where all must go,  
 I'm determin'd to die in the natural way.  
 When a man, &c.

### IF ANY SO WISE IS.

If any so wise is, that sack he despises,  
 Let him drink his small beer and be sober;  
 Whilst we drink wine, and sing as if it were spring,  
 He shall droop like the trees in October.  
 But be sure, over night, if this dog do you bite,  
 You take it henceforth for a warning,  
 Soon as out of your bed, to settle your head,  
 Take a hair of his tail in the morning.  
 And not be so silly, to follow old Lilly!  
 For there's nothing but wine that can tune us;  
 Let his Ne amneecas be put in his cape-case,  
 And sing *håbito vinum japonæ*.

## DRINKING SONG.

COME now all ye social powers,  
Shed your influence o'er us ;  
Crown with joy the present hours,  
Enliven those before us :  
Bring the flask, the music bring,  
Joy shall quickly find us ;  
Sport and dance, and laugh, and sing,  
And cast dull care behind us.

Love, thy godhead I adore,  
Source of generous passion ;  
Nor will we ever bow before  
Those idols, Wealth and Fashion.  
Bring the flask, &c.

Why the plague should we be sad,  
Whilst on earth we moulder ?  
Rich or poor, or grave or mad,  
We every day grow older.  
Bring the flask, &c.

Friendship ! O thy smile's divine !  
Bright in all its features ;  
What but friendship, love, and wine,  
Can make us happy creatures ?  
Bring the flask, &c.

Since the time will pass away,  
Spite of all our sorrow,  
Let's be blithe and gay to-day,  
And never mind to-morrow.  
Bring the flask &c.

## CARE THOU CANKER.

CARE, thou canker of our joys,  
Now the tyrant's reign is o'er ;

Fill the merry bowls my boys,  
 Join in Bacchanalian roar,  
 O'er the merry midnight bowl,  
 O how happy we shall be ;  
 Day was made for vulgar souls,  
 Night, my boys, for you and me.

Seize the villain, plunge him in ;  
 See the hated miscreant die !  
 Mirth, with all thy train, come in,  
 Banish sorrows, tears, and sighs.  
 O'er the merry, &c.

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### SWEET IS LIFE.

SWEET is life, when love directs us  
 To a kind and virtuous fair ;  
 But when doubting fears perplex us,  
 Then 'tis anguish, grief, and care.

Fate the cup of life, will mingle  
 With it sweets and bitters too ;  
 They who taste the honey single,  
 Must partake their share of rue.

Sweet, O sweet, is that sensation  
 When two hearts in union meet,  
 But the pain of separation  
 Mingles bitters with the sweets.

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### DROWN IT IN THE BOWL.

THE glasses sparkle on the board,  
 The wine is ruby bright,  
 The reign of pleasure is restored,  
 Of ease and fond delight.

The day is gone, the night's our own,  
 Then let us feast the soul ;  
 If any care or pain remain,  
 Why, drown it in the bowl.  
 This world, they say, 's a world of woe,  
 But that I do deny ;  
 Can sorrow from the goblet flow ?—  
 Or pain from beauty's eye !  
 The wise are fools, with all their rules,  
 When they would joys controul :  
 If life's a pain, I say again,  
 Let's drown it in the bowl.  
 That time flies fast, the poet sings ;  
 Then surely it is wise  
 In rosy wine to dip his wings,  
 And seize him as he flies.  
 This night is ours ; then strew with flowers  
 The moments as they roll :  
 If any care or pain remain,  
 Why drown it in the bowl.

### RISE, GENTLE MOON.

DAY has gone down on the Baltic's broad billow,  
 Ev'ning has sigh'd her last to the lone willow,  
 Night hurries on, earth and ocean to cover :  
 Rise, gentle moon, and light me to my lover.  
 'Twas by thy light he first stole forth to view me,—  
 Brighter since then hast thou ever seem'd to me ;  
 Let the wild waves still the red sun roll over,  
 Thine is the light of all lights to a lover.

### TIME IS ON THE WING.

STREW, strew with roses  
 Life's rough path, and let's be gay ;

Thoughtless youth proposes,  
And trifles time away ;  
But youth's a fleeting April morn,  
This lesson seems to bring,—  
Every rose will bear a thorn,  
And time is on the wing.

Trip, trip to measure,  
Dulcet as the voice of love ;  
Warble, sons of pleasure,  
Down the flowery grove ;  
But Love's sweet voice will oft betray,  
And pleasure cloy'd will find  
Every flower will fade away,  
When time is on the wing.

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### TELL HER, I'LL LOVE HER.

TELL her, I'll love her while the clouds drop rain,  
Or while there's water in the pathless main ;  
Tell her, I'll love her till this life is o'er,  
And then my ghost shall visit this sweet shore ;  
Tell her, I only ask she'll think of me—  
I'll love her while there's salt within the sea,  
Tell her all this, tell it o'er and o'er again,  
I'll love her while there's salt within the main,  
Tell her all this, tell it o'er and o'er—  
The anchor's weigh'd, or I would tell her more!

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### HELMET ON HIS BROW.

With a helmet on his brow,  
And his sabre by his side,  
The soldier mounts his gallant steed,  
To conquer or to die.

His plume, like the pendant stream,  
In the wanton winter's wind,  
In the path of glory still  
A bright plume shall he find.  
Then let the trumpet sound,  
To the brazen'd drum reply,—  
A soldier must with honour live,  
Or once with honour die.

Bright as his own good sword,  
A soldier's fame must be, —  
As pure as the plume that sits above,  
And his helmet white and free.  
No fear in his breast must dwell,  
Nor dread that shame may throw  
A spot on his blade so bright,  
And his helmet white as snow, &c.

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'THE SEA.

THE sea, the sea, the open sea,
The blue, the fresh, the ever free :
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide region round .
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.
I'm on the sea, I'm on the sea,
I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go.
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter ? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, O how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
Where every mad wave drowns the moon,
And whistles aloft its tempest tune :
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the south-west wind doth blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
 But I lov'd the great sea more and more,
 And backward flew to her billowy breast,
 Like a bird that seeketh her mother's nest—
 And a mother she was and is to me,
 For I was born on the open sea.

The waves were white, and red the morn,
 In the noisy hour when I was born ;
 The whale it whistled, the porpoise roll'd,
 And the dolphins bared their backs of gold ;
 And never was heard such an outcry wild,
 As welcom'd to life the ocean child.
 I have lived since then in calm and strife,
 Full fifty summers a rover's life,
 With wealth to spend, and a power to range,
 But never have sought or sighed for change ;
 And death, whenever he comes to me,
 Shall come on the wide unbounded sea !

I HAVE PLUCK'D THE FAIREST FLOWER.

I HAVE pluck'd the fairest flower, I have dream'd in
 fancy's bower,
 I have bak'd in Beauty's eyes, I have mingled melt-
 ing sighs.

I have pluck'd, &c.

If all those sweets to give, I'm the guiltiest man alive—
 But gentle maids believe I never can deceive,
 Nor cause your breast to heave with a sad heigh ho,
 With a sad heigh ho, with a sad heigh ho.

But to raise in beauty's frame the burning blush of
 shame,
 Nor bid the tear to start, far be it from my heart.
 Such base attempts I scorn, to honour I was born,
 Then gentle maidens spare the heart you thus ensnare,
 Or the willow I must wear with a sad heigh ho,
 With a sad heigh ho, with a sad heigh ho, &c.

GAILY THE TROUBADOUR TOUCH'D HIS GUITAR.

GAILY the Troubadour touch'd his guitar,
As he was hast'ning home from the war ;
Singing, " From Palestine hither I come,
Ladye love, ladye love, welcome me home ! "

She for the Troubadour hopelessly wept,
Sadly she thought of him while others slept ;
Singing, " In search of thee would I might roam—
Troubadour, Troubadour, come to thine home ! "

Hark ! 'twas the Troubadour breathing her name,
Under the battlements softly he came,
Singing, " From Palestine hither I come,
'Ladye love, ladye love, welcome me home ! "

THE BRIDAL RING.

I DREAMT last night of our earlier days,
Ere I sigh'd for sword and feather,
When we danced on the hill, in the moon's pale rays,
Hand in hand together ;
I thought you gave me again that kiss,
More sweet than the perfume of spring,
When I pressed on your finger love's pure golden
pledge—

The Bridal Ring ! the Bridal Ring !

I dreamt I heard, then, the trumpet sound,
And at once was forced to sever,
That I fell on the heath with my last death wound,
Lost to thee for ever !

I thought that you gave me again that kiss
Empearl'd like a flower in spring,
'Neath its warmth I awoke, on this dear hand to press
The Bridal Ring ! The Bridal Ring !

JENNY JONES.

My name's Edward Morgan, I lived at Llangollen,
 The vale of St. Talyd, the flower of North Wales;
 My father and mother, too, live at Llangollen,
 Good truth I was born in the sweetest of vales,
 Yes, indeed, and all countries so foreign and beautiful,
 That little valley I prize far above,
 For indeed in my heart I do love that Llangollen,
 And sweet Jenny Jones too, in truth I do love!

For twenty long years I have plough'd the salt ocean,
 And served my full time in a man-o'-war ship;
 And 'deed, goodness knows, we had bloodshot en-
 gagements,

And many a dark storm on the pitiless deep,
 And I've seen all the lands that are famous in story,
 And many fair damsels to gain me have strove;
 But I said in my heart I do love that Llangollen,
 And sweet Jenny Jones too, in truth I do love.

I've seen good King George and Lord May'r of London,
 With kings of far countries, and many a queen;
 The great Pope of Rome, and the Duchess Angoulême,
 Up from King George to Sir Watkin I've seen.
 But no, not princesses, kings, dukes, nor countesses,
 No, goodness knows it, my envy could move;
 For indeed in my heart I do love that Llangollen,
 And sweet Jenny Jones too, in truth I do love.

I parted a lad from the vale of my fathers,
 And left Jenny Jones then, a cookey young lass;
 But now I'm return'd a storm-beaten old man,
 Jenny from Jones into Morgan shall pass.
 And we'll live on our cheese, and our ale in content-
 ment,

And ~~long~~ through our dear native valley we'll rove;
 For indeed in our hearts we both love this Llangollen,
 And sweet Jenny Morgan with truth will I love.

PRETTY STAR OF THE NIGHT.

THE daylight has long been sunk in the billow,
 And Zephyr its absence is mourning in sighs,
 Then quickly, my dearest, arise from your pillow,
 And make the night day with the light of your eyes.
 That fairer than you no one ever may prove,
 The bright mould that formed you they've broken
 my love.
 And now you alone can your image renew,
 Then oh! for creation's sake, rise dearest do,
 The daylight has long been sunk, &c.

Pretty star of my soul! Heaven's stars all outshining,
 Sweet dream of my slumbers, ah! love, pray you
 rise!
 Enchantress! all hearts in your fetters entwining.
 To my ears you are music, and light to my eyes:
 To my anguish you are balm, to my pleasures you're
 bliss,
 To my touch you are joy, there's the world in your
 kiss;
 Day is not day if your presence I miss,
 Ah! no 'tis a night cold and moonless as this.
 Pretty star of my soul, &c.

SWEET EYES.

SWEET eyes, sweet eyes, how beautiful ye are,
 Sweet eyes, sweet eyes, how much ye seem to say;
 Bright as the shining of a star,
 In Heaven, far away, far away.
 Then how ye change, and how ye close,
 As though ye thought your light
 Too dazzling for the sight of those
 Who live like me, in night.
 Sweet eyes, &c

Sweet eyes, sweet eyes, how dark the world would be,
 Sweet eyes, sweet eyes, were ye to pass away ;
 How weak, how weak, and poor our poesy,
 In language what decay, what decay.
 'Tis true the fraudulent tongue can speak,
 To all each hope and fear ;
 But to a glance, its voice how weak,
 How feeble to a tear.

Sweet eyes, &c.

WAPPING OLD STAIRS.

YOUR Molly has never been false, she declares,
 Since last time we parted at Wapping Old Stairs ;
 When I swore that I still would continue the same,
 And gave you the 'bacco-box mark'd with my name,
 When I pass'd a whole fortnight between decks with
 you,

Did I e'er give a kiss, Tom, to one of the crew ?
 To be useful and kind with my Thomas I stay'd,
 For his trowsers I wash'd, and his grog, too, I made.
 Tho' you promis'd last Sunday to walk in the mall,
 With Susan from Deptford, and likewise with Sall,
 In silence I stood your unkindness to hear,
 And only upbraided my Tom with a tear.
 Why should Sall or should Susan than me be more
 prized ?

For the heart that is faithful should ne'er be despis'd ;
 Then be constant and kind, nor your Molly forsake,
 Still your trowsers I'll wash, and your grog too, I'll
 make.

ENGLAND THE HOME OF THE WORLD.

HAIL to thee ! England, blest Isle of the ocean,
 Thy proud deeds awaken the fondest emotion ;
 Whose name shall for ever live famous in story.
 The watch-word of freedom, the birth-place of glory ;

Thy sons they are brave and true to their duty,
 Thy daughters are fair, lovely emblems of beauty:
 The joys that surround, but in England are found,
 In England the home of the world—

Couch'd in her Lion, Britannia reposes,
 Encircled by laurels, amid her bright roses—
 Her warriors at rest and her banners all furled,
 Hail to thee England, &c.

Ye who inveigh 'gainst the land of the stranger,
 Who would by disunion its blessings endanger,
 Go seek foreign climes for a country so glorious:
 As England, old England, for ever victorious:
 Her light was the beacon that guided to freedom,
 When nations oppress'd call'd on England to aid
 them—

Her clarion she blew, stood steadfast and true
 And spread her shield over the world—
 Long may her navy, triumphantly sailing,
 And army still conquer with courage unfailing,
 Their thunder for ever 'gainst tyrants be hurl'd
 Hail to thee England, &c.

HARRY BLUFF.

WHEN a boy, Harry Bluff left his friends and home,
 And his dear native land, on the ocean to roam:
 Like a sapling he sprung, he was fair to the view,
 And was true British oak, boys, when older he grew.
 Though his body was weak, and his hands they were
 soft,

When the signal was heard, he the first went aloft,
 And the veterans all cried, he'll one day lead the van,
 For though rated a boy, he'd the soul of a man,
 And the heart of a true British sailor.

When in manhood promoted, and burning for fame,
 Still in peace and in war Harry Bluff was the same;

So true to his love, and in battle so brave,
 The myrtle and laurel entwine o'er his grave.
 For his country he fell, when by victory crowned—
 The flag shot away, fell in tatters around :
 The foe thought he'd struck—but he sung avast !
 And the colours of England he nailed to the mast.
 Then he died like a true British sailor.

IS THERE A HEART.

Is there a heart that never loved ?
 Nor felt soft woman's sigh !
 Is there a man can mark unmoved,
 Dear woman's tearful eye ?
 Oh, bear him to some distant shore,
 Or solitary cell,
 Where nought but savage monsters roar,
 Where love ne'er deigned to dwell.
 For there's a charm in woman's eye,
 A language in her tear,
 A spell in every sacred sigh,
 To man—to virtue dear.
 And he who can resist her smiles,
 With brutes alone should live ;
 Nor taste that joy which care beguiles,
 That joy her virtues give.

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

TRIO.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes.
 And I will pledge with mine ;
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
 And I'll not look for wine.

The thirst that from my soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine :
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
It would not wither'd be.
But thou thereon did'st only breathe,
And sent it back to me ;
Since then, it grows and smells I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

O SAY NOT WOMAN'S LOVE IS BOUGHT

Oh ! say not woman's love is bought,
With vain and empty treasure ;
Oh ! say not woman's heart is caught,
By every idle pleasure.
When first her gentle bosom knows
Love's flame, it wanders never ;
Deep in her heart the passion glows,
She loves, and loves for ever.

Oh ! say not woman's false as fair ;
That like the bee she ranges ;
Still seeking flowers more sweet and rare,
As fickle fancy changes :
Ah, no, the love that first can warm
Will leave her bosom never :
No second passion e'er can charm,
She loves, and loves for ever !

LET THE WAITER BRING CLEAN GLASSES.

Let the waiter bring clean glasses,
 With a fresh supply of wine,
 For I see by all your faces
 In my wishes you will join.

It is not the charms of beauty
 Which I purpose to explain,
 We awhile will leave that duty
 For a more prevailing theme.

To the health I'm now proposing,
 Let's have one full glass at least,
 No one here can think't imposing—
 'Tis the founder of the feast.

MARCH TO THE BATTLE-FIELD.

MARCH to the battle-field,
 The foe is now before us ;
 Each heart is Freedom's shield,
 And heaven is shining o'er us !
 The woes and pains, the galling chains,
 That kept our spirit under,
 In proud disdain, we've broke again,
 And tore each link asunder !
 March to the battle-field,
 The foe is now before us !
 Each heart is Freedom's shield,
 And heaven is shining o'er us !

Who for his country brave
 Would fly from her invader ?
 Who, his base life to save,
 Would, traitor-like, degrade her ?

Our hallowed cause, our home and laws,
'Gainst tyrant Power sustaining ;
We'll gain a crown of bright renown,
Or die, our rights maintaining !
March to the battle-field,
The foe is now before us ;
Each heart is Freedom's shield,
And heaven is smiling o'er us !

TOM BOWLING.

HERE a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew ;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has brought him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft ;
Faithful below he did his duty,
And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare ;
His friends were many, and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair :
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
Ah ! many's the time and oft ;
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When he who all commands,
Shall give (to call life's crew together)
The word to pipe all hands,
Thus death, who kings and tars despatches,
In vain Tom's life has doff'd ;
For tho' his body's under hatches
His soul is gone aloft.

HE THAT WILL NOT MERRY BE.

He that will not merry merry be,
With a generous bowl and a toast,
May he in Bridewell be shut up,
And fast bound to a post :
Let him be merry merry there ;
And we'll be merry merry here ;
For who can know, where we shall go
To be merry another year ?

He that will not merry merry be
And take his glass in course,
May he be obliged to drink small beer,
Ne'er a penny in his purse :
Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry merry be
With a company of jolly boys,
May he be plagued with a scolding wife,
To confound him with her noise.
Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry merry be
With his mistress in his bed ;
Let him be buried in the church-yard,
And me be put in his stead.
Let him be merry &c.

GIVE ME THE RUBY GRAPE.

Let lovers sing of roses sweet,
Exclaims the toper gay,
Such strains, for mandlin fancies meet
Bear far from me away.
My fancy manly strains would ape,
A noble theme proposes.
Give, oh give me the ruby grape,
And mingle it with roses.

The glass enjoy'd by reason's plan,
 The sinking heart bears up ;
 Heaven gave the grape for health, but man
 Put poison in the cup ;
 And who would love's chaste power escape,
 Which half our bliss composes ?
 Give then, give me ruby grape,
 But mingle it with roses.

AWAY WITH MELANCHOLY.

DUET.

AWAY with melancholy,
 Nor doleful changes ring,
 On life and human folly,
 But merrily let us sing,
 Fal la.

For what's the use of sighing,
 When time is on the wing ;
 Can we prevent it's flying ?
 Then merrily let us sing,
 Fal la.

Come on ye rosy hours,
 Gay smiling moments bring,
 We'll strew the way with flowers,
 And merrily merrily sing,
 Fal la.

WHEN ARTHUR.

GLEE.

WHEN Arthur first in court began,
 To wear long hanging sleeves ;
 He entertained three serving men,
 And all of them were thieves.

The first he was an Irishman,
 The second he was a Scot ;
 The third he was a Welshman,
 And all were knaves I wot.

The Irishman he lov'd usquebaugh,
 The Scot lov'd ale called bluecap,
 The Welshman he lov'd toasted cheese,
 And made his mouth like a mouse-trap.

Usquebaugh burnt the Irishman's throat,
 The Scot was drown'd in ale.
 The Welshman had like to have been chok'd by
 a mouse,
 But he pull'd it out by the tail.

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## MEET ME IN THE WILLOW GLEN.

MEET me in the willow glen,  
 Where the silvery moon is beaming,  
 Songs of love I'll sing thee then,  
 When all the world is dreaming.  
 When the silver moon is beaming,  
 Songs of love I'll sing thee then,  
 If you meet me in the willow glen.  
 No prying eye shall come, love,  
 No stranger foot be seen,  
 And the busy village hum, love,  
 Shall echo through the glen.

Meet me, &c.

To melodious mandolins,  
 My songs I'll softly blend, love :  
 While to thee my melody  
 A soothing balm shall lend, love.  
 No prying eye, &c.

## BESSY, THE SAILOR'S BRIDE.

POOR Bessy was a sailor's bride,  
And he was off to sea,  
Their only child was by her side,  
And who so sad as she?

Forget me not, forget me not,  
When you are far from me,  
And whatso'er poor Bessy's lot,  
She will remember thee.

A twelvemonth scarce had past away,  
As it was told to me,  
When Willy with a gladsome heart  
Came home again from sea.

He bounded up the craggy path,  
And sought his cottage door,  
But his poor wife and lovely child,  
Poor Willy saw no more.

"Forget me not, forget me not,"  
The words rung in his ear;  
He asked the neighbours one by one,  
Each answer'd with a tear.

They pointed to the old church-yard,  
And there his youthful bride,  
With the pretty child he loved so well,  
Were resting side by side.

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FAR OVER LAND.

FAR over land, far over wave,
A pilgrim am I roaming
O'er mountains high, where tempests rave,
And billows loudly foaming:

Where'er I stray, by night or day,
 Or pacing earth, or braving sea,
 Blest words I say and daily pray
 For her who never prays for me,
 Vainly alone to saints I kneel,
 My vows are doubly given,
 For to my lips her name will steal,
 And blend with those of heaven.
 Where'er I stray, &c.

AWAY, AWAY, TO THE MOUNTAIN'S BROW.

Away, away, to the mountain's brow,
 Where the trees are gently waving ;
 Away, away, to the mountain's brow,
 Where the stream is gently laving :
 And beauty, my love, on thy cheek shall dwell ;
 Like the rose when it ope's to the day ;
 And the zephyr that breathes thro' the flowery dell,
 Shakes the sparkling dew drops away.
 Away, away, &c.

Away, away, to the rocky glen,
 Where the deer are wildly bounding ;
 And the hills shall echo in gladness again
 To the hunter's bugle sounding.
 And beauty, my love, &c.

OH ! NO, WE NEVER MENTION HER.

Oh ! no, we never mention her, her name is never
 heard,
 My lips are now forbid to speak, that once familiar
 word ;
 From sport to sport they hurry me, to banish my re-
 gret,
 And when they win a smile from me, they think that
 I forget.

They bid me seek in change of scene the charms that
 others see,
 But were I in a foreign land, they would find no
 change in me.
 'Tis true that I behold no more the valley where we
 met,
 I do not see the hawthorn tree, but how can I forget,
 For oh ! there are so many things recall the past to
 me,
 The breeze upon the sunny hills, the billows of the
 sea ;
 The rosy tint that decks the sky before the sun is set,
 Aye, every leaf I look upon forbids that I forget.
 They tell me she is happy now, the gayest of the gay,
 They hint that she forgets me too, but I heed not
 what they say ;
 Perhaps like me she struggles with each feeling of
 regret,
 But if she loves as I do love, she never can forget.

ANSWER TO

"OH ! NO, WE NEVER MENTION HER!"

Oh ! am I then remembered still,
 Remembered too by thee !
 Or am I quite forgot by one,
 Whom I no more shall see ?
 Yet, say not so, for that would add,
 Fresh anguish to my lot.
 I dare not hope to be recall'd,
 Yet would not be forgot.
 Had they who parted us but known
 How hearts like our's can feel,
 They would have spared us both a pang,
 Beyond their power to heal.

I know not if my heart retains,
Its wonted warmth or not ;
Though I'm forbid to think of thee,
Thou'lt never be forgot.

May'st thou enjoy that peace of mind,
Which I can never know,
If that's denied, my prayer shall be,
That I may share thy woe.
Where'er thou art my every wish,
Will linger o'er that spot,
My every thought will be of thee,
Though I may be forgot.

If we should meet in after years,
Thou'lt find that I am changed ;
My eyes grow dim, my cheeks grow pale,
But not my faith estrang'd :
From mem'ry's page the hand of death,
Alone thy name shall blot,
Forget, forsake me, if thou wilt,
Thou'lt never be forgot.

MY OWN BLUE BELL.

My own blue bell, my pretty blue bell !
I never will rove where roses dwell :
My wings you view of your own bright hue,
And oh ! never doubt that my heart's true blue.
Though oft, I own, I have foolishly flown
To peep at each bud that was newly blown.
I now have done with folly and fun,
For there's nothing like constancy under the sun.
My own blue bell ! my pretty blue bell !
I never will rove where roses dwell ;
My wings you view of your own bright hue,
And oh ! never doubt but my heart's true blue.

Some Belles and Blues, invoking the Muse,
 And talking of vast intellectual views ;
 Their crow-quill's tip in the ink they dip,
 And they prate with the lore of a learned lip.
 Blue bells like these may be wise as they please,
 But I love my own blue bell that bends in the breeze.
 Pride passes her by—but she charms my eye
 With a tint, that resembles a cloudless sky.

My own blue bell ! my pretty blue bell !
 I never will rove where roses dwell ;
 My wings you view of your own bright hue,
 And oh ! never doubt that my heart's true blue.

THE VOICE OF HER I LOVE.

How sweet at close of silent eve,
 The harp's responsive sound,
 How sweet the vows that ne'er deceive,
 And deeds by virtue crown'd ;
 How sweet to sit beneath a tree,
 In some delightful grove,
 But ah ! more soft, more sweet to me,
 The voice of her I love.

Whene'er she joins the village train,
 To hail the new-born day ;
 Mellifluous notes compose each strain,
 Which zephyrs waft away.
 The frowns of fate I calmly bear,
 In humble sphere I move,
 Content and blest whene'er I hear
 The voice of her I love.

ALICE GRAY.

SHE'S all my fancy painted her, she's lovely, she's &c.
 vine,
 But her heart it is another's, it never can be mine ;

Yet I have lov'd as man ne'er lov'd, a love without
decay,

Oh ! my heart, my heart is breaking for the love of
Alice Gray.

Her dark brown hair is braided on a brow of spotless
white,

Her soft blue eye now languishes, now flushes with
delight ;

The hair is braided not for me, the eye is turned
away,

Yet my heart, my heart is breaking for the love of
Alice Gray.

I've sunk beneath the summer's sun, and trembled in
the blast,

But my pilgrimage is nearly done, the weary conflict's
past,

And when the green sod wraps my grave, may pity
haply say,

Oh ! his heart, his heart is broken for the love of
Alice Gray.

LOVE AMONG THE ROSES.

YOUNG Love flew to the Paphian bower,
And gather'd sweets from many a flower,
From roses and sweet jessamine,
The lily and the eglantine.

The graces there were culling posies,
And found young love among the roses.

O, happy day, O, joyous hour !
Compose a wreath of every flower ;
Let's bind him to us, ne'er to sever,
Young love shall dwell with us for ever.
Eternal spring the wreath composes,
Content is love among the roses.

MY NATIVE SHORE, ADIEU.

ADIEU ! adieu !—my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue,
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea,
We follow in his flight ;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native land, good night !

With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go
Athwart the foaming brine ;
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to—
So not again to mine.
Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves,
And, when ye fail my sight,
Welcome, ye deserts and ye caves,
My native land good night.

BE MINE DEAR MAID.

BE mine, dear maid ; my faithful heart
Can never prove untrue ;
'Twere easier, far, from life to part,
Than cease to live for you.
My soul, gone forth from this lone breast,
Lives only, love, in thine ;
There is its only home of rest,
Its dear, its chosen shrine.
Then turn thee not away, my dear,
Oh ! turn thee not away, love ;
For by the light of truth I swear
To love thee night and day, love.

'Tis not mine eye thy beauty loves,
Mine ear thy tuneful voice ;
But 'tis my heart, thy heart approves,
A life enduring choice.
The lark shall first forget to sing,
When morn unfolds the east,
Ere I by change or coldness wring
Thy fond confiding breast.
Then turn thee not away, my dear, &c.

O NEVER DOUBT MY LOVE.

OH, never doubt my love, thy sorrows I'll banish :
And sweet shall I sing, while the night flies away :
And ere the wild gloom o'er the mountains shall va-
nish,
Thou'lt sink on my pillow, and sleep till the day.
Oh, never doubt my love.

Oh, never doubt my love, its fondness shall bless thee,
 'Twill soothe thee whene'er by the rude world op-
 pressed ;
 And if the cold hand of misfortune should press thee
 The angel of pity you'll find in my breast.
 Oh, never doubt my love,

WHY HOW NOW.

WHY how now, Madam Flirt,
If you thus must clatter,
And are for flinging dirt,
Let's try who best can spatter,
Madame Flirt!

Why how now, saucy jade,
 Sure the wench is tipsy ;
 How can you see me made
 The sport of such a gipsy,
 Saucy jade !

O ! 'TIS LOVE ! 'TIS LOVE !

O ! 'Tis love ! 'tis love ! 'tis love !
 From woman's bright eye glancing,
 O ! 'tis love ! 'tis love ! 'tis love !
 Every heart entrancing,
 What claims the monarch's duty ?
 What soothes the peasant's pain ?
 What melts the haughty beauty,
 And conquers her disdain ?
 O ! 'tis love ! &c.

O ! 'tis love ! 'tis love ! 'tis love !
 The warrior doth inspire.
 O ! 'tis love ! 'tis love ! 'tis love !
 That kindles soft desire.
 On rocks or lonely mountains,
 In palaces or vales,
 In gay saloons near fountains,
 'Tis love alone prevails.
 O ! 'tis love ! &c.

THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

THE sparkling liquor fills the glass,
 And briskly round the board it goes ;
 The toast, of course, our favourite lass,
 We'll drink confusion to our foes.

Then each in turn, catch the glass,
 The song, the toast, is given ;
 And ever as it comes to me,
 I give, " The land we live in."
 Then let us all throughout agree,
 With a loud huzza and three times three,
 Huzza ! I gave, " The land we live in."
 The captain always gives, " The King."
 His bosom burns with loyal flame ;
 And as the decks with praises ring
 Of valiant Smith and Nelson's fame.
 " God bless the royal family,"
 This toast in turn is given ;
 And ever as it comes to me,
 I give, " The land we live in."
 Then let us all, &c.

Some folks may envy foreign parts,
 And wish to gain a foreign shore ;
 Why, let them go with all our hearts,
 We shall be plagu'd with them no more.
 Then while on shore, let's all agree,
 The song, the toast, &c.

THE OLD COMMODORE.

On'stlood, what a time for a seaman to skulk
 Under gingerbread hatches ashore ;
 What a d—d bad job that this batter'd old hulk
 Can't be rigg'd out for sea once more,
 But the puppies, as they pass,
 Cocking up their squinting glass,
 Thus run down the old commodore :
 That's the old commodore—
 The rum old commodore—
 The gouty old commodore !—He !—
 Why the bullets and the gout
 Have so knock'd his hull about,
 That he'll never more be fit for sea.

Here am I in distress, like a ship water-logg'd,
 Not a tow-rope at hand, or an oar ;
 I am left by my crew, and may I be flogg'd
 But the doctor's a son of a w—e,
 While I'm swallowing his slops
 How nimble are his chops,
 Thus queering the old commodore.
 A bad case, commodore—
 Can't say, commodore—
 Mustn't flatter, commodore, says he ;
 For the bullets and the gout
 Have so knock'd your hull about,
 That you'll never more be fit for sea.
 What, no more to be afloat ? blood and fury ! they
 lie !—
 I'm a seaman, and only three score ;
 And if, as they tell me, I'm likely to die,
 Gadzooks ! let me not die on shore.
 As to death, it's all a joke,
 Sailors live in fire and smoke,
 So, at least, says the old commodore.
 The rum old commodore—
 The tough old commodore—
 The fighting old commodore '—He !
 Whom the devil, nor the gout,
 Nor the French dogs to boot,
 Shall kill till they grapple him at sea.

THE BRITISH GRENADIERS.

UPON the plains of Flanders,
 Our fathers long ago,
 They fought like Alexanders
 Beneath old Marlborough ;
 And still in fields of conquest,
 Our valour bright has shone,

With Wolfe and Abercrombie,
 And Moore and Wellington.
 Our plumes have waved in combats,
 That ne'er shall be forgot,
 Where many a mighty squadron
 Reeled backwards from our shot.
 In charges with the bayonet,
 We lead our bold compeers ;
 But Frenchmen like to stay not
 For British grenadiers.

Once bravely at Vimiers
 They hoped to play their parts,
 And sing *sal lira, lira*,
 To cheer their drooping hearts.
 But English, Scotch and Paddy whacks,
 We gave three hearty cheers,
 And the French soon turned their backs
 To the British grenadiers.

At St. Sebastiano,
 And Badajos' town,
 Though raging like volcanoes
 The shell and shot came down,
 With courage never wincing,
 We scaled the ramparts high,
 And waved the British ensign
 In glorious victory.

And what could Bonaparte,
 With all his cuirassiers,
 In battle do, at Waterloo,
 With British grenadiers ?
 Then ever sweet the drum shall beat
 That march unto our ears,
 Whose martial roll awakes the soul
 Of British grenadiers.

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

THE worm that crawls about our way,
And dies beneath our feet ;
Is happy in its little way,
And finds existence sweet.

The brutes which perish too, enjoy
A short but happy reign ;
Delight unmingled with alloy,
And pleasure free from pain.

The winged tenants of the air
On pleasure's pinions borne,
Live thoughtless and devoid of care,
But man was made to mourn.

His infancy is weak and vain,
His youth the passions rend ;
His prime of life is care and pain,
And death, cold death his end.

The empty blast of noisy air
Which sweeps the valleys o'er
Rages and swells a moment there,
And then is heard no more.

Such is the life of man, a blast
Unmeaning and forlorn,
Which but proclaims this truth at last,
That man was made to mourn.

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## STEAM ARM.

Oh, wonders sure, will never cease,  
While works of art do so increase,  
No matter whether in war or peace,  
Men can do whatever they please.

Ri too tal, &c.

A curious tale I'm going to unfold  
To all of you, as I am told,  
About a soldier stout and bold,  
Whose wife 'tis said was an arrant scold.  
Ri too ral, &c.

At Waterloo he lost an arm,  
Which gave him pain and great alarm,  
But he soon got well, and grew quite calm.  
For a shilling a day was a sort o' balm.  
Ri too ral, &c.

The story goes, on every night,  
His wife would bang him left and right,  
So he determined out of spite,  
To have an arm, cost what it might.  
Ri too ral, &c.

He went at once, strange it may seem,  
To have one made, to work by steam,  
For a ray of hope began to gleam,  
That force of arms would win her esteem.  
Ri too ral, &c.

The limb was finished, and fixed unto  
His stump of a shoulder, neat and true,  
You'd have thought it there by nature grew,  
For it stuck to its place as tight as glue.  
Ri too ral, &c.

He started home, and knock'd at the door,  
His wife her abuse began to pour,  
He turned a small peg, and before  
He'd time to think, she fell on the floor.  
Ri too ral, &c.

With policemen soon the place was fill'd,  
But every one he nearly kill'd,  
For the soldier's arm had been so drill'd,  
That once in action, it could'nt be still'd.  
Ri too ral, &c.

They took him at once before the Mayor,  
 His arm kept moving all the while there,  
 The Mayor cried, "Shake your fist if you dare!"  
 When the steam arm knock'd him out of his chair.  
 Ri too ral, &c.

This rais'd in court a bit of clamour,  
 The arm going like an auctioneer's hammer  
 It fell in weight like a paviour's rammer,  
 And many with fear began to stammer.  
 Ri too ral, &c.

He was locked in a cell, from doing harm,  
 To satisfy them who had still a qualm,  
 When all at once they had an alarm,  
 Down fell the walls, and out popp'd the arm.  
 Ri too ral, &c.

He soon escaped, and reached his door,  
 And knocked by steam raps half a score,  
 But as the arm in power grew more and more,  
 Bricks, mortar, and wood soon straw'd the floor.  
 Ri too ral, &c.

With eagerness he stepped over each chair,  
 Popp'd into the room, his wife was there,  
 O come into my arms, she cried! my dear,  
 When his steamer smash'd the crockery ware.  
 Ri too ral, &c.

He left his house, at length outright,  
 And wanders about just like a sprite;  
 For he can't get sleep either by day or night,  
 And his arm keeps moving with two horse might.  
 Ri too ral, &c.

### CHILD OF EARTH WITH THE GOLDEN HAIR.

CHILD of earth with the golden hair,  
 Thy soul's too pure and thy face too fair,

To dwell with creatures of mortal mould,  
Whose lips are warm as their hearts are cold !  
Roam, roam, to our fairy home,  
Child of earth with the golden hair.

Thou shalt dance with the fairy queen,  
Through summer nights, on the moonlit green,  
To music murmuring sweeter far,  
Than ever was heard 'neath the morning star !  
Roam, roam, &c.

I'll rob of its sweet the humble bee,  
I'll crush the wine from the cowslip tree ;  
I'll pull the berries, I'll trap the bed,  
Of downy moss, and the poppies red.  
Roam, roam, &c.

Dim sleep shall woo thee, my darling boy,  
In her mildest moods with dreams of joy,  
And when the morning ends her reign,  
Pleasure shall bid thee welcome again.  
Roam, roam, &c.



## THERE'S A LIGHT IN HER LAUGHING EYE.

THERE'S a light in her laughing eye,  
A sparkling beam from the mind within ;  
As the lightning's flash in the sky,  
'Tis a gleam from the world that knows no sin.  
There's a charm in her gracious smile,  
A charm that drives each doubt away :  
As the dawn to some favor'd isle,  
Is the dawn of hope to some glorious day.  
There's a light, &c.

O, there's a charm in her gentle sigh,  
A voice that whispers of joy and love ;  
As the murmuring breeze in its melody.  
'Tis a whisper we catch from the blest above.  
There's a light, &c.

## SOME LOVE TO ROAM.

SOME love to roam o'er the dark sea foam,  
 Where the shrill winds whistle free ;  
 But a chosen band in a mountain land,  
 And life in the woods for me.  
 When morning beams in the mountain streams,  
 Oh ! merrily forth we go ;  
 To follow the stag o'er the slippery crag,  
 And to chase the bounding roe.  
Ye ho, ye ho, &c.

The deer we mark, in the forest dark,  
 And the prowling wolf we track ;  
 And our right good cheer i' the wild wood here,  
 Oh, why should the hunter lack ?  
 With steady aim at the bounding game,  
 And a heart that fears no foe ;  
 To the darksome glade in the forest shade,  
 Oh, merrily forth we go.  
Ye ho, ye ho, &c.

## ISABEL.

WAKE ! dearest wake ! and again united,  
 We'll rove by yonder sea,  
 And where our first vows of love were plighted,  
 Our last farewell shall be.  
 There oft I have gaz'd on thy smiles delighted,  
 And there I'll part from thee.  
 Isabel ! Isabel ! Isabel !  
 One look, tho' that look be in sorrow,  
 Fare thee well ! fare thee well ! fare thee well !  
 Far hence I shall wander to-morrow.  
 Dark is my doom, and from thee I sever,  
 Whom I have lov'd alone ;  
 'Twere cruel to link thy fate for ever,  
 With sorrow like my own.

Go smile on livelier friends, and never  
Lament me when I'm gone.

Isabel, &c.

And when at length in these lovely bow'rs,  
Some happier youth you see ;  
And you call for him Spring's sweetest flow'rs,  
And he sings of love to thee.  
When you laugh with him at these vanish'd hours,  
Oh ! tell him to love like me.

Isabel, &c.

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THE DEW IS ON THE GRASS.

SOFTLY, softly will I pass,
As I steal out, love, to thee,
When the dew is on the grass,
And the moonlight on the tree.
When the soft winds in the shade,
Murmur fitfully in sleep,
And the hues of daylight fade,
In the bosom of the deep.
When the dew is on the grass,
And the moonlight on the tree,
Softly, softly will I pass,
As I steal out to thee.

Gently, gently will I glide,
To our quiet trysting tree,
When the sun's last beam hath died,
And the stars look on the sea ;
When the moonbeam pale and cold,
Glances thro' the forest shade,
Shall thy tales of love be told,
And thy vows of truth be made,
When the dew, &c.

THE SICILIAN MAID.

I KNEW a Sicilian maid,
Whose sire was a crusty old elf,
And he was sorely afraid,
This maiden would choose for herself.
He kept her close under control,
By means of a strong lock and key.
This maiden one evening, poor soul,
Look'd down from her lattice on me.

Her window with iron he barr'd,
To none she could utter a word ;
I thought it was monstrous hard,
That this maid should be cag'd like a bird.
At night when sleep conquer'd her sire,
I flew with a heart full of glee,
And said, should the house be on fire,
Sweet maiden come down unto me.

Some branches I burnt, and the smoke
By the wind to the house was convey'd,
I cried ' Fire ! ' till her father awoke,
And let down this poor trembling maid.
He was nearly dead with the fright,
But no flame nor no sparks could he see ;
Then this maiden flew down with delight,
And quickly got wedded to me.

BONNIE DOON.

Ye flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fair ?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care !

Thou'lt break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings upon the bough ;
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause luv was true.

Thou'lt break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings beside thy mate ;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft has I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Frae aff its thorny tree,
And my fause lover stole the rose,
But left the thorn wi' me.

THE DAY OF LIFE.

Oh ! blue were the mountains,
And gorgeons the trees,
And stainless the fountains,
And pleasant the breeze ;
A glory adorning
The wanderer's way,
In life's sunny morning,
When young hope was gay !

The blue hills are shrouded,
The groves are o'ercast,
The bright streams are clouded,
The breeze is a blast ;
The light hath departed
The dull noon of life,
And hope, timid-hearted,
Hath fled from the strife.

In fear and in sadness,
 Poor sports of the storm,
 Whose shadow and madness
 Enshroud and deform,
 Ere life's day is closing,
 How fondly we crave
 The dreamless reposing—
 The peace of the grave!

WHEN BIBO THOUGHT FIT.

DUEL.

WHEN Bibo thought fit from the world to retreat,
 As full of Champagne as an egg's full of meat;
 He wak'd in the boat and to Charon he said,
 He would be row'd back for he was not yet dead;
 Trim the boat and sit quiet, stern Charon replied,
 You may have forgot you were drunk when you died.

DAME DURDEN.

GLEE.

DAME Durden kept five serving girls,
 To carry the milking pail;
 She also kept five labouring men
 To use the spade and flail.
 'Twas Moll and Bet, and Doll and Kate, and Dorothy
 Draggletail,
 And John and Dick, and Joe and Jack, and Humphrey
 with his flail.
 'Twas John kiss'd Molly,
 And Dick kiss'd Betty,
 And Joe kiss'd Dolly,
 And Jack kiss'd Katty,

And Dorothy Draggletail,
 And Humphrey with his flail
 And Kitty was a charming girl to carry the milking
 pail.

Dame Durden in the morn so soon
 She did begin to call :
 To rouse her servants, maids and men,
 She then began to bawl.

'Twas Moll and Bet, &c.

'Twas on the morn of Valentine,
 The birds began to prate,
 Dame Durden's servants, maids and men,
 They all began to mate.

'Twas Moll and Bet, &c.

WE HAVE CONQUERED AND WILL DO AGAIN.

ON Old England's blest shore
 We are landed once more,
 Secure from the storms of the main ;
 For great George, and his cause,
 For our country and laws,
 We have conquered, and will do again.

Where the sun's orient ray
 First opens the day
 On India's extended domain,
 The swarthy-faced foes,
 Who dared to oppose,
 We have conquered, and will do again.

Come, my brave hearts of oak,
 Let us drink, sing and joke,
 While here on the shore we remain ;
 When our country demands,
 With hearts and with hands,
 We are ready to conquer again.

A HOLY FRIAR.

I AM a friar of orders grey,
 And down the vallies I take my way ;
 I pull not blackberry, haw or hip,
 Good store of ven'son does fill my scrip,
 My long beard roll I merrily chaunt,
 Wherever I walk no money I want ;
 And why I'm so plump the reason I'll tell—
 Who leads a good life is sure to live well.
 What baron or squire,
 Or knight of the shire,
 Lives half so well as a holy friar.

After supper of Heaven I dream,
 But that is fat pullet and clouted cream,
 Myself, by denial, I mortify—
 With a dainty bit of a warden pie ;
 I'm cloth'd in sack-cloth, for my sin ;
 With old sack wine I'm lin'd within ;
 A chirping cup is my matin song,
 And the vesper's bell is my bowl, ding, dong.
 What baron or squire, &c.

ERE AROUND THE HUGE OAK.

ERE around the huge oak that o'ershadows you mill,
 The fond ivy had dar'd to entwine ;
 Ere the church was a ruin that nods on the hill,
 Or a rook built its nest on the pine.

Could I trace back the time, a far distant date,
 Since my forefathers toil'd in this field ;
 And the farm I now hold on your honour's estate,
 Is the same which my grandfather till'd

He, dying, bequeath'd to his son a good name,
Which unsway'd, descended to me ;
For my child I've preserv'd it, unblemish'd with shame,
And it still from a spot shall be free.

OH ! TURN THOSE DEAR, DEAR EYES AWAY.

Oh ! turn those dear, dear eyes away,
My cheek with love is blushing !
And though a smile may o'er it play,
My eyes with tears are gushing.

Oh ! look not in my eyes love,
They tell a tale too true ;
See not my blushes rise, love,
Nor listen to my sighs, love,
For blushes, sighs, and eyes, love,
All speak, all speak for you.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone ;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone ;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on thy stem,
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them ;
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow
When friendships decay,
And from life's shining circle
The gems drop away ;
When true hearts lie wither'd
And fond ones are flown,
Oh ! who could inhabit
This bleak world alone !

KATE KEARNEY.

Oh ! did you ne'er hear of Kate Kearney,
She dwells on the banks of Killarney,
From the glance of her eye, ahun danger and fly,
For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney.
For that eye is so modestly beaming,
You'd ne'er think of mischief she's dreaming,
Yet, Oh ! I can tell, how fatal's the spell,
That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney.
Oh, should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,
Who dwells on the banks of Killarney,
Beware of her smile, for many a wile,
Lies hid is the smile of Kate Kearney.
Tho' she looks so bewitchingly simple,
Yet there's mischief in every dimple,
And who dares inhale her soft spicy gale,
Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

THE ARAB STEED.

Oh ! bring me but my Arab steed,
My princely Frenzi's right,
And I will to the battle speed,
To guard him in the fight.

His noble crest I'll proudly wear,
And gird his scarf around,
But I must to the field repair,
For hark ! the trumpets sound.

Oh, with my Arab steed I'll go,
'Mid battle's glorious cry,
My sovereign meets th' invading foe,
I'll save or with him die.
His falchion 'midst the brave he'll bear,
His courser paws the ground ;
But I must to the field repair,
For hark ! the trumpets sound.

HURRAH FOR THE ROAD.

HURRAH o'er Hounslow Heath to roam,
Hurrah for the stilly hour ;
When the moon looks pale from her lofty dome,
As a maid from her battle tow'r,
When sparks of fire from my courser's steed
Spring flashing at every goad ;
And the distant sound of wheels I greet,
Then hurrah, hurrah for the road !

Stop, stop's the word, all dread to hear,
Your gold and your gems resign ;
When my pistol's cock'd, and my looks severe,
For a desperate life is mine.
How ladies scream, how with rage men glow,
While their purses I unload ;
Then I cry good night, with a smile and a bow,
And hurrah, hurrah for the road !

What mirth at jovial's house of call,
O'er wine-cup our deeds to tell ;
To forget one day we must pay for all,
And swing high to the dismal bell.

Remorse too late, this despised heart,
Why with dungeon fetters bode ?
With courage I've liv'd, so with life I'll part
Then hurrah, hurrah for the road !

DO YOU EVER THINK OF ME.

Do you ever think of me, love ?
Do you ever think of me ?
When I'm away from thee, love,
With my bark upon the sea ?
My thoughts are ever turning,
On thee, where'er I roam,
And my heart is ever yearning,
For the quiet scenes of home.
Then tell me do you ever,
When my bark is on the sea,
Give a thought to one who never,
Can cease to think of thee ?
When sailing on the billow,
Do you think I must forget ;
The streamlet and the willow,
And the bower where we met.
No ; I fancy thou art near me,
When the gales are murmuring by,
When the waves alone can hear me,
And 'tis but the zephyr's sigh.
Then tell me, &c.

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

The light of other days is faded,
And all its glories past,
For grief with heavy wing hath shaded
The hope too bright to last.

The world which morning's mantle clouded,
 Shines forth with purer rays,
 But the heart ne'er feels in sorrow shrouded,
 The light of other days.

The leaf which autumn tempests wither,
 The birds which there take wing.
 When winter winds are past, come hither
 To welcome back the spring :
 The very ivy on the ruin,
 In gloomful life displays ;
 But the heart alone sees no renewing,
 The light of other days.

HAIL, SMILING MORN.

GLEE.

HAIL, smiling morn, that tips the hills with gold,
 Whose rosy fingers open the gates of day ;
 Who the gay faces of nature doth unfold,
 At whose bright presence darkness flies away.

MERRY ROW THE BONNY BARK.

O ! MERRY row, O merry row,
 The bonny, bonny bark,
 Bring back my love to calm my woe,
 Before the night grows dark ;
 My Donald wears a bonnet blue,
 A bonnet blue, a bonnet blue,
 A snow-white rose upon it too,
 A Highland lad is he.

O ! merry row, &c.

As on the pebbly beach I stray'd,
Where rocks and shoals prevail,
I thus o'erheard a lonely maid,
Her absent love bewail:
A storm arose, the waves ran high,
The waves ran high, the waves ran high,
And dark and murky was the sky,
The billows loud did roar.
O! merry row, &c.

I'D BE A BUTTERFLY.

I'd be a butterfly born in a bower,
Where roses and lilies and violets meet,
Roving for ever from flower to flower,
And kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.
I'd never languish for wealth or for power,
I'd never sigh to see slaves at my feet;
I'd be a butterfly born in a bower,
And kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.
I'd be a butterfly, &c.

Oh! could I pilfer the wand of a Fairy,
I'd have a pair of those beautiful wings,
Their summer day's ramble is sportive and airy,
They sleep in a rose where the nightingale sings;
Those who have wealth must be watchful and wary,
Power, alas! nought but misery brings.
I'd be a butterfly, sportive and airy,
Rock'd in a rose where the nightingale sings.
I'd be a butterfly, &c.

What though you tell me each gay little rover,
Shrinks from the breath of the first autumn day,
Surely 'tis better when summer is over,
To die when all fair things are fading away:

Some in life's winter may toil to discover
 Means of procuring a weary delay.
 I'd be a butterfly, living a rover,
 Dying when fair things are fading away.
 I'd be a butterfly, &c.

MAY WE NE'ER WANT A FRIEND, NOR A BOTTLE TO GIVE HIM.

Since the first dawn of reason that beam'd on my
 mind,
 And taught me how favoured by fortune my lot,
 To share that good fortune, I still was inclined,
 And impart, to who wanted, what I wanted not.
 'Tis a maxim entitled to ev'ry one's praise,
 When a man feels distress, like a man to relieve him,
 And my motto, tho' simple, means more than it says,
 "May we ne'er want a friend, nor a bottle to give
 him."
 The heart by deceit or ingratitude rent,
 Or by poverty bow'd, tho' of evils the least,
 The smiles of a friend may invite to content,
 And we all know content is an excellent feast ;
 'Tis a maxim, &c.

THE MINSTREL BOY.

The minstrel boy to the war is gone,
 In the ranks of death you'll find him ;
 His father's sword he's girded on,
 And the wild harp strung behind him.
 Land of song, said the warrior bard,
 Tho' all the world betray thee,
 One sword at least its right shall guard,
 One faithful harp shall praise thee.

The minstrel felt, but the foeman's chains,
Could not keep his proud soul under,
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
He tore the strings asunder ;
And said, "no chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery,
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery !"

THE PILGRIM OF LOVE.

A HERMIT that dwells in these solitudes cross'd me,
As weary and faint o'er the mountain I press'd ;
The aged man paused on his staff to accost me,
And proffer'd his cell as my mansion of rest.
Ah ! no, holy father, as onward I rove,
No rest but the grave for the pilgrim of love.
Nay, tarry my son, till the burning noon passes,
Let groves of sweet lemon trees shelter thine head ;
The juice of ripe muscatel flows in my glasses,
And rushes fresh pull'd for siesta are spread.
Ah ! no, courteous father, as onward I rove,
No rest but the grave for the pilgrim of love.

COME WHERE THE ASPENS QUIVER.

COME where the aspens quiver
Down by the flowing river :
Bring your guitar, bring your guitar,
Sing me the songs I love.
Sing me of fame and glory,
Sing of the poor maid's story,
When her true love did leave her.
Call'd to the holy war.
Come where the aspens, &c.

Come to the wild rose bower,
 Come at the vesper hour ;
 Bring your guitar, bring your guitar ;
 Sing me the songs I love.
 Sing me of false hopes blighted,
 Sing me of fond love alighted ;
 Sing of the dewy flower,
 Sing of the ev'ning star.

Come where, &c.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When black-eyed Susan came on board,
 O where shall I my true love find ?
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 Does my sweet William sail among your crew ?
 William, who high upon the yard
 Rocked by the billows to and fro,
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
 He sighed and cast his eyes below.
 The cord flies swiftly through his glowing hands,
 And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.
 O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
 My vows shall always true remain.
 Let me kiss off that falling tear,
 We only part to meet again ;
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.
 Believe not what the landmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind,
 They tell thee sailors, when away,
 In every port a mistress find ;
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell you so,
 For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosom spread,
 No longer she must stay on board,
 They kissed, she sighed, he hung his head.
 Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land,
 Adieu ! she cried, and wav'd her lilly hand.

MURPHY'S WEATHER EYE.

MURPHY hath a weather eye,
 He can tell whene'er he pleases,
 If it will be wet or dry,
 When 'twill thaw, and when it freezes.
 To the stars he has been up,
 Higher than the Alpe' high summits,
 Invited by the moon to sup
 With her, the planets and the comets.
 Murphy hath a weather eye ;
 He can tell whene'er he pleases,
 If it will be wet or dry,
 When 'twill thaw, and when it freezes.

Murphy hath an Almanack,
 From which we every day may gather,—
 He has such a happy knack,—
 What will really be the weather :
 Hold the rains, have hail at pleasure,—
 Get in the sun when he's a mind,
 And blow a clond when he's at leisure,
 He knows how to raise the wind.
 Murphy hath a weather eye, &c.

Murphy can the world eclipse,—
 Can light the sun if he should fail, Sir,—
 At Venus nightly lick his lips,
 And pull the great bear by the tail, Sir.

He knocks the quicksilver about,
Nor ever asks what there's to pay, Sir ;
Don't let his mother know he's out,
But drinks tea in the Milky Way, Sir !
Murphy hath a weather eye, &c.

THE BAY OF BISCAY, O !

Loud roared the dreadful thunder,
The rain a deluge showers,
The clouds were rent asunder
By lightning's vivid powers ;
The night both drear and dark,
Our poor devoted bark,
Till next day, there she lay
In the Bay of Biscay, O !

Now dashed upon the billow,
Our opening timbers creak,
Each fears a wat'ry pillow,
None stops the dreadful leak ;
To cling to slipp'ry shrouds
Each breathless seaman crowds,
As she lay till the day
In the Bay of Biscay, O !

At length the wished-for morrow
Broke through the hazy sky,
Absorbed in silent sorrow,
Each heaved a bitter sigh ;
The dismal wreck to view,
Struck horror to the crew,
As she lay on that day
In the Bay of Biscay, O !

Her yielding timbers sever,
Her pitchy seams are rent.
When Heaven all bounteous ever,
Its boundless mercy sent ;

A sail in sight appears,
 We hail her with three cheers,
 Now we sail with the gale
 From the Bay of Biscay, O!

WHEN WE WENT OUT A GIPSYING.

In the days when we went gipsying,
 A long time ago,
 The lads and lasses in their best,
 Were drest from top to toe.
 We danc'd and sung the jocund song,
 Upon the forest green,
 And nought but mirth and jollity,
 Around us could be seen.

And thus we pass'd the merry time,
 Nor thought of care or woe,

In the days when we went gipsying,
 A long time ago.

All hearts were light, and eyes were bright,
 And nature's face was gay,
 The trees their leafy branches spread,
 And perfume filled the May;
 'Twas there we heard the cuckoo's note,
 Steal softly through the air,
 While every scene around us look'd,
 Most beautiful and fair.

And thus we pass'd, &c.

We fill'd a glass to every lass,
 And all our friends so dear,
 And wish'd them many happy days,
 And many a happy year;
 We gave the king with all our hearts,
 And may his subjects be,
 A nation's pride, all lands beside,
 And glory of the sea.

And thus we pass'd, &c.

And should we ever pay again
 A visit to the scene,
 We'll sing with all our heart and voice,
 "God bless our gracious Queen,"
 May she live long o'er us to reign,
 And by her actions prove,
 That she has gain'd her utmost wish,
 A people's lasting love,
 And thus we'll pass the merry time,
 Nor think of care or woe,
 As we did when we went gipsying,
 A long time ago.

HURRAH ! FOR THE BONNETS OF BLUE.

Here's a health to them that's awa',
 Here's a health to them that's awa',
 And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,
 May never guid luck be their fa' ;
 'Tis guid to be merry and wise,
 'Tis guid to be merry and true,
 'Tis guid to support Caledonia's cause,
 And bide by the Bonnets of Blue.
 Hurrah ! for the Bonnets of Blue.
 'Tis guid to support, &c.

Here's a health to them that's awa',
 Here's a health to them that's awa',
 Here's a health to Charlie the chief of the clan,
 Although that his hand is but sma' ;
 Here's freedom to him that would read,
 Here's freedom to him that would write,
 There's none ever fear'd that the truth should be
 heard,
 But they whom the truth should indite.
 Hurrah ! for the Bonnets of Blue.
 'Tis guid to support, &c.

MY NATIVE HIGHLAND HOME.

My Highland home, where tempests blow,
 And cold thy wintry looks,
 Thy mountains crown'd wi' driven snow,
 And ice-bound are thy brooks :
 But colder far's the Briton's heart,
 However far he roam,
 To whom these words no joy impart,
 ' My native Highland home.'
 Then gang wi' me to Scotland dear,
 We ne'er again will roam,
 And with thy smile, so bonnie, cheer
 My native Highland home.

When summer comes, the heather-bell
 Shall tempt thy feet to rove ;
 The tender dove, within the dell,
 Invites to peace and love ;
 For blithesome is the breath of day,
 And sweet's the bonnie broom,
 And pure the dimpling rills that play,
 Around my Highland home.
 Then gang wi' me, &c.

TOO WELL I LOVE THEE.

Go, lover, false ! go, man, unkind !
 My heart may break, but can't forget thee ;
 E'en though remembrance probes my mind,
 And bids me rue the day I met thee !
 Go where you will, o'er land or seas,
 Where sun-beams burn, or waters freeze,
 Yes, traitor ! yes, too well I love thee !
 Go, wily fiend ! with serpent tongue,
 And tell how well that tongue deceived me ;

What vows you made, what praises sung,
 And make thy boast how I believed thee?
 Go where you will, &c.

Go perjured man! with manless heart,
 But let no woman's eye behold thee;
 Wound no fond breast with falsehood's dart,
 Nor whisper tales like those you told me!
 Go where thou wilt, &c.

I'LL LOVE THEE EVER DEARLY.

LET others breathe the melting sigh,
 And swear they love to madness,
 To them I leave the tearful eye,
 And all love's sober sadness;
 No tender vows and prayers are mine,
 But this I swear sincerely,
 While truth and honest love are thine,
 I'll love thee ever dearly.

Then lady, though I scorn the wiles
 Which love too oft discovers,
 Ne'er spurn the heart that wooes with smiles,
 For smiles were made for lovers.
 And though no tender vows are mine,
 Yet this I swear sincerely, &c.

BEGONE DULL CARE.

DUET.

BEGONE dull care, I prythee begone from me,
 Begone dull care, thou and I shall never agree
 Long time thou hast been tarrying here,
 And fain thou would'st me kill,
 But i'faith dull care,
 Thou never shalt have thy will.

Too much care will turn a young man grey,
Too much care will turn an old man to clay,
My wife shall dance and I will sing,
So merrily pass the day,
For I hold it one of the wisest things
To drive dull care away.

LET ROSY GARLANDS.

Let rosy garlands now
My jolly temples wreath ;
And while laughs the wine,
Let me their odours breathe ;
Thy verdant thyrsus now,
Brandishing on high,
Bring, O Bacchus bring,
And fill me with thy joy.
And thou, O pleasing love,
And Venus ever fair ;
And bright Apollo, too,
With thy golden hair ;
And mirthful Momus, all,
Come, my banquet join,
And wrap, O wrap my soul !
In ecstasy divine !

POOR JOE THE MARINE.

Poor Joe, the Marine, was at Portsmouth well known,
No lad in the corps dress'd so smart ;
The lasses ne'er look'd at the youth with a frown—
His manliness won every heart,
Sweet Polly of Portsea he took for his bride,
And surely there never was seen
A couple so gay march to church side by side,
As Polly and Joe the Marine.

Ere Hymen's bright torch at their nuptials could
blaze,

Loud thundering guns they heard rattle ;
And Joe in an instant was forced to the sea,
To give a bold enemy battle.

The action was dreadful—each ship a mere wreck !
Such slaughter few sailors have seen ;
Two hundred brave fellows lay strew'd o'er the deck,
And among them poor Joe the Marine.

But victory, faithful to brave British tars,
At length put an end to the fight ;
Then homeward they steer'd, full of glory and scare,
And soon had fam'd Portsmouth in sight.
The ramparts were crowded, the heroes to greet,
And foremost sweet Polly was seen ;
But the very first boat, her keen eyes chang'd to meet,
Bore the corpse of poor Joe the Marine.

The shock was severe ; swift as lightning's fork'd
dart ;

Her poor head with wild frenzy fir'd ;
She flew to the beach, softly cried, ' My poor heart !'
Clasp'd his hands, kiss'd his lips, and expired.
Their bodies were laid 'neath a wide-spreading yew,
And on a smooth stone may be seen,—
" One tear-drop let fall, all ye lovers so true,
" On Polly and Joe the Marine !"

BY THE GAILY CIRCLING GLASS.

By the gaily circling glass,
We can see how minutes pass ;
By the hollow cask we're told,
How the waning night grows old,
Soon, too soon, the busy day,
Drives us from our sport away,
What have we with day to do ?
Sons of Care, 'twas made for you !

By the silence of the owl,
By the chirping on the thorn,
By the butts that empty roll,
We foretell th' approach of morn,
Fill then, fill, the vacant glass,
Let no precious moments slip ;
Flour the moralizing am ;
Joys find entrance at the lip.

THE QUEER LITTLE MAN.

A VERY little man, very ' how came you so.'
Went home on a dingy night ;
It was past twelve o'clock, he'd a long way to go,
And he walk'd like a crab, left and right.
At the corner of a lane, quite a lonely retreat,
He saw something tall and as white as a sheet ;
He shook and he shivered,
His teeth chattered, and lips quivered,
And with fear as well as fuddling he stagger'd to and
fro,
This queer little man, who'd a great way to go.
This queer little man then fell on his knees,
With fright you'll suppose half dead :
And as on it he looked, it o'erstopped the trees,
And had two saucer eyes in its head.
When a very deathlike voice, said in very drear tone,
With me you must go, for your grave's nearly done.
He shook and he shivered,
His teeth chattered, and lips quivered,
When he cried, O, good hobgoblin, I pray you mercy
show
To a queer little man, who's a great way to go.
The queer little man he fell flat as a flail,
A great explosion heard he ;
And jumped up in a crack, for a cracker at his tail
Set him capering just like a parched pea,

From around the goblin's head burst some long streams
of fire,

And the cracker once spent left him sprawling in the
mire.

Some wags ('twas a wacker),

Thus with turnip, squib, and cracker,

Cured, through fear of all his fuddling, completely
you must know,

This queer little man who'd a long way to go.

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### THE BROKEN HEART.

FAREWELL ! in despair

I escape from thy wiles,

Thy frowns I can bear,

And even thy smiles ;

Take back that dear token,

That blessed me before,

The heart you have broken

Can prize it no more.

Now vain were thy favour,

Thy pity more vain,

I am lost, and for ever,

To pleasure to pain.

Words sweetly spoken

Deceived me before,

But the heart you have broken

Can trust it no more.

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THE RED RED ROSE.

O, my love's like a red, red rose,

That's newly sprung in June ;

O, my love's like the melody

That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
 So deep in love am I ;
 And I will love thee still, my dear,
 Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun ;
 I will love thee still, my dear,
 While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only love,
 And fare thee weel awhile !
 And I will come again my love,
 Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

For England when with fav'ring gale,
 Our gallant ship up channel steer'd,
 And, scudding under easy sail,
 The high blue western land appear'd ;
 To heave the lead the seaman sprung,
 And to the pilot cheerly sung,
 " By the deep—nine ! "

And bearing up to gain the port,
 Some well-known object kept in view ;
 An abbey-tow'r, an harbour-fort,
 Or beacon to the vessel true ;
 While oft the lead the seaman flung,
 And to the pilot cheerly sung,
 " By the mark—seven ! "

And as the much-lov'd shore we near,
 With transport we behold the roof
 Where dwelt a friend or partner dear,
 Of faith and love a matchless proof.
 The lead once more the seaman flung,
 And to the watchful pilot sung,
 " Quarter less—five ! "

Now to her birth the ship draws nigh :
 We shorten sail—she feels the tide—
 “Stand clear the cable,” is the cry—
 The anchor’s gone ; we safely ride.
 The watch is set, and through the night,
 We hear the seamen with delight,
 Proclaim—“ All’s well !”

AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to mind ;
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And the days o’ lang syne,
 For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We’ll take a cup of kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
 An’ pu’d the gowans fine,
 But we’ve wander’d mony a weary fit,
 Sin’ auld lang syne.
 For auld lang syne, &c.

And there’s a hand, my trusty friend,
 And gie’s a hand o’ thine,
 And we’ll toom the stoop to friendship’s growth,
 And auld lang syne.
 For auld lang syne, &c.

An’ surely you’ll be your pint stoop,
 As sure as I’ll be mine ;
 And we’ll tak’ a right good willie waught,
 For auld lang syne.
 For auld lang syne, &c.

FOLLOW, FOLLOW, OVER MOUNTAIN.

Follow, follow over mountain,
Follow, follow over sea ;
And I'll guide thee to love's fountain,
If you'll follow, follow me.
Follow, follow, &c.

With the waters of the fountain
Will I ease thy aching heart,
And the roses of the mountain
Shall to thee a balm impart.
Follow, follow, &c.

For woman's love is dearly bought,
If bought with peace of mind,
But taste the fount, and not a thought
Of love is left behind.
Follow, follow, &c.

I'll fan thee with the zephyr's wings,
And watch thee night and day ;
Yll guide thee to love's healing spring,—
So follow and away.
Follow, follow, &c.

THE GAY GUITAR.

Yea, I will leave my father's halls,
To roam along with thee ;—
Adieu, adieu, my native walls !
To other scenes I flee.
—Yes, we will leave the silent glade,
Where we have strayed afar ;
And you shall play, my dearest maid
Songs on your gay guitar.
Songs on your gay guitar.

Love, gentle love, shall be our guide
To a far distant land ;
And, whether bliss or woe betide,
This heart you shall command :
I'll tell you tales of older years,
Of hapless love, of war ;
But, should they cause you pearly tears,
Sound, sound, your gay guitar.
Sound, sound, your gay guitar.

LISTEN TO MY WILD GUITAR.

Oh, wilt thou leave thy father's halls,
To wander forth with me,
And quit the lov'd, the cherished walls,
Where thou wert bless'd and free ?
To seek awhile the quiet stream,
Array'd by ev'ning star,
And listen, as in fancy's dream,
Unto my wild guitar.

I cannot boast of wealth or power ;
These dwell from love apart ;
But, if thou'lt share my simple bower,
I'll give thee all my heart ;
And, when the ev'ning shades appear,
I'll roam beneath her star,
And sing the song thou lov'st to hear
Unto my wild guitar.

ISLE OF BEAUTY, FARE THEE WELL.

SHADES of ev'ning, close not o'er us,
Leave our lonely bark awhile ;
Morn, alas ! will not restore us
Yonder dim and distant isle.

Still my fancy can discover
Sunny spots where friends may dwell ;
Darker shadows round us hover,—
Lale of beauty, Fare thee well !

'Tis the hour when happy faces
Smile around the taper's light ;
Who will fill our vacant places ?
Who will sing our songs to-night ?
Through the mist that floats above us
Faintly sounds the vesper bell,
Like a voice from those who love us,
Breathing fondly, Fare thee well !

When the waves are round me breaking,
As I pace the deck alone,
And my eye in vain is seeking
Some green leaf to rest upon.
When on that dear land I ponder,
Where my old companions dwell,
Absence makes the heart grow fonder—
Lale of beauty, Fare thee well !

THE SAILOR'S TEAR.

He leap'd into his boat, as it lay upon the strand,—
But, oh, his heart was far away with friends upon the
land ;
He thought of those he lov'd the best—a wife, an
infant dear,
And feeling filled the sailor's breast,—the sailor's eye,
a tear.
They stood upon the far-off cliff, and wav'd a kerchief
white,
And gazed upon his gallant bark till she was out of
sight ;
The sailor cast a look behind, no longer they were near,
Then raised the canvass to his eye, and wiped away a
tear.

Ere long the ocean's blue expanse his sturdy bark has
 sped,
 The gallant sailor, from her prow, descries a sail
 a-head ;
 And thus he raised his mighty arm, for Britain's foe
 was near,—
 Ay, then he rais'd his arm—but not to wipe a tear.

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young charms,
 Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
 Were to change by to-morrow and fade in my arms,
 Like fairy-gifts fleeting away,
 Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
 Let thy loveliness fade as it will ;
 And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
 Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are their own,
 And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a tear,
 That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
 To which time will but make thee more dear.
 Oh ! the heart that has truly lov'd, never forgets,
 But as truly loves on to the close ;
 As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
 The same look which she turned when he rose !

THINE AM I, MY FAITHFUL FAIR.

THINE am I, my faithful fair,
 Thine, my lovely Nancy ;
 Every pulse among my veins,
 Every roving fancy.

To thy bosom lay my heart,
There to throb and languish,—
Though despair has wrung its core,
That would heal its anguish.

Take away those rosy lips,
Rich with balmy treasure ;
Turn away those eyes of love,
Lest I die with pleasure.

What is life when wanting love ?
Night without a morning,
Love's the cloudless summer sun,
Nature gay adorning.

THE BUTTERFLY WAS A GENTLEMAN.

THE butterfly was a gentleman,
Of no very good repute,
And he roved in the sunshine all day long,
In his scarlet and purple suit ;
And he left his lady wife at home,
In her own secluded bower,
Whilst he like a bachelor flirted about
With a kiss for every flower.

His lady-wife was a poor glow-worm,
And seldom from home she'd stir,—
She lov'd him better than all the world,
Though little he cared for her ;
Unheeded she pass'd the day, she knew
Her lord was a rover then,
But when night came on, she lighted the lamp,
To guide him over the glen.

One night the wanderer homeward came,
But he saw not the glow-worm's ray,—
Some wild bird saw the neglected one,
And flew with her far away.

Then beware, ye butterflies, all beware,
 If to you such a time should come :
 Forsaken by wandering lights, you'll wish
 You'd have cherished the lamp at home.

SWEET GIRL I'LL LOVE THEE EVER.

THOUGH sorrow's fiend may interpose,
 And seek our hearts to sever,
 Whilst lily blooms or hawthorn grows,
 Sweet girl, I'll love thee ever.
 Let worldings, fickle as the bee,
 Long for each flower they view :
 My ev'ry hope's combin'd in thee—
 A flow'r more fair ne'er grew.
 Though sorrow's fiend, &c.

Though doom'd, perhaps, within the strife,
 By some rude hand to perish,
 My faithful heart, whilst I have life,
 Thy lovely form shall cherish ;
 For they who love so true as me,
 No grief their love can weaken :
 Though I may be forsok by thee,
 Thou'lt never be forsaken.

Though sorrow's fiend may interpose,
 And seek our hearts to sever,
 Whilst lily blooms, or hawthorn grows,
 Sweet girl, I'll love thee ever.

THE BLUE BONNETS ARE OVER THE BORDER.

MARCH ! march ! Ettrick and Tiviotdale,
 Why, my lada, dinna ye march forward in order !
 March ! march ! Eakdale and Liddesdale,
 All the blue bonnets are over the border.

Many a banner, spread,
 Flutters above your head,
 Many a crest that is famous in story !
 Mount and make ready, then,
 Sons of the mountain glen,
 Fight for your king, and the old Scottish glory.
 March ! march ! &c.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing,
 Come from the glen of the buck and the roe ;
 Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,
 Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.
 Trumpets are sounding,
 War steeds are bounding,
 Stand to your arms and march in good order ;
 England shall many a day
 Tell of the bloody fray,
 When the blue bonnets came over the border.
 March ! march ! &c.

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### THE MERRY SWISS BOY.

COME, arouse thee, arouse thee, my brave Swiss boy  
 Take thy pail, and to labour away :  
 The sun is up with ruddy beam,  
 The kine are thronging to the stream ;  
 Come, arouse thee, arouse thee, my brave Swiss boy  
 Take thy pail, and to labour away.

Am not I, am not I, a merry Swiss boy  
 When I hie to the mountain away ?  
 For there a shepherd maiden dear  
 Awaits my song with list'ning ear.  
 Am not I, am not I, then, a merry Swiss boy,  
 When I hie to the mountain away ?

Then at night, then at night, oh, gay Swiss boy,  
 I'm away, to my comrades away :  
 The cup we fill—the wine is pass'd  
 And ahup's round, until, at last,

With "Good night!" and "Good night!" goes the  
happy Swiss boy,  
To his home and his slumbers away.

### THE BANNERS SO BLUE.

Strike up! strike up! strike up! Scottish minstrels  
so gay,

Tell of Wallace, that brave warlike man!  
Sing also of Bruce—your banners display,  
While each chief leads on his bold clan.

Here's success, Caledonia, to thee!—

To the sons of the thistle so true,—  
Then, march! gaily march! so cantie and free,—  
There's none like the banner so blue.

March on! march on! march on! to the brazen trumpet's sound,

How quickly in battle,—in battle array,  
Each brave Highland chief assembles his men.  
And they march,—and they march to the bagpipes  
so gay.

Here's success, Caledonia, to thee!—

To the sons of the thistle, &c.

### WHY ARE YOU WANDERING.

Why are you wandering here, I pray,  
An old man ask'd a maid one day.  
Looking for poppies bright and red,  
Father, said she, I'm hither led:

He, he!

She heard him cry,  
Poppies, 'tis known to all who rove,  
Grow in the fields, and not the grove.

Tell me again, the old man said,  
 Why are you loitering here, fair maid.  
 The nightingale's song so sweet and clear,  
 Father, said she, I came to hear :

Fie, fie!

She heard him cry,  
 Nightingales all—so people say,  
 Warble by night and not by day.

The sage look'd grave, the maiden shy,  
 When Lubin jump'd over the stile hard by ;  
 The sage look'd graver, the maid more glum,  
 Lubin he twiddled his finger and thumb.

Fie, fie!

The old man's cry,  
 Poppies like this, I own, are rare,  
 And of such nightingales' songs beware.

### THE EXILE OF ERIN.

THUS came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,  
 The dew on his robe it was heavy and chill ;  
 For his country he sigh'd when at twilight repairing  
 To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill ;  
 But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,  
 For it rose on his own native isle of the ocean,  
 Where once in the flow of his youthful emotion,  
 He sung the bold anthem of Erin go bragh:

" Oh, sad is my fate," said the heart-broken stranger:  
 The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee ;  
 But I have no refuge from famine or danger,—  
 A home and a country remain not for me!  
 Ah! never again in the green shady bowers,  
 Where my forefathers liv'd, shall I spend the sweet  
 hours,  
 Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,  
 And strike the sweet numbers of Erin go bragh.

Oh, Erin, my country ! though sad and forsaken,  
 In dreams I re-visit thy sea-beaten shore,  
 But, alas ! in a far distant land I awaken,  
 And sigh for the friends I shall never see more.  
 And thou, cruel fate, wilt thou never replace me  
 In a mansion of peace, where no peril can chase me,—  
 Ah, never again shall my brothers embrace me,—  
 They died to defend me, or live to deplore.

Where now is my cabin-door, so fast by the wild  
 wood ?

Sisters and sire all weep for its fall,—  
 Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood ?  
 And where is the bosom-friend dearer than all ?  
 Ah, my sad soul ! long abandoned by pleasure,  
 Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure ?—  
 Tears, like the rain, may fall without measure,  
 But raptures and beauty they cannot recall.

But yet, all its fond recollections suppressing,  
 One dying wish my fond bosom shall draw.  
 Erin, an exile bequeaths thee his blessing,—  
 Land of my forefathers, Erin go bragh !  
 Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,  
 Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean,  
 And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,  
 Erin ma yourneen, sweet Erin go bragh !

### HERE'S A HEALTH.

HERE'S a health to all good lasses,  
 Pledge it merrily, fill your glasses,  
 Let the bumper toast go round.  
 May they live a life of pleasure,  
 Without mixture, without measure  
 For with them true joys are found.

## THE POST CAPTAIN.

When Steerwall heard the first impart  
Our brave commander's story,  
With ardent zeal, his youthful heart  
Swell'd high for naval glory ;  
Resolv'd to gain a valiant name,  
For bold adventures eager,  
When first a little cabin-boy on board the *Fame*,  
He would hold on the jigger.  
While ten jolly tars with musical Joe,  
Hove the anchor a-pack, singing yoo, heave, yoo, yoo,  
&c.

The band top-ga'ntails next he learn'd,  
With quickness, care, and spirit,  
Whose generous master soon discern'd,  
And pris'd his dawning merit :  
He taught him soon to reef and steer,  
When storms convuls'd the ocean,  
Where shoals made skilful vet'rans fear ;  
Which mark'd him for promotion.  
And none to the pilot e'er answer'd like he,  
When he gave the command, hard a-port helm a-lee,  
Luff, boy, luff, keep her near,  
Clear the buoy, make the pier,  
None to the pilot e'er answered like he,  
When he gave the command in the pool, or at sea,  
Hard a-port, helm a-lee.

For valour, skill, and worth renown'd ;  
The foe he oft defeated ;  
And now with fame and fortune crown'd,  
Post Captain he is rated :  
Who, should our injur'd country bleed,  
Still bravely would defend her :  
Now blast with peace, if beauty plead,  
He'll prove his heart is tender.

Unaw'd, yet mild, to high and low,  
 To poor and wealthy, friend or foe,  
     Wounded tars share his wealth,  
     All the fleet drink his health.  
 Pris'd be such hearts, for aloft they will go,  
 Which always are ready compassion to show,  
 To a brave conquer'd foe.

### BOUND 'PRENTICE TO A WATERMAN.

BOUND 'prentice to a waterman, I learn'd a bit to row,  
 But, bless your heart, I always was so gay,  
 That to treat a little water-nymph, that took my heart  
     in tow,  
 I ran myself a bit in debt, and then I ran away.  
                                 Singing ri fol, &c.

Board of man of war I enter'd next, and learn'd to  
     quaff good flip,  
 And far from home we scudded on so gay,  
 I ran my rigs, but lik'd so well my captain, crew, and  
     ship,  
 That run what will, why, dam-me, if ever I run  
     away.  
                                 Singing ri fol, &c.

With Nelson I've sail'd the world around, and learn'd  
     a bit to fight,  
 But somehow a prisoner I was ta'en.  
 So, when my Spanish jailor to my dungeon show'd  
     a light,  
 I just blinded both his peepers, and I run away  
     again.  
                                 Singing ri fol, &c.

I've run many risks in life, on ocean and on shore,  
 But always like a Briton got the day ;  
 And fighting in old England's cause, I'll run as many  
 more,  
 But let me meet ten thousand foes, will never run  
 away.

Singing ri fol, &c.

### FAIREST OF THE FAIR.

O NANNIE, wilt thou gang wi' me,  
 Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town ;  
 Can silent glens have charms for thee,  
 The lowly cot, and russet gown ?  
 Nae langer drest in silken sheen,  
 Nae langer deck'd wi' jewels rare,  
 Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,  
 Where thou wast fairest of the fair !

O Nannie, when thou'rt far awa,  
 Wilt thou not cast a look behind ?  
 Say canst thou face the flaky snaw,  
 Nor shrink before the warping wind ?  
 O can that soft and gentlest mien,  
 Severest hardships learn to bear,  
 Nor sad regret each courtly scene,  
 Where thou wast fairest of the fair !

O Nannie, canst thou love so true,  
 Thro' perils keen wi' me to gae ?  
 Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,  
 To share with him the pang of wae ?  
 And when invading pains befall,  
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,  
 Nor wishful those gay scenes recall,  
 Where thou wast fairest of the fair ?

And when at last thy love shall die,  
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?  
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,  
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?  
And wilt thou o'er his much lov'd clay,  
Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear?  
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,  
Where thou was fairest of the fair?



## THE DEATH OF NELSON.

O'er Nelson's tomb, with silent grief oppress'd,  
Britannia mourn'd her hero, now at rest,  
But those bright laurels ne'er shall fade with years,  
Whose leaves are water'd by a nation's tears.

'Twas in Trafalgar's bay,  
We saw the Frenchmen lay,  
Each heart was bounding then;  
We scorn'd the foreign yoke,  
Our ships were British oak,  
And hearts of oak our men.  
Our Nelson mark'd them on the wave,  
Three cheers our gallant seamen gave,  
Nor thought of home or beauty;  
Along the line this signal ran,  
"England expects that every man  
This day will do his duty."

And now the cannons roar  
Along the affrighted shore  
Our Nelson led the way,  
His ship the Vict'ry nam'd,  
Long be that vic'try fam'd!  
For vic'try crown'd the day.  
But dearly was that conquest bought,  
Too well the gallant hero fought,

For England, home, and beauty ;  
 He cried, as 'midst the fire he ran,  
 " England expects that every man  
 This day will do his duty."

At last the fatal wound,  
 Which spread dismay around,  
 The hero's breast receiv'd ;  
 " Heav'n fights on our side,  
 The day's our own," he cried ;  
 " Now, long enough I've liv'd.  
 In honour's cause my life was past,  
 In honour's cause I fall at last,  
 For England, home, and beauty !"  
 Thus ending life as he began,  
 England confess'd that every man  
 That day had done his duty.

### IN THE DOWNHILL OF LIFE.

In the downhill of life, when I find I'm declining,  
 May my fate no less fortunate be,  
 Than a snug elbow chair can afford for reclining,  
 And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea.  
 With an ambling pad poney, to pace o'er the lawn,  
 While I carol away idle sorrow ;  
 And blithe as the lark, that each day hails the dawn,  
 Look forward with hope for to-morrow.

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade  
 too,  
 As the sunshine or rain may prevail ;  
 A small spot of ground for the use of the spade too,  
 And a barn for the use of the flail,  
 A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,  
 And a purse when a friend wants to borrow ;  
 I'll envy no Nabob his riches or fame,  
 Nor what honours await him to-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be com-  
 pletely  
 Secur'd by a neighbouring hill ;  
 At night, may repose steal upon me more sweetly,  
 By the side of a murmuring rill ;  
 And while peace and plenty I find at my board,  
 With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,  
 With my friends will I share what to-day may afford,  
 And let them spread the table to-morrow.  
 But when I at last must throw off this frail covering,  
 Which I've worn for threescore years and ten,  
 On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hover-  
 ing,  
 Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again ;  
 But my face in a glass I'll serenely survey,  
 And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow,  
 As this old worn-out stuff which is threadbare to-day,  
 May become everlasting to-morrow.

### ENGLAND'S WOODEN WALLS.

WHAT should fire a Briton's heart  
 When his land's in danger !  
 Courage and his patriot-strength—  
 To repel each stranger !  
 Should the foe insult our flag,  
 What shall cause his wonder ?  
 England's conquering wooden-walls,  
 And their deep mouth'd thunder !  
 Thus shall England ever prove  
 Great in warlike story,  
 And her Briton's ever shine  
 In the page of glory !  
 Heart and hand will e'er unite,  
 Fearless what befalls them ;  
 Ever ready, day or night,  
 When their country calls them !

## THE WOLF.

At the peaceful midnight hour,  
 Every sense and every pow'r  
 Fetter'd lies in downy sleep :  
 Then our careful watch we keep.  
 While the wolf in nightly prowl  
 Bays the moon with hideous howl :  
 Gates are barr'd, a vain resistance,  
 Females shriek, but no assistance :  
 " Silence ! or you meet your fate—  
 Your keys, your jewels, cash and plate !"  
 Locks, bolts, and bars, soon fly asunder.  
 Then to rifle, rob, and plunder.

## HIP, HIP, HIP, HURRAH.

BRIGHT are the beams of the morning sky,  
 And sweet dew the red blossoms sip.  
 But brighter the glances of dear woman's eye,  
 And sweet is the dew on her lip ;  
 Her mouth is the fountain of rapture.  
 A source from whence purity flows ;  
 Ah ! who would not taste of its magic,  
 As the honey bee sips from the rose.  
 Then the toast, then the toast be dear woman,  
 Let each breast that is manly approve ;  
 Then the toast, then the toast be dear woman !  
 And nine cheers for the girls that we love.  
 Hip, hip, hip, hurrah !

Come, raise, raise the wine cup to heaven high,  
 Ye gods on Olympus approve  
 The offering thus mellowed by woman's bright eye,  
 Outrivals the nectar of Jove.

Then raise high the goblet with transport,  
The spell of life's best joys impart,  
The cup thus devoted to woman,  
Yields the only true balm to the heart.  
Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!

## GALLANT TROUBADOUR.

GLOWING with love, on fire for fame,  
A Troubadour who hated sorrow,  
Beneath his lady's window came,  
And thus he sang his last good morrow ;  
My arm it is my country's right,  
My heart is in my true-love's bower,  
Gaily for love and fame to fight,  
Befits a gallant Troubadour.

And while he march'd with helm on head,  
And harp in hand the descant sung,  
As faithful to his fav'rite maid,  
The Minstrel burthen still he sung ;  
My arm it is my country's right,  
My heart is in my true-love's bower,  
Resolved for love and fame to fight,  
I come a gallant Troubadour.

Alas ! upon the bloody field,  
He fell beneath the foeman's grave,  
But still reclining on his shield,  
Expiring sung the exulting stave ;  
My life it is my country's right,  
My heart is in my true-love's bower,  
For love and fame to fall in fight,  
Becomes a gallant Troubadour.

## BY THE MARGIN OF FAIR ZURICH'S WATERS.

By the margin of fair Zurich's waters—

Ayieo !

Dwelt a youth whose fond heart, night and day,  
For the fairest of fair Zurich's daughters—

Ayieo !

In a dream of love melted away.  
When alone no one bolder than he,  
But with her none more timid could be ;  
Will you list to me dearest I pray ?—Ayieo,  
When she did, this was all he could say :—

Ayieo ! ayieo ! alack, well-a-day,  
Ayieo ! ayieo ! was all he could say.

By the margin of fair Zurich's waters—

Ayieo !

At the close of a fine summer's day,  
To the fairest of fair Zurich's daughters—

Ayieo !

This fond youth found at last tongue to say  
I'm in love, as you plainly may see,  
Could I love any other but thee ;  
Oh, say then, wilt thou be my bride ?

Ayieo !

Can you tell how this fair one replied ?

Ayieo ! ayieo ! I leave you to guess,  
Ayieo ! ayieo ! of course she said, yes !

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KING DEATH.

KING Death was a rare old fellow,
He sat where no sun could shine,
And he lifted his hand so yellow,
And poured out his coal black wine.
Hurrah ! for the coal black wine.

There came to him many a maiden,
 Whose eyes had forgot to shine,
 And widows with grief o'erladen,
 For a draught of his coal black wine,
Hurrah, &c.

The scholar left all his learning,
 The poet his fancied woes,
 And the beauty her bloom returning,
 Like life to the fading rose.
Hurrah, &c.

All came to the rare old fellow,
 Who laugh'd till his eyes dropp'd brine,
 And he gave them his hand so yellow,
 And pledg'd them in Death's black wine.
Hurrah, &c.

THE BRAVE OLD ADMIRAL.

How gladly, how merrily, we ride along the sea,
 The morning is all sunshine, the wind is blowing free,
 The billows are all sparkling and bounding in the light,
 Like creatures in whose sunny veins the blood is run-
 ning bright.

All nature knows our triumph—strange birds about
 us sweep—
 Strange things come up to look at us the masters of
 the deep.
 In our wake, like any servant, follows even the bold
 shark—
 Oh, proud must be our admiral of such a bonny barque.
 Oh, proud must be our admiral, though he is pale to
 day,
 Of twice five hundred iron men, who all his nod obey—

Who've fought for him and conquer'd—who've won
with sweat and gore,
Nobility, which he shall have, whene'er he touch the
shore.

Oh, would I were an admiral, to order with a word,
To lose a dozen drops of blood, and straight rise up a
lord—

I'd shout to yon shark there, which follows in our lee,
Some day I'll make thee carry me like lightning
through the sea.

Our admiral grew paler and paler as we flew,
Still talk'd he to the officers, and smiled upon the
crew ;

And he look'd up at the heavens, and he looked down
on the sea,

And at last he saw the creature that was following in
our lee.

He shook—'twas but an instant—for speedily the
pride

Ran crimson to his heart, till all chances he defied ;
It threw boldness on his forehead, gave firmness to
his breath,

And he look'd like some grim warrior now risen up
from death.

That night a horrid whisper fell on us where we lay,
And we knew our fine old admiral was changing into
clay,

And we heard the wash of waters, though nothing
could we see,

But a whistle and a plunge among the billows on our
lee.

'Till morn we watch'd the body in its dead and ghastly
sleep,

And next evening at sunset it was flung into the deep ;
And never from that moment, save one shudder in the
sea,

Saw we, or heard the creature that had followed in
our lee.

SAVOURNA DEELISH.

Oh! the moment was sad when my love and I parted,
Savourna deelish shigan, O!

As I kiss'd off her tears, I was nigh broken-hearted,
Savourna, &c.

Wan was her cheek, which hung on my shoulder,
Damp was her hand, no marble was colder
I felt that I never again should behold her.
Savourna, &c.

When the word of command put our men into motion,
Savourna, &c.

I buckled my knapsack to cross the wide ocean,
Savourna, &c.

Brisk were our troops, all roaring like thunder,
Pleased with the voyage, impatient for plunder,
My bosom with grief was 'most torn asunder.
Savourna, &c.

Long I fought for my country, far, far from my true
love,
Savourna, &c.

All my pay and booty I hoarded for you love.
Savourna, &c.

Peace was proclaimed, escap'd from the slaughter,
Landed at home, my sweet girl I sought her,
But sorrow, alas! to the cold grave had brought her.
Savourna, &c.

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## YOUNG ELLEN LORAINÉ.

WHEN I parted from Erin, heart broken to leave thee,  
I dreamt not of falsehood, young Ellen Loraine,  
I thought tho' but woman thou wouldst not deceive me,  
Ah, why art thou faithless, young Ellen Loraine.  
I loved thee in sorrow, I sought thee in danger,  
And dear was the peril, and sweet was the pain;  
But now is thy look like the look of the stranger.  
Ah, why art thou faithless, young Ellen Loraine.

Oh, thou wert the vision that lighten'd my pillow,  
 The star of my darkness, young Ellen Lorraine ;  
 As the bloom to the rose, as the sun to the billow,  
 Thou came'st in my slumber, young Ellen Lorraine.  
 Then think of me yet, when the false world deceives  
 thee,

And friends of gay fortune look cold on thy wane,  
 When the shew of thy cheek like the summer's night  
 leaves thee,

Then'think how I loved thee, young Ellen Lorraine.

Oh ! speak not to me, in those eyes I discover,  
 The wrongs thou hast done me, young Ellen Lorraine ;  
 Go, rest in the arms of a happier lover—

Go, lovely, but faithless, young Ellen Lorraine ;  
 The moments of rapture the vow and the token,  
 The thrill in my bosom and burn in my brain,  
 Go, false one, and laugh at the heart thou hast broken,  
 Go, lovely, but faithless, young Ellen Lorraine.

### ELLEN AUREEN.

O COLD was the climate and cheerless the moor,  
 Where Ellen had bloomed till sixteen,  
 But warm was the bosom and friendly the door,  
 Of the father of Ellen, sweet Ellen Aureen.  
 Sir Hubert came hunting in splendid array,  
 But was dash'd from his steed on the green,  
 And was borne to the cottage, and nurs'd night and  
 day,

By her father and Ellen, sweet Ellen Aureen.  
 Sweet Ellen, &c.

Oh, how can such kindness and care be repaid,  
 Or where can more graces be seen,  
 My heart and my fortune are your's, gentle maid,  
 Accept them, dear Ellen, sweet Ellen Aureen.  
 Sweet Ellen, &c.

Forgive me, she answered, and gracefully smiled,  
 I wish not to alter the scene,  
 While the heart of a parent content with his child,  
 Is the fortune of Ellen, blest Ellen Aureen.  
Sweet Ellen, &c.

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### MERRY IS THE NAME OF SWEETHEART SOUNDED.

MERRY is the name of sweetheart sounded,  
Merrily O! Merrily O!
 When by Cupid's bows—beaus are wounded,  
Merrily O! Merrily O!
 Then the sweet belles look tender,  
 Then their blue eyes shed splendour,  
 With rapture—bliss confounded.  
Merrily O! Merrily O!

But when married, oh how funny!  
Wearily O! Wearily O!
 They're no longer sweet as honey,  
Wearily O! Wearily O!
 Every belle has then a clapper,  
 The blue eyes get blacker,  
 All the love is now for money.  
Wearily O! Wearily O!

Then swearing comes and madness,  
Drearly O! Drearly O!
 A dozen brats look sadness,  
Drearly O! Drearly O!
 Till wifey quite the dandy,  
 Dies swigging drops of brandy,  
 And the husband cries for gladness.  
Merrily O! Merrily O!

## UPROUSE YE THEN, MY MERRY MEN.

The chough and crow to roost are gone,  
 The owl sits on the tree,  
 The hush'd wind wails with feeble moan,  
 Like infant charity.

The wildfire dances on the fen,  
 The red star sheds its ray,  
 Uprouse ye, then, my merry men,  
 It is our op'ning day.

Uprouse ye, then, &c.

Both child and nurse are fast asleep,  
 And clos'd is every flower,  
 And waking tapers faintly peep  
 High from my lady's bower ;  
 Bewildered hinds, with shorten'd ken,  
 Shrink on their murky way,  
 Uprouse ye, then, my merry men,  
 It is our op'ning day.

Uprouse ye, then, &c.

Nor board nor garner own we now,  
 Nor roof, nor latched door,  
 Nor kind mate, bound by holy vow,  
 To bless a good man's store ;  
 Noon lulls us in a gloomy den,  
 And night is grown our day,  
 Uprouse ye, then, my merry men,  
 And use it as you may.

Uprouse ye, then, &c.

## MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,  
 My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer,  
 Chasing the wild deer and following the roe,  
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

My heart's, &c.

All hail to the Highlands, all hail to the North,  
 The birth-place of valour, the country of worth,  
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,  
 The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

My heart's, &c.

Farewell to the mountains, high covered with snow,  
 Farewell to the straths and green vallies below,  
 Adieu to the forests and high hanging woods,  
 Adieu to the torrents and loud pouring floods.

Adieu, &c.

Adieu for a while, I can ne'er forget thee,  
 The land of my fathers, the soil of the free,  
 I sigh for the hour that shall bid me retrace  
 The path of my childhood, my own native place.

My heart's, &c.

### THE HARPER OF MULL.

WHEN Rosie was faithful how happy was I,  
 Still gladsome as summer the time glided by,  
 I play'd my harp cheerie, while fondly I sang  
 Of the charms of my Rosie the winter night lang ;  
 But now I'm as waefu' as waefu' can be,  
 Come simmer, come winter, 'tis a' ane to me,  
 For the dark gloom of falsehood see clouds my sad soul,  
 That cheerless for aye is the Harper of Mull.

I wander the glens and the wild woods alane,  
 In their deepest recesses I make my sad mane ;  
 My harp's mournful melody joins in the strain,  
 While sadly I sing of the days that are gane ;  
 Though Rosie is faithless, she's not the less fair,  
 And the thought of her beauty but feeds my despair ;  
 With painful remembrance my bosom is full,  
 And weary of life is the Harper of Mull.

As slumbering I lay by the dark mountain stream,  
My lovely young Rosie appear'd in my dream ;  
I thought her still kind, and I ne'er was sae blest,  
As in fancy I clasp'd the dear nymph to my breast.  
'Thou fast fleeting vision, too soon thou wert o'er,  
'Thou wak'st me to tortures unequall'd before ;  
But death's silent slumbers my griefs soon shall hush,  
And the green grass wave over the Harper of Mull.

---

### WHEN THE ROSY MORN APPEARING.

WHEN the rosy morn appearing,  
Paints with dew the verdant lawn,  
Bees on banks of thyme disporting,  
Sip the sweets, and hail the dawn.

Warbling birds the day proclaiming,  
Carol sweet the lively strain,  
They forsake their leafy dwelling,  
To secure the golden grain.

See content the humble gleaner,  
Takes the scatter'd ears that fall,  
Nature, all her children viewing,  
Kindly bounteous, cares for all.

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### GOD SAVE THE QUEEN:

God save our gracious Queen,  
Long live our noble Queen,  
God save the Queen.  
Send her victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us,  
God save the Queen.

O LORD our GOD, arise,  
 Scatter her enemies,  
 And make them fall ;  
 Confound their politics,  
 Frustrate their knavish tricks,  
 On her our hopes we fix,  
 God save us all.

The choicest gifts in store,  
 On her be pleased to pour,  
 Long may she reign.  
 May she defend our laws,  
 And ever give us cause  
 To sing with heart and voice  
 God save the Queen.

### THE WHITE SQUALL.

THE sea was bright and the bark rode well,  
 And the breeze bore the tone of the vesper bell,  
 'Twas a gallant bark with a crew as brave  
 As ever launched on the heaving wave,  
 She shone in the light of declining day,  
 And each sail was set and each heart was gay.

They neared the land where in beauty smiles,  
 The sunny shore of the Grecian Isles ;  
 All thought of home, and that welcome dear,  
 That soon should greet each wand'rer's ear,  
 And infancy join'd the social throng,  
 In the festive dance and joyous song.

A white cloud flies thro' the azure sky,  
 What means that wild despairing cry ?  
 Farewell ! the vision'd scenes of home,  
 That cry is help where no help can come.  
 For the white squall rides on the surging wave,  
 And the bark is gulph'd in an ocean grave.

## PUSH ABOUT THE PITCHER.

THE silver moon, that shines so bright,  
 I swear with reason, is my teacher,  
 And, if my minute-glass runs right,  
 We've time to drink another pitcher.  
 'Tis not yet day, 'tis not yet day,  
 Then why should we forsake good liquor,  
 Until the sunbeams round us play,  
 Let's jocund push about the pitcher.

They say that I must work all day,  
 And sleep at night, to grow much richer ;  
 But what is all the work I can say,  
 Compared to mirth, merriment and pitcher ?  
 'Tis not yet day, &c.

Though one may boast a handsome wife,  
 Yet strange vagaries may bewitch her ;  
 Unvexed, I'll lead a cheerful life,  
 And boldly call for t'other pitcher.  
 'Tis not yet day, &c.

I dearly love a hearty man,  
 (No sneaking milkeop—Jemmy twitcher,)  
 Who loves a lass and loves a glass,  
 And boldly calls for t'other pitcher  
 'Tis not yet day, &c.

## WHAT ARGUFIES PRIDE.

WHAT argufies pride and ambition,  
 Soon or late death will take us in tow ;  
 Each bullet has got its commission,  
 And when our times come we must go ;  
 Then drink and sing—hang pain and sorrow,  
 The halter was made for the neck ;  
 He that's now alive and lusty—to-morrow  
 Perhaps may be stretch'd on the deck.

There was little Tom Linstock of Dover  
 Got kill'd, and left Polly in pain,  
 Polly cry'd ; but her grief was soon over,  
 And then she got married again.  
 Then drink, &c.

Jack Junk was ill-used by Bet Crocker,  
 And so took to guzzling the stuff,  
 Till he tumbled in old Davy's locker,  
 And there he got liquor enough.  
 Then drink, &c.

For our prize-money then to the proctor,  
 Take of joy while 'tis going our freak ;  
 For what argues calling the doctor,  
 When the anchor of life is a peak ?  
 Then drink, &c.

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## THE CHAPTER OF GOOD THINGS.

A GLASS is good, and a lass is good,  
 And a pipe to smoke in cold weather ;  
 The world is good, and the people are good,  
 And we are all good fellows together.

A bottle it is a very good thing,  
 With a good deal of very good wine in it ;  
 A song is good, when a body can sing,  
 And to finish, we must begin it.

A table is good, when spread with good cheer,  
 And good company sitting round it ;  
 When a good way off, we are not very near,  
 And for sorrow the devil confound it.  
 A glass is good, &c.

A friend is good, when you're out of good luck  
 For that's a good time to try him ;  
 For a justice good, the haunch of a buck,  
 With such a good present you buy him.

A fine old woman is good when she's dead,  
 A rogue's very good, for good hanging,  
 A fool is good, by the nose to be led,  
 And my good song deserves a good hanging.  
 A glass is good, &c.

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### FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE ARE DIVINE.

Let fame sound the trumpet, and cry 'to the war,'  
 Let glory re-echo the strain ;  
 The full tide of honour may flow from the sear,  
 And heroes may smile on their pain.  
 The treasures of autumn let Bacchus display,  
 And stagger about with his bowl ;  
 On science, Let Sol beam the lustre of day,  
 And wisdom give light to the soul.  
 Let India unfold her rich gems to the view,  
 Each virtue, each joy to improve ;  
 Oh give me the friend that I know to be true,  
 And the fair that I tenderly love !  
 What's glory but pride ? A vain bubble is fame,  
 And riot the pleasure of wine ;  
 What's riches, but trouble ? and title's a name,  
 But friendship and love are divine !

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### WE MEET NO MORE, OH ! THINK ON ME.

We meet no more, Oh ! think on me,  
 Tho' lost to sense for ever,  
 Yet faithful mem'ry's record dear  
 Whispers we shall not sever.  
 No, by the lip of richest sweets,  
 Oh ! never press'd by me,  
 No, by that soft eye's humid fires,  
 I must remember thee.

Each passing object's casual light,  
 Shall oft revive its power,  
 Even yon pale beams shall wake the thought,  
 They lit our parting hour.

And then I think I see that form,  
 In ardent beauty glowing,  
 And at the thought a tear shall wake,  
 As fond as now 'tis flowing.

### I COULD NEVER CRY FOR LAUGHING.

Luck in life, or good or bad,  
 Ne'er could make me melancholy,  
 Seldom rich, yet never sad,  
 Sometimes poor, yet always jolly ;  
 Fortune in my scale, that's pos,  
 Of mischance put more than half in,  
 Yet, I don't know how it was,  
 I could never cry for laughing,  
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha !  
 I could never cry for laughing.

Monstrous grave are men of law,  
 (Law knows no end, when once beginning,)  
 Yet those dons I never saw,  
 But their wigs would set me grinning ;  
 Once when I was very ill,  
 Seven doctors came—such quizzes !  
 Zooks ! I thought they would me kill  
 With laughing at their comic phizzes.  
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha !  
 With laughing at their comic phizzes.

After that, in love I fell,  
 (Love creates a deal of trouble,)  
 But my courtship strange to tell,  
 Only made my mirth redouble ;

I laughed—she frowned—I laughed again,  
Till I brought her to her tether,  
Then she smiled—we wed—since then  
We mean to laugh through life together,  
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!  
We mean to laugh through life together.

### THE DEATH OF MOORE.

Ye British patriots whose breasts own feel,  
Who venerate the martial warrior's name,  
Whose manly hearts beat for your country's weal,  
Dear as your blood should flow the chieftain's fame,  
Twas not to grace an Eastern minion's pride,  
Nor to destroy a brave, but weaker foe ;  
Twas in defending Nature's rights he died,  
In Freedom's cause he met the fatal blow.

Of't when the tiger chas'd by den'rate hands,  
Slow from the bounds the hunter's shout recedes ;  
His onset, should he turn, not one withstands,  
But safety seeks in flight, or breathless bleeds.  
Thus as the Gallic chief, his myriads pour'd  
From Egypt's shore, terrific visions rise ;  
The fiend of rapine sheathes his reeking sword,  
And shuns the vet'ran Moore, who conqu'ring dies.

As when a whirlwind deluge, threat'ning storm,  
Bursts in loud thunders o'er the trembling plains,  
The mercy-charter'd bow displays its form,  
And nature's Egie cheers the fear-struck swains.  
Thus when the hero's mem'ry claims our tears,  
(His country's glory, and her army's pride,)  
Like the celestial arch his face appears,  
We view his virtues, and forget he died.

## LIFE AFFORDS NO JOY BUT DRINKING.

WHAT is life? a fickle ocean!  
 What is joy? a transient ray!  
 What is love? a youthful notion!  
 Wine alone drives Care away.  
 Why, then, murder time by thinking?  
 Fill my goblet, fill with wine!  
 Life affords no joy but drinking;  
 That alone makes man divine.  
 What's the bigot warmed by praying;  
 What's the advent'rous seaman's gain?  
 What's the soldier's zeal? a saying!  
 Wine can only fire the brain.  
 To all ills I bid defiance,  
 And, though mortal, prove divine;  
 With the gods I claim alliance;  
 They quaff nectar—I drink wine.

## ALL'S WELL,

DESERTED by the waning moon,  
 When skies proclaim night's cheerless noon,  
 On tower, or fort, or tented ground  
 The sentry walks his lonely round;  
 And should a footstep haply stray  
 Where caution marks the guarded way,  
 Who goes there? Stranger, quickly tell;  
 A friend—the word. Good night; all's well.  
 Or sailing on the midnight deep,  
 When weary messmates soundly sleep,  
 The careful watch patrols the deck,  
 To guard the ship from foes or wreck;  
 And while his thoughts oft homewards veer,  
 Some friendly voice salutes his ear—  
 What cheer? brother, quickly tell;  
 Above—below. Good night; all's well.

**COME, LANDLORD, FILL A FLOWING BOWL.**

Come, landlord, fill a flowing bowl,  
Until it does run over ;  
This night we'll merry be,—  
To-morrow we'll get sober.  
Come, landlord, &c.

He that drinks strong beer,  
And goes to bed mellow,  
Lives as he ought to live,  
And dies a hearty fellow.  
Come, landlord, &c.

Brandy cures the gout,  
The cholic, and the phthisic ;  
So it is to all men  
The very best of phynic.  
Come, landlord, &c.

He that courts a pretty girl,  
And courts her for his pleasure,  
Is a fool if he marry her  
Without stores of treasure,  
Come, landlord, &c.

So now let us dance and sing.  
And drive away all sorrow,  
For perhaps we may not  
Meet again to-morrow.  
Come landlord, &c.

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**THE ROSE OF ALLANDALE.**

THE morn was fair—the skies were clear—  
No breath came o'er the sea,  
When Mary left her Highland cot,  
And wander'd forth with me :

Though flowers deck'd the mountain side,  
And fragrance fill'd the vale—  
By far the sweetest flower there  
Was the Rose of Allandale.

Was the Rose of Allandale, &c.

Where'er I wander'd, east or west,  
Tho' fate began to lour,  
A solace still was she to me  
In sorrow's lonely hour.  
When tempests lash'd our gallant bark,  
And tore each shivering sail,  
One maiden form withstood the storm,  
'Twas the Rose of Allandale.

'Twas the Rose of Allandale, &c.

And when my fever'd lips were parch'd  
On Afric's burning sand,  
She whisper'd hopes of happiness  
And tales of distant land :  
My life had been a wilderness,  
Unblest by fortune's gale,  
Had fate not link'd my lot to her's,  
The Rose of Allandale.

The rose of Allandale, &c.

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### I SHALL NEVER SEE HER MORE.

AND has she then fail'd in her truth ?  
The beautiful maid I adore ;  
Shall I never again hear her voice,  
Nor see her lov'd form any more ?  
No, no, no, I shall never see her more.

Ah, Selima, cruel you prove ?  
Yet sure my hard lot you'll bewail ;  
I could not presume you would love,  
Yet pity I hop'd would prevail.

And since hatred alone I inspire,  
Life henceforth is not worth my care,  
Death now is my only desire,  
I give myself up to despair.

---

### MEET ME BY MOONLIGHT.

MEET me by moonlight alone,  
And then I will tell you a tale,  
Must be told by the moonlight alone,  
In the grove at the end of the vale.  
You must promise to come, for I said,  
I would show the night-flowers their queen ;  
Nay, turn not away thy sweet head,  
'Tis the loveliest ever was seen.  
Oh ! meet me by moonlight alone.

Daylight may do for the gay,  
The thoughtless, the heartless, the free ;  
But there's something about the moon's ray,  
That is sweeter to you and to me.  
Oh ! remember, be sure to be there,  
For though dearly the moonlight I prize,  
I care not for all in the air,  
If I want the sweet light of your eyes.  
So meet me by moonlight alone.

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### THE MULETEER.

Soon as the sun his early ray  
Across the misty mountain sings ;  
The muleteer now takes his way,  
And merrily thus he sweetly sings :  
Oh haste, my mules, we must not creep,  
Nor saunter on so slow ;  
Our journey's long, the mountain steep,  
We've many a league to go.

At fall of eve, his labour o'er,  
 He homeward hastes, and sings with glee ;  
 My mules speed to my cottage door,  
 For there my Lilla waits for me.  
 Speed on, my mules, the sun sets fast,  
 The shades of night I see ;  
 There's many a league yet to be pass'd,  
 And Lilla waits for me.

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### AN OLD MAN WOULD BE WOOING.

An old man would be wooing,  
 A damsel gay and young ;  
 But she, when he was suing,  
 For ever laughed and sung—

“ An old man, an old man,  
 Will never do for me ;  
 For May and December  
 Sure never can agree.”

She sung till he was dozing—  
 A youth by fortune bless'd,  
 While guardy's eyes were closing,  
 Her hand delighted press'd.  
 And old man, &c.

Then kneeling, trembling, creeping—  
 I vow 'twas much amiss—  
 He watched the old man sleeping,  
 And softly stole a kiss.  
 An old man, &c.

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### THE CONQUERING HERO.

SEE! the conq'ring hero comes  
 Sound the trumpet beat the drums,  
 Sports prepare, the laurel bring,  
 Songs of triumph to him sing.

See the god-like youth advance !  
Breathe the flutes, and lead the dance,  
Myrtles wreath, and roses twine,  
To deck the hero's brow divine.

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THE BONNIE ENGLISH ROSE.

Old England's emblem is the rose,
There is no other flower
Hath half the graces that adorn
This beauty of the bower ;
And England's daughters are as fair
As any bud that blows.
What son of hers who hath not lov'd
Some bonnie English rose ?
The bonnie English rose,
The bonnie English rose,
What son of hers who hath not lov'd
Some bonnie English rose.

Who hath not heard of one sweet flow'r,
The first amongst the fair,
For whom the best of British hearts,
Have breath'd a fervent pray'r ?
O ! may it never be her lot,
To lose that sweet repose,
That peace of mind which blesses now
The bonnie English rose.
The bonnie English rose,
The bonnie English rose,
That peace of mind which blesses now
The bonnie English rose.

If any bold enough there be,
To war 'gainst England's isle,
They soon shall find from British hearts,
What charms hath woman's smile ;

Thus nerv'd, the thunder of their arms,
 Would teach aspiring foes,
 How vain the power that defies
 The bonnie English rose.
 The bonnie English rose,
 The bonnie English rose,
 How vain the power that defies
 The bonnie English rose.

HARK, THE BONNIE CHRIST CHURCH BELLS.

HARK, the bonnie Christ Church bells,
 One, two, three, four, five, six ;
 They sound so great, so wondrous sweet,
 And they troll so merrily, merrily.
 Hark, the first and second bell,
 That every day at four and ten,
 Cries, come, come, come, come, come to prayers,
 And the verger trips before the dean.
 Tingle, tingle, ting, goes the small bell at nine,
 To call the bearers home ;
 But there's ne'er a man will leave his can
 Till he hears the mighty tom.

THE BOYS OF KILKENNY.

Oh ! the boys of Kilkenny are brave roaring blades,
 And if ever they meet with the nice little maids,
 They'll kiss them, and coax them, and spend their
 money free,
 And of all towns in Ireland, Kilkenny for me.
 And of all towns, &c.

In the town of Kilkenny there runs a clear stream,
 In the town of Kilkenny there lives a pretty dame,

Her cheeks are like roses, her lips much the same,
Like a dish of fresh strawberries smother'd in cream.
Fal de ral, &c.

Her eyes are as black as Kilkenny's black coal,
Which through my poor bosom have burn'd a big hole ;
Her mind, like its rivers, is mild, clear, and pure,
But her heart is more hard than its marble I'm sure.
Fal de ral, &c.

Kilkenny's a pretty town, and shines where it stands,
And the more I think on it, the more my heart warms ;
For if I was in Kilkenny I'd think myself at home,
For its there I'd get sweethearts, but here I get none.
Fal de ral, &c.

THE DEAREST, SWEETEST SPOT IS HOME.

I've wandered through that Indian land,
Where Nature wears her richest hue ;
I've stood upon the Grecian strand,
And gazed upon the waters blue :
I've strayed beneath a myrtle grove,
On Arno's banks, when day has set,
And heard the Italian's song of love
Come softly from his gondolet :
But still, though far and wide we roam,
The sweetest, dearest spot, is home.

The gaudy plants of tropic skies,
Though bright the tints in which they bloom,
Though decked in Beauty's proudest dyes,
Are yet divested of perfume.
One wild rose of my native vale,
The jessamine round my cottage twined,
That waft their fragrance on the gale,
Have charms far dearer to my mind ;
For still, though far and wide we roam,
The sweetest, dearest spot, is home.

TIME CANNOT CHANGE MY LOVE.

TIME cannot change my love for thee ;
 For when, in age, thy step I hear,
 Though feeble, yet, my love, 'twill be
 Sweet music to thy Laura's ear !
 When those love-darting eyes shall fade,
 That now thy inmost thoughts express,
 And silver those bright ringlets shade,
 Ah ! think not that I love thee less.

 And when, at last, we're doomed to lay,
 Mid kindred dust, our aged heads,
 O'er us shall cheering sun-beams play,
 And one tree shade our narrow beds !
 And as the winds of heaven strew
 Its flowrets o'er that bed of thine,
 Ere they, my love, can fall on you,
 They'll shed their trembling leaves on mine.

THE CORK LEG.

A TALE I tell now without any sham,
 In Holland dwelt Mynheer Von Clam,
 Who every morning said—I am
 The richest merchant in Rotterdam.
Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

One day he had stuff'd till full as an egg,
 When a poor relation came to beg,
 But he kicked him out without breaching a keg,
 And in kicking him out, he broke his own leg.
Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

A surgeon, the first in his vocation,
 Came and made a long oration ;
 He wanted a limb for anatomisation,
 So finished his jaw by amputation.
Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

Said Mynheer, when he'd done his work,
"By your knife I lose one fork,
But upon crutches I'll never stalk,
For I'll have a beautiful leg of cork."

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

An artist in Rotterdam 'twould seem,
Had made cork legs his study and theme,
Each joint was as strong as an iron beam.
The springs a compound of clock-work and steam.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

The leg was made and fitted right,
Inspection the artist did invite,
The fine shape gave Mynheer delight,
As he fixed it on and screwed it tight.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

He walked through squares, and past each shop,
Of speed he went to the very top ;
Each step he took with a bound and a hop,
And he found his leg he couldn't stop.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

Horror and fright were in his face,
The neighbours thought he was running a race !
He clung to a post to stay his pace,
But the leg remorseless kept up the chase.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

Then he called to some men with all his might,
"Oh, stop me, or I'm murdered quite !"
But though they heard him aid invite,
He in less than a minute was out of sight.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

He ran o'er hill, and dale, and plain,
To ease his weary bones he fain
Did throw himself down, but all in vain,
The leg got up and was off again.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

He walked of days and nights a score,
Of Europe he had made the tour,
He died—but though he was no more,
The leg walked on the same as before.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

In Holland sometimes he comes in sight,
A skeleton on a cork leg tight.
No cash did the artist's skill requite,
He never was paid, and it served him right.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

My tale I've told both plain and free,
Of the richest merchant that could be :
Who never was buried though dead, we see,
And I have been singing his L. E. G.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

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### ABOUT LONG ENOUGH.

THE cloth taken out, and fresh liquor brought in,  
You ask for a song, and expect I'll begin ;  
When a man's once knock'd down there's no saying  
I wo'n't,

He may sing if he likes, and he must if he don't.

Tol de rol, &c.

That point being settled, I come to the next,  
And now, like the parson, I look for my text ;  
For, in writing a song, 'tis as well, without doubt,  
To be able to tell what the ditty's about.

Tol de rol, &c.

Should my song treat of physic, you'll call it a pill—  
And ask, can I think such good company ill ;  
Should I sing about law, 'twould your patience offend,  
For with that once begin, you'll never find an end.

Tol de rol, &c.

Or why about war should I drum in your ears,  
 Or bore ye with mortars, or tall grenadiers?  
 To put wine in my song I were easily able,  
 But isn't there plenty of that on the table?  
 Tol de rol, &c.

For politic matters I care not two pins,  
 Nor value a button the outs and the ins;  
 What's your song then about? you may cry, in a huff:  
 Why, I answer, I think, 'tis--About long enough.  
 Tol de rol, &c.

### THE CHUMMY'S WEDDING.

If you listen to me, I'll sing of a spree  
 Which happened a week or two back,  
 Concerning a gal, named carotty Sal,  
 And a chummy called bandy-legged Jack.  
 The parish began to find out  
 She brought 'em too many to keep,  
 So agreed to come down with four or five pounds,  
 To portion her off to a sweep.  
 Tol, lol, &c.

To have a grand rout Jack toddled about,  
 And invited the whole of his pals;  
 He made it all right for a fiddle at night,  
 'Cause he knew ther'd be plenty of gals.  
 He provided plenty of grub,  
 With gatter and max beside;  
 And chaunting Bill, of Saffron Hill,  
 Agreed to stand dad to the bride.  
 Tol, lol, &c.

At last came the day, they were drest out so gay,  
 Jack sported his velveteens;  
 Sal borrowed a dress that was worn by fat Bess,  
 When she capered to Jack on the green.

The clergyman joined their hands,  
 And made only one of them both ;  
 He settled the job without charging a bob,  
 'Cause he saw he was one of the cloth !  
 Tol, lol, &c.

Then homeward they went, on punishment bent,  
 And swore they'd pitch into the grab ;  
 There was lots of scran in a large brown pan,  
 And leg of beef soup in a tub !  
 Jack praised the cuttings of tripe  
 While shoving it into his croop,  
 And all swore, to a man, that as how Mr. Can  
 Never made such a kettle of soup.  
 Tol, lol, &c.

The dinner being done, the lashing began,  
 Gin went round, north, east, west, and south ;  
 No glasses they'd got, so they swigged from the pot,  
 And they took it by word of mouth.  
 The fiddler struck up for a hop,  
 While seated atop of the trunk ;  
 But not one of the batch could come up to the scratch,  
 They were all so infernally drunk.  
 Tol, lol, &c.

At last the lot so lushy had got,  
 They neither could stand nor go ;  
 The women did howl, the men they did growl,  
 It was just like a wild beast show.  
 And Jack couldn't put them to bed,  
 'Cause the devil a one he had got,  
 So they rolled off in pairs, down the dark cellar stairs,  
 And wallowed all night in the soot.  
 Tol, lol, &c.

### THE BOATIE ROWS.

O WELL may the boatie row,  
 And better may she speed,

And liesome may the boatie row,  
That wins the bairns' bread.  
The boatie row, the boatie row,  
The boatie row indeed ;  
And weel may the boatie row,  
That wins my bairns' bread.

I coast my line in Largo Bay,  
And fishes I catch'd nine ;  
There was three to boil, and three to fry,  
And three to bait the line.  
The boatie row, the boatie row,  
The boatie row indeed,  
And happy be the lot o' a'  
Wha wishes her to speed.

O weel may the boatie row,  
That fills a heavy creel,  
And cleeds us a' frae tap to toe,  
And buys our parritch meal.  
The boatie row, the boatie row,  
The boatie row indeed,  
And happy be the lot of o' a',  
That wish the boatie speed.

When Jamie vow'd he wad be mine,  
And wan frae me my heart,  
O muckle lighter grew my creel ;  
He swore we'd never part.  
The boatie row, the boatie row,  
The boatie row fu' weel,  
And muckle lighter is the load,  
When love bears up the creel.

My kurtch I put upo' my head,  
And dress'd mysel' fu' braw ;  
I trow my heart was dough and was,  
When Jamie gade awa'.  
But weel may the boatie row,  
And lucky be her part,  
And lightsome be the lassie's care,  
That yields an honest heart.

When Sawney, Jock, and Janetie,  
Are up, and gotten lear,  
They'll help to gar the boatie row,  
And lighten a' our care.  
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
The boatie rows fu' weel,  
And lightsome be her heart that bears,  
The murlain and the creel.

And when wi' age we're worn down,  
And hirpling round the door,  
They'll row to keep us dry and warm,  
As we did them before.  
Then weel may the boatie row,  
She wins the bairns' bread :  
And happy be the lot o' a',  
That wish the boatie speed.

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## THE SOLDIER KNOWS THAT EVERY BALL

THE soldier knows that every ball  
A certain billet bears,  
And whether doomed to rise or fall,  
Dishonour's all he fears,  
To serve his country is his plan,  
Unawed or undismayed ;  
He fights her battles like a man,  
And by her thanks he's paid.

To foreign climes he cheerly goes,  
By duty only driven ;  
And if he fall, his country knows  
For whom the blow was given.  
Recorded on the front of day,  
The warrior's deeds appear ;  
For him the poet breathes his lay  
The virgin sheds her tear.

## THE SPRIG OF SHILLELAGH

OCH, love is the cord of a true Irishman,  
 He loves all that's lovely, loves all that he can,  
 With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green ;  
 His heart is good-humoured 'tis honest and sound,  
 No malice or hatred is there to be found.  
 He courts and he marries, he drinks and he fights,  
 For love, all for love, for in that he delights,  
 With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.  
 Who has e'er had the luck to see Dunnybrook fair,  
 An Irishman all in his glory is there,  
 With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green ;  
 His clothes sprick and span now without over a speak,  
 A neat Barretina tied round his neck,  
 He goes to a tent, and spends half a crown,  
 He meets with a friend, and for love knocks him down  
 With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.  
 At evening returning, as homeward he goes,  
 His heart soft with whisky, his head soft with blows,  
 From a sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.  
 He meets with his Sholeah, who blushing a smile,  
 Cries, "Get you gone, Pat!" yet consents all the while ;  
 To the priest then they go,—and nine months after  
 that  
 A fine baby cries out, "How d'ye do, father Pat,  
 With your sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green?"  
 Bless the country, say I, that gave Patrick his birth,  
 Bless the land of the oak, and its neighbouring earth,  
 Where grows the shillelah and shamrock so green.  
 May the sons of the Thames, the Tweed, and the  
 Shannon,  
 Drive the foe who dares plant on our confines a can-  
 non,  
 United and happy, at loyalty's shrines,  
 May the rose, lark, and thistle, long flourish and twine  
 Round a sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.

## ENGLAND, EUROPE'S GLORY.

THERE is a land amidst the waves  
Whose sons are famed in story,  
Who never were, or will be slaves,  
Nor shrink from death or glory !  
Then strike the harp, and bid it swell,  
With flowing bowl before ye,  
Here's to the land in which we dwell,  
To England, Europe's glory.

Blest land, beyond all lands afar,  
Encircled in the waters,  
With lion-hearted sons in war,  
And Beauty's peerless daughters.  
Go ye, whose discontented hearts  
Disdain the joys before ye,  
Go, seek a home in foreign parts,  
Like England, Europe's glory.

Whether in sultry climes ye rove  
A solitary stranger,  
Or seek the foreign fair one's love,  
Where lurk deceit and danger :  
Where will ye find domestic bliss,  
With social sweets before ye ;  
A land so great, so good as this—  
Like England, Europe's glory ?

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## WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH.

'TWAS within a mile of Edinburgh town,  
In the reay time of the year,  
Sweet flowers bloom'd, and the grass was down,  
And each shepherd woo'd his dear ;  
Bonny Jockey, blythe and gay,  
Kim'd sweet Jenny making hay ;

The lassie blush'd, and frowning cry'd,  
     Na, na, it winna do ;  
 I canna, canna, winna, winna, munna buckle to  
 Jockey was a wag that ne'er wad wed,  
     Tho' lang he had follow'd the lass,  
 Contented she earn'd and ate her brown bread,  
     And merrily turn'd up the grass  
     Bonny Jockey, blythe and free,  
     Won her heart right merrily.  
 Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cry'd,  
     Na, na, it winna do ;  
 I canna, canna, winna, winna, munna buckle to,  
 But when he vow'd he wad make her his bride,  
     Tho' his flocks and herds were na few,  
 She gied him her hand, and a kiss beside,  
     And vow'd she'd for ever be true.  
     Bonny Jockey, blythe and free,  
     Wou her heart right merrily.  
 At church she saw mair frowning cry'd,  
     Na, na, it winna do,  
 I canna, canna, winna, winna, munna buckle to.

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### THE JOLLY YOUNG WATERMAN.


And did you ne'er hear of a jolly young waterman,  
     Who at Blackfriars'-bridge used for to ply,  
 And he feather'd his oars with such skill and dexterity  
     Winning each heart and delighting each eye.  
 He look'd so neat, and he row'd so steadily,  
     The maidens all flock'd in his boat so readily,  
 And he eyed the young rogues with so charming an  
     air,  
 That this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare,  
 What sights of fine folks he oft row'd in his wherry ;  
     'Twas clean'd out so nice, and so painted withal :  
 He was always first oars when the fine city ladies  
     In a party to Ranelagh went, or Vauxhall ;

And oftentimes would they be gigling and leering ;  
But 'twas all one to Tom their gibing and jeering ;  
For loving or liking he little did care,  
For this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.  
And yet, but to see how strange things happen,  
As he row'd along, thinking of nothing at all,  
He was ply'd by a damsel so lovely and charming,  
That she smil'd, and so straight-way in love he did  
fall.  
And would this young damsel but banish his sorrow  
He'd wed her to-night—before to-morrow  
And how should this waterman ever know care  
When he's married, and never in want of a fare.

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### YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Ye mariners of England,  
That guard our native seas,  
Whose flag has braved a thousand years  
The battle and the breeze.  
Your glorious standard launch again,  
To match another foe,  
And sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy tempests blow  
While battle rages loud and long,  
And stormy tempests blow.  
The spirit of your fathers  
Shall start from every wave,  
For the deck it was their field of fame,  
And ocean was their grave.  
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,  
Your manly hearts shall glow  
As ye sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy tempests blow,  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs  balwark,  
 No towers along the steep,  
 Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,  
 Her home is on the deep.  
 With thunders from her native oak  
 She quells the floods below—  
 As they roar, on the shore,  
 When the stormy tempests blow,  
 When the battle rages loud and long,  
 And the stormy tempests blow.  
 The meteor flag of England  
 Shall yet terrific burn,  
 Till danger's troubled night depart  
 And the star of peace return.  
 Then, then, ye ocean warriors,  
 Our song and feast shall flow  
 To the fame of your name,  
 When the storm has ceased to blow,  
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

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### MAN THE BROTHER OF MAN.

LET the epicure boast the delight of his soul,  
 In the high-season'd dish, and the rich flowing bowl ;  
 Can they give such true joys as benevolence can,  
 Or as charity feels when it benefits man ?  
 Let him know the kind impulse, that suffers with grief,  
 Let him taste the delight of affording relief,  
 Let him serve the great Author of Nature's great plan,  
 Who designed man to act as the brother of man !  
 Though deceived by a friend, let him see what he'll  
 gain,  
 When the impulse of anger he learns to restrain ;  
 Though great the offence, oh ! forgive if you can,  
 Revenge is a monster disgraceful to man.

Think the chapter of life oft reverses the scene,  
And the rich man becomes what the poor man has  
been ;  
Think that chapter must end, for but short is the span  
That will give us the power to benefit man.

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### STEADY SHE GOES, ALL'S WELL !

THE British tar no peril knows,  
But fearless, braves the stormy deep ;  
The ship's his cradle of repose,  
And sweetly rocks him to his sleep.  
He, though the raging surges swell,  
In his hammock swings  
When the steersman sings,  
Steady she goes, all's well !  
While to the main-top yard he springs,  
An English vessel heaves in view ;  
He asks but it no letter brings  
From bonny Kate or lovely Sue.  
Then sighs he for his native dell,  
Yet to hope he clings,  
When the steersman sings,  
Steady she goes, all's well !

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### OH, BRING ME WINE.

OH, bring me wine, bright source of mirth ;  
For, from the flavour'd lips,  
Of him who joyous sips,  
The jest, the taunt, the song, has birth,  
Wine o'er the soul sheds influence kind,  
And gives a summer to the mind.

When rosy wine begins to flow,  
 The goblin, Care, takes flight ;  
 Just as the fiend, and night,  
 Depart at morn's celestial glow.

Wine o'er the soul, &c.

There's magic lodg'd within the grape :

It makes the lover view

His mistress' beauty new,

Gives lustre to her eye, her air, her shape.

Wine o'er the soul, &c.

### TOM MOODY,

You all knew Tom Moody, the whipper-in, well ;  
 The bell just done tolling was honest Tom's knell,  
 A more able sportsman ne'er followed a hound  
 Through a country well known to him fifty miles  
 round.

No hound ever open'd, with Tom near the wood,  
 But he'd challenge the tone, and could tell if it 'twere  
 good ;

And all with attention would eagerly mark,  
 When he cheer'd up the pack, ' Hark ! to Rockwood,  
 hark ! hark !

High !—wind him ! and cross him !

Now, Ratler, boy !—Hark !

Six crafty earth-stoppers, in hunter's green drest,  
 Supported poor Tom to 'an earth' made for rest :  
 His horse, which he styled his 'Old Soul,' next ap-  
 pear'd,

On whose forehead the brush of his last fox was rear'd ;  
 Whip, cap, boots, and spurs, in a trophy were bound,  
 And here and there follow'd an old straggling hound.

Ah ! no more at his voice yonder vales will they trace !

Nor the Welkin resound his burst in the chase !

' With high over !—Now press him !

Tally ho !—Tally ho !

Thus Tom spoke his friends, ere he gave up his breath :  
 ' Since I see you are resolv'd to be in at the death,  
 One favour bestow—'tis the last I shall crave,  
 Give a rattling view-halloo thrice over my grave ;  
 And unless at that warning I lift up my head,  
 My boys, you may fairly conclude I am dead !  
 Honest Tom was obey'd, and the shout rent the sky,  
 For ev'ry voice join'd in the tally ho ! cry.  
     'Tally ho ! Hark forward !  
     Tally ho ! Tally ho !'

### FLY CARE TO THE WINDS.

FLY Care to the winds, thus I blow thee away ;  
 I'll drown thee in wine if thou dar'st for to stay :  
 With bumpers of claret my spirits I'll raise,  
 I'll laugh and I'll sing all the rest of my days.  
 God Bacchus this moment adopts me his son,  
 And inspir'd, my breast glows with transports unknown ;  
 The sparkling liquor new vigour supplies,  
 And makes the nymph kind who before was too wise.  
 Then, dull sober mortals, be happy as me ;  
 Two bottles of claret will make us agree ;  
 Will open your eyes to see Phillis' charms,  
 And her coyness wash'd down, she'll fly to your arms.

### THE HEARTY OLD ODD FELLOW.

WHILE with wealth on one hand and content on the  
     other,  
 I enjoy a companion and friend,  
 That leave me no cares, nor vexations to smother,  
 Which oft on poor mortals attend ;

And, while I reflect, that, with doctor and drug,  
But few have through life brush'd so well, O!  
I give thanks, that with time, I've so long stood the  
tag,  
Still a hearty and sound old Odd Fellow.

The blessings of youth I enjoy'd while I had 'em,  
Though life's but a short fleeting day,  
And mortals are pleas'd with evening but sadness,  
Yet I'll welcome its last parting ray;  
And though time, on my face its deep furrows may  
plough,  
And the bloom on my cheek may turn yellow,  
Discontent he never shall see perch'd on the brow  
Of a hearty old honest Odd Fellow.

We know that fine words may be founded on fiction,  
And with friends 'tis too often the case;  
Yet, if ever I meet an old friend in affliction,  
May I never put on a new face;  
Nor a stranger distress pass unfeelingly by,  
While his tale to the winds he may tell, O!  
But brush off if I can the big tear from his eye,  
Like a hearty old honest Odd Fellow.

And while thus through life I brush on strange and  
oddly,  
When the book of my failings I scan,  
'Tis my wish, by reform, ere I under the sod lie,  
To brush them all off if I can.  
And when the green grass shall like thatch overpread  
The low roof, where at last I must dwell, O!  
May each friend, left behind, till he spins his last  
thread,  
Prove a hearty old honest Odd Fellow!

## IT IS NOT FOR THINE EYE OF BLUE.

It is not for thine eye of blue,  
 Nor for thy dark and glossy hair,  
 Nor for thy cheek of rosy hue,  
 Nor for thy lovely bosom fair  
 That I do love thee ; for to me,  
 There are far brighter charms in thee !

But it is for thy gentle mind,  
 Thy placid and expansive brow,  
 Imagination, mild and kind,  
 Which burns with clear, and fervid glow,  
 That I do love thee ; and I see,  
 A thousand matchless charms in thee !

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## THE CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

FAINTLY as tolls the ev'ning chime,  
 Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time ;  
 Soon as the woods on shore look dim,  
 We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.  
 Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,  
 The rapids are near, and the day-light's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl ?  
 There is not a breath the blue wave to curl ;  
 But when the wind blows off the shore,  
 Oh ! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.  
 Blow, breezes, blow, &c.

Utawa tide ! this trembling moon,  
 Shall see us float over thy surges soon ;  
 Saint of this green isle ! hear our prayer,  
 Grant us cool heavens and favouring air !  
 Blow, breezes, blow, &c.

## PEACE BE TO THOSE WHO NOBLY BLEED.

PEACE be to those who nobly bleed,  
In freedom and their country's cause,  
Defending in the hour of need  
Their charter'd liberties and laws.  
Loud swell the dirge, the anthem swell,  
Sweet vivid wreaths let maids entwine,  
That may to future ages tell  
Their lives heroic, and their fall divine.  
Their lives, &c.

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## THE LADY OF KIENAST TOWER.

It is the lady of Kienast Tower, of love she will not  
hear ;  
And she sits alone in her mountain-bower, though  
woo'd by prince and peer ;  
For she hath made a vow in her pride, her husband  
none to call,  
Save he who shall round her castle ride, on the edge  
of its outer wall !  
O ! the castle-wall is narrow, and the castle-wall is  
high ;  
And the brain would reel were you but to stand and  
gaze on the gulf a-nigh !  
And the bones of many a rider bold lie whit'ning  
down in the dell,  
While that lady proud sits in her hall, and laughs as  
all were well.

It is Sir Albert, of Thuringy, who kneels to the mai-  
den now ;  
She has looked but once on his dark blue eye, and she  
rees her cruel vow ;

She loves at last, and she shudders to see the knight  
on his courser bound ;  
But her fears were vain, for he gallops as free as though  
it were listed ground.  
The lady hath donned her richest weeds, to greet that  
champion bold,  
But he sits unmoved on his sable steed, and his speech  
is careless and cold ;  
'I married, last morn, a fairer bride, and, if single,  
would not wed thee ;  
I peril'd my life but to humble thy pride, and to pu-  
nish thy cruelty !'

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### THE MODEL.

My friend is the man I would copy through life,  
He harbours no envy, he causes no strife ;  
No murmurs escape him though fortune bears hard,  
Content is his portion, and peace his reward.  
Still happy in his station,  
He minds his occupation,  
Nor heeds the snares,  
Nor knows the cares,  
Which vice and folly bring ;  
Daily working wearily,  
Nightly singing cheerily,  
Dear to him his wife, his home, his country and his  
king.  
His heart is enlarged, though his income is scant,  
He lessens his little for others that want ;  
Though his children's dear claims on his industry  
press,  
He has something to spare for the child of distress.  
He seeks no idle squabble,  
He joins no thoughtless rabble ;  
To clear his way,  
From day to day,

His honest views extend ;  
When he speaks 'tis verily,  
When he smiles 'tis merrily ;  
Dear to him his sport, his toil, his honour, and his  
friend.

How charming to find in his humble retreat,  
That bliss so much sought, so unknown to the great !  
The wife only anxious, her fondness to prove,  
The playful endearments of infantine love.  
Relaxing from his labours,  
Amid his welcome neighbours,  
With plain regale,  
With jest and tale,  
The happy hero see,  
No vain schemes confounding him.  
All his joys surrounding him,  
Dear he holds his native land, its laws and liberty.

### OLD TOWLER

BRIGHT Chanticleer proclaims the dawn,  
And spangles deck the thorn,  
The lowing herds now quit the lawn,  
The lark springs from the corn :  
Dogs, huntmen, round the window throng,  
Fleet Towler leads the cry,  
Arise the burden of my song,  
This day a stag must die.  
With a hey, ho, chevy,  
Harkforward, harkforward, tantivy,  
Hark, hark, tantivy,  
This day a stag must die.

The cordial takes its merry round,  
The laugh and joke prevail,  
The huntsman blows a jovial sound,  
The dogs snuff up the gale ;

The upland wilds they sweep along,  
 O'er fields, through brakes they fly,  
 The game is rous'd, too true the song,  
 This day a stag must die.

With a hey, ho, &c.

Poor stag, the dogs thy haunches gore,  
 The tears run down thy face,  
 The huntsman's pleasure is no more,  
 His joys were in the chase ;  
 Alike the gen'rous sportsman burns,  
 To win the blooming fair,  
 But yet he honours each by turns,  
 They each become his care.

With a hey, ho, &c.

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OH ! THAT KISS.

On Baltic billows rode my ship,
 The boatswain loud was calling !
 On mine Paulina press'd her lip,
 And said, while tears were falling,
 In foreign climes, O ! think on this !
 Your heart let naught deprave it ;
 But bring me back my parting kiss,
 As pure as when I gave it.
 Oh ! that kiss, that sweet, sweet kiss !
 The kiss she gave at parting ;
 In pain and grief, still brought relief,
 And kept the tear from starting.
 In breeze and battle, five long years,
 I did a seaman's duty ;
 When pleasure call'd, I clos'd my ears,
 And turn'd my eyes from beauty.
 The wanton's tale of boasted bliss
 I heard, but ne'er believed it,
 And back I've brought that parting kiss,
 As pure as I received it.

Oh ! that kiss, &c.

PARODY ON "WE MET."

WE met, 'twas in a mob, and we looked at each other ;
 He came—I said to him, "That you have got another.
 You know I saw you come out of yonder dark alley,
 Along with that ere gal they call one-eyed Sally."
 And she wore her bridal dress,—'twas a sailor's blue
 jacket ;

Her face, it smiled at me, how I longed for to smack it,
 I said that you was false, when you gave me a milling !
 O ! thou hast been the cause of these black eyes, you
 villain !

I saw him once again, with that 'ere same gal walking ;
 She grinn'd, and so did he ; how I envied their talking.
 My heart it burst with rage, when her smart cap I
 tore off.

And a piece of her black hair in triumph I bore off ;
 He made a rush at me to give me a smeller,
 But he missed his savage aim, and fell into a cellar :
 I laughed—I said to him, "You remember the milling
 You last did give to me, and those black eyes, you
 villain !"

SHOULD DANGER E'ER APPROACH OUR
COAST.

SHOULD danger e'er approach our coast,
 The inbred spirit of the land
 Would animate each heart, each hand !
 Would bind us on our general host !
 England, a world within itself ! shall reign
 Safe on our floating towers, her castles on the main.
 Our isle's best rampart is the sea !
 The midnight march of foes it braves ;
 And heav'n, that fenc'd us round with waves,
 Ordain'd the people to be free !

England, &c.

AS PENSIVE CHLOE.

As pensive Chloe walk'd alone,
The feather'd snow came softly down,
Like Jove descending from his bower,
To court her in a silver shower.

The wanton flakes flew to her breast,
As little birds into their nest ;
But overcome with whiteness there,
For grief dissolv'd into a tear !

Thence falling on her garment's hem,
To deck her, froze into a gem.

CAPTAIN GRAY.

He's all his agent painted him,
A captain in the line ;
But his pay he spent on others,
And none has e'er been mine.
I work'd as ne'er a tailor work'd
For him without delay ;
And I became a bankrupt,
Through trusting Captain Gray.

In dark blue coat all braided o'er,
In ducks of spotless white,
In bright velvet waistcoat,
He flashes out at night,
That coat was braided all by me ;
Those ducks and waistcoat gay
I made, and am a bankrupt,
Through trusting Captain Gray !

I've sunk beneath the bailiff's touch,
I've into gaol been cast ;
But my imprisonment is done,
And I'm white-washed at last.

Oh, when the court my schedule had,
 My lawyer there did say,
 Th' insolvent was a bankrupt,
 Through trusting Captain Gray.

PARODY ON THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a sou had he got—not a guinea or note ;
 And he look'd confoundedly hurried,
 As he bolted away without paying his shot,
 And the landlady after him hurried.

We saw him again at the dead of night,
 When home from the club returning ;
 We tigg'd the doctor beneath the light
 Of the gas-lamps brilliantly burning.

All bare and exposed to the midnight dawn,
 Reclined in the gutter we found him ;
 And he look'd like a gentleman taking a snoot,
 With his *Marshall's* cloak around him.

The doctor's as drunk as the devil, we said,
 And we managed a shutter to borrow ;
 We rose'd him, and sigh'd at the thought that his head
 Would dreadfully ache on the morrow.

We bore him home, and we put him to bed,
 And we told his wife and daughter,
 To give him next morning a couple of red-
 Herrings, with soda water.

Loudly they talked of his money that's gone,
 And his lady began to upbraid him ;
 But little he reck'd,—so they let him snore on,
 'Neath the counterpane—just as we laid him.

We tuck'd him in, and had hardly done,
 When beneath the window calling,
 We heard the rough voice of a son-of-a-gun
 Of a watchman "One o'clock" bawling.

Slowly and sadly we all walk'd down
 From his room in the uppermost story ;
 A rushlight we placed on the cold hearth-stone,
 And we left him alone in his glory.

MYNHEER VANDUNCK.

MYNHEER Vandunck, though he never got drunk,
 Sipp'd brandy and water gaily ;
 And he quench'd his thirst with two quarts of the first,
 To a pint of the latter daily.
 Singing, "Oh, that a Dutchman's draught could be
 As deep as the rolling Zuyder Zee."
 Water well mingled with spirit good store,
 No Hollander dreams of scorning ;
 But of water alone he drinks no more
 Than a rose supplies its bloom on a summer's
 morning.

SMILE AGAIN MY BONNY LASSIE.

SMILE again my bonny lassie,
 Lassie smile again.
 Prithee do not frown, sweet lassie,
 For it gives me pain.
 If to love thee too sincerely
 Be a fault in me,
 Thus to use me so severely,
 Is not kind in thee.

Smile again, &c.

Fare thee well, my bonnie lassie,
 Lassie fare thee well,
 Time will show thee, bonnie lassie,
 More than tongue can tell.

Tho' we're doom'd by fate to sever,
 (And 'tis hard to part,)
 Still, believe me, thou shalt ever
 Own my faithful heart.

Then smile, &c.

SICH A GITTIN UP STAIRS.

On a Suskehannah raft I cum up de bay,
 And I danced, and I frolick'd, and I fiddled, all de way.

Sich a gittin up stairs I neber did see,
 Sich a gittin up stairs I neber did see.

Trike de toe an heel, cut de pigeon wing,
 Scratch gravel, slap de foot, dat is just de ting.

Sich a gittin, &c.

I went to de play, an' I seed Jim Crow,
 Oh, nigger Isam den swell, for Jim he was no go.

Sich a gittin, &c.

I look him in de face, until I make him grin,
 And then I trow a backa quid, and hit him on de shin.

Sich a gittin, &c.

Oh ! I is dat boy dat knows to preach a sarmon,
 'Bout temperance, and "seven up," and all dat kind
 of varmin.

Sich a gittin, &c.

Niggers held a meetin, 'bout de clonization,
 And dere I spoke a speech about amalgamation.

Sich a gittin, &c.

To Washington I go, dere I cut a swell,
 Cleanin' gemman's boots, and ringin auction bell.

Sich a gittin, &c.

I called on yaller Sal, dat trades in sausages,
 And dere I met big Joe, which made my dander ris.

Sich a gittin, &c.

Says I, "You see dat door? just mosey nigga Joe,
For I'm a Snakehannah boy, wet knows a ting or two."
Sich a gittin, &c.

And den I show my sciance,—prenez gardez vous,
Bung he eye, break he shin, split he nose in two!
Sich a gittin, &c.

Sal beller out—den she jump up between us,
But guess he no forget de day when Isam show his
gonna.
Sich a gittin, &c.

Den big Joe went out, he gwan to take de law,
But he no fool de possum—I cut my stick for Baltimore.
Sich a gittin, &c.

Two behind and two before,
Wait till you get to the watch-house door.
Sich a gittin, &c.

Sal is sassy, I know what she means,
She's been to school, and is up to beans.
Sich a gittin, &c.

If you want a song, get one dat's fat,
"The gallant Hussar," or "All round my Hat."
Sich a gittin, &c.

Turner and Fisher, dey go de hole figga,
Dey's de chapa what mortalize de nigga.
Sich a gittin, &c.

When you buy dis, and know it right well,
Fetch along de change, and get de "Singer's Jewel."
Sich a gittin, &c.

WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

O WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan cam to see;
Three blyther hearts, that leelang night,
Ye wadna found in Christendie.

We are nae fou, we're na that fou,
 But just a drappie in our ee ;
 The cock may crawl, the day may daw',
 And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
 Three merry boys, I trow are we ;
 And mony a night we've marry been,
 And mony mair we hope to be !
We are na fou' &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
 That blinkin in the lift sae hie ;
 She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
 But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee !
We are na fou, &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
 A cuckold, coward loun, is he !
 Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
 He is the king amang us three.
We are na fou, &c.

BATTLE SONG.

Up, comrades, up—see the morn's o'er the mountains,
 Bounce from your slumber and rush on the foe ;
 Though bright and clear now, ere ev'ning the fountains
 Dark with the blood of the slaughter'd shall flow !
 'Tis our last struggle for freedom and honour,
 Blow your wild trumpets and call up the brave !
 Fight for your country—shame is upon her !
 On to the conflict to die or to save.

Farewell, ye dear ones, that ere the invader
 Wasted our vallies, have soften'd and charm'd
 The hearts of our country, with feelings that made her
 Best belov'd land that romance ever warm'd :

Here to our lutes we've been sighing inglorious,
 But spear and shield to our grasp now are given,
 We'll meet again here, ere night, if victorious,
 If not, adieu then—we'll meet yet in heav'n !

Up, comrades, up,—see the morn's o'er the mountains !
 Rouse from your slumber and rush on the foe ;
 Though bright and clear now, ere ev'ning the fountains
 Dark with the blood of the slaughter'd shall flow ;
 And tho' we die—we shall yet live in story,
 True hearts we'll prove to our country and name ;
 Death may have terrors, but still there's a glory
 In dying for native land, freedom, and fame.

REST, WARRIOR REST.

He comes from the wars, from the red field of fight,
 He comes thro' the storm, and the darkness of night,
 For rest and for refuge now fain to implore,
 The warrior bends low at the cottager's door ;
 Pale, pale, is his cheek, there's a gash on his brow,
 His locks o'er his shoulders distractedly flow ;
 And the fire of his heart shoots by fits from his eye,
 Like a languishing lamp, that just flashes to die.
Rest, warrior, rest.

Sunk in silence and sleep, in the cottager's bed,
 Oblivion shall visit the war-weary head ;
 Perchance he may dream, but the vision shall tell
 Of his lady-love's bow'r, and her latest farewell ;
 Illusion and love chase the battle's alarms,
 He shall dream that his mistress lies lock'd in his arms ;
 He shall feel on his lips the sweet warmth of her kiss,
 Ah ! warrior, wake not ! such slumber is bliss !
Rest, warrior, rest.

THE CRICKETER.

To live a life, free from gout, pain, or phthisis,
Athletic employment is found the best physio ;
The nerves are by exercise hardened and strengthened,
And vigour attends it, by which life is lengthened.

Derry down, &c.

What conduces to health deserves recommendation,
'Twill entail a strong race on the next generation ;
And of all the field-games ever practised or known,
That cricket stands foremost each Briton must own.

Derry down, &c.

Let dull pensive souls boast the pleasure of angling,
And o'er ponds and brooks be eternally dangling ;
Such drowy worm-killers are fraught with delight,
If but once in a week they obtain a fair bite.

Derry down, &c.

The cricketer noble in mind, as in merit,
A taste for oppression can never inherit,
A stranger to swindling, he never would wish
To seduce by false baits, and betray a poor fish.

Derry down, &c.

No stings of remorse hurt the cricketer's mind,
To innocent animals never unkind,
The guiltless his doctrine is ever to spare,
Averse to the hunting or killing the hare.

Derry down, &c.

We knights of the bat the pure ether respire,
Which, heightened by toil, keeps alive Nature's fire ;
No suits of crim. con. or divorce can assail us,
For in love, as in cricket, our powers never fail us.

Derry down, &c.

To every great duke, and to each noble lord,
Let each fill his glass with most hearty accord ;
And to all brother knights whether absent or present,
Drink health and success, from the peer to the peasant.

Derry down, &c.

THE VORKHOUSE BOY.

THE cloth was laid in the vorkhouse hall,
 And the great-cents hung on the white-wash'd wall;
 The paupers all were blithe and gay,
 Keeping their Christmas holiday
 When the master cried with a rough roar,
 You'll all get fat on your Christmas cheer;
 And one by his looks he seem'd to say,
 I'll have more soup on this Christmas day!

Oh, the poor vorkhouse boy, &c.

At length all of us to bed was sent,
 The boy was missing, in search we went:
 We sought him above, we sought him below,
 We sought him with faces of grief and woe;
 We sought him that hour, we sought him that night,
 We sought him in fear, and we sought him in fright;
 When a young pauper cries, "I know we shall
 Get jolly well ropt for losing our pall."

Oh, the poor vorkhouse boy, &c.

We sought in each corner, each crevice we knew,
 We sought down the yard, and we sought up the sun;
 We sought in each saucepan, each kettle and pot,
 In vatter-bott look'd, but found him not.
 And wicks flew on we were all of us told,
 That somebody said he'd been burk'd and sold;
 When our master goes out, the parishoners wild,
 Cry, "There goes the cove that burk'd the poor child!"

Oh, the poor vorkhouse boy, &c.

At length the soup coppers repairs did need,
 The copper-smith came, and there he seed
 A dollop of bones lay grazing there,
 In the leg of the breeches the boy did wear.
 To gain his fill the boy did stoop,
 And, dreadful to tell, he was heal'd in the soup!
 And we all of us say it, and say it with sneers,
 That he was pushed in by the overman.

Oh, the poor vorkhouse boy, &c.

BRITANNIA'S NAME

BRITANNIA'S name from age to age
Has like her cliffs stood fast,
And promises in history's page,
In honour long to last,
Her sailors rulers of the sea,
Her soldiers of that soil,
On which the industrious peasantry,
To give it value, toil.
All, all shall hail Britannia's name,
As glory hands it down to fame.
Then sing our tars who boldly roam,
Our glory to ensure ;
And sing our soldiers who at home
That glory well secure :
And sing our peasants, at a word,
Who of mankind the friend,
Would turn each ploughshare to a sword,
Their country to defend.
All, all shall sing, &c.

NANCY OF BRISTOL

FAREWELL my dearest Nancy,
Since I to the seas must go,
If the wind should blow hard my boys,
As God will have it so,
The fishes in the ocean,
Shall my companions be,
Since so being is a pleasure,
None has my heart but thee.
Our goodly ship lay beating,
All on the English shore,
We hoisted up our top-sails.
As we had done before.

We weigh'd our anchor briskly boys,
Then we set sail for sea,
Our goodly ship she ran aground,
Sweet girl I thought on thee.

Our goodly ship lay beating,
All on the English shore,
We put into Cork harbour,
And staid a month or more ;
The wind it did blow hard my boys,
All things ran cross with me,
Whene'er I put my foot on shore,
Sweet girl I thought on thee,

So fare you well, Cork harbour,
For Gibraltar sail'd we,
From thence unto New York,
From thence to Virginia,
Where there were fine towns and places,
And pretty girls I see,
But of all the women in the world,
There's none I love but thee.

So fare you well, Virginia,
'Tis you I leave behind,
And steer my course to Bristol,
Some comfort for to find.
Tho' love and despair,
While she sat on my knee,
But of all the women in the world,
None has my heart but she.

I CANNOT MARRY KROUT.

Excuse, Sir, my confusion,
Your wish I've thought about,
And I've come to this conclusion,
That I cannot marry KROUT.

He does nothing, Sir, but scold one,
 He's old, and ugly too ;
 And as jealous as the old one,—
 But that's no offence to you !
 Excuse my agitation,
 But indeed, Sir, I've found out,
 After due consideration,
 That I cannot marry Krou.

Besides, sir, I've discover'd
 What alone should me deter,
 That there's another lover
 I should very much prefer :
 So handsome, sir, the rogue is,
 So merry, young, and true ;
 And he laughs at all old fogies,
 But that's no offence to you !
 Excuse my agitation, &c.

BRITANNIA'S REVENGE.

BRITANNIA, missing o'er the deed
 By her brave sons achieved,
 In battle where the valiant bleed,
 And death stalks forth unheeded :
 Within her cave the goddess sat,
 And view'd the foaming ocean,
 Whose surges high began to beat
 In furious commotion !
 When lo ! a Triton from afar,
 Came floating in a wat'ry car,
 ' Haste ! ' he cried, ' Britannia rise,
 Succour bring, or Nelson dies !'
 Rous'd at the name of her fav'rite, she flew
 To the scene where the hero expos'd to her view,
 Alas ! was no more !

Frantic with grief, her looks she tore,
 And thro' the fleet engaging,
 The direful tale to all she bore,
 Amidst the battle raging :
 'Revenge, revenge !' aloud she cried,
 'To stimulate your fury,
 See yonder deck, how richly dy'd !
 'Tis Nelson's blood conjures ye ;
 By his dear manes, his parting breath,
 I charge you to avenge his death ;
 Let the British thunder go ;
 Hurl destruction on the foe !
 Let not his fall without something so great
 Be recorded to mark the lamentable fate
 Of an hero so great.'

She ceas'd : and now great Nelson's name
 From ship to ship resounded,
 While France and Spain, enwrapp'd in flame,
 Astonish'd and confounded,
 Feebly oppose the vengeful ire,
 In British hearts excited—
 In vain to glory they aspire,
 His death must be requited !
 Unequal to the conflict's heat,
 Though greater numbers fill their fleet,
 See, they strike ! vengeance sweep,
 Rushing down th' unfathom'd deep,
 Sinks the confed'rates of proud France and Spain,
 While the genius of Albion exulting claim
 Victory ! Victory !

HE'S GONE.

He's gone and I shall never see
 His manly form again,
 And peace has now forsaken me,
 From tears I can't refrain ;

The time seems long tho' 'twas this morn,
 He left me here alone,
 He swore he'd ne'er forget, and then
 Left me to sigh and moan.

Can he forget how oft he's swore
 To love no one but me,
 He may when in the cities, for
 He fairer maids will see ;
 He said that to his mountain rose,
 He ever true would prove,
 A tear should never dim mine eyes,
 He ne'er would cease to love.

He whisper'd when we last embraced,
 Some comfort to my heart ;
 He said that unpropitious fate,
 Should ne'er us lovers part ;
 He quickly would be here again,
 And wed without delay ;
 Oh, when I see him here again,
 'Twill be a happy day.

LIFE LET US CHERISH.

LIFE let us cherish while yet the taper glows,
 And the fresh floweret pluck e'er it close
 Why are we fond of toil and care,
 Why chase the rankling thorn to wear ;
 And heedless, by the lily stray,
 Which blossoms in our way ?

Life let us cherish, &c.

When clouds obscure the atmosphere,
 And fork'd lightnings rend the air ;
 The sun resumes his silver crest,
 And smiles adown the west.

Life let us cherish, &c.

The genial seasons soon are o'er,
Then let us, ere we quit the shore,
Contentment seek, it is life's rest,
The sunshine of the breast.

Life let us cherish, &c.

Away with every toil and care,
And cease the rankling thorn to wear;
With manful hearts life's conflict meet,
Till death sounds the retreat.

Life let us cherish, &c.

EYES! LIVING CRYSTALS.

DUET.

Eyes! living crystals, strain'd with thought,
O! look—'till dazzled sight decay!

Lips! moving rubies, music-fraught,
O! breathe my soul in sighs away.

My dream of hope! my crown of pleasure!
Thou only one in life to me;
Could ruffled worlds amass their treasure,
No ore or gem should purchase thee.

TIPITYWITCHET.

This morning very handy,
My malady was such,
I in my tea took brandy,
And took a cup too much.
(*Hickups*) tol de rol.

But stop, I musn't nag hard,
My head aches if you please,
One pinch of Irish blackguard,
I'll take to give me ease.
(*Sneezes*) tol de rol.

Now I'm quite drowsy growing,
 For this very morning,
 I rose when cock was crowing,
 Excuse me if I yawn.
(Yawns) tol de rol.

I'm not in cue for frolic,
 Can't up my spirits keep,
 For love on windy cholic,
 'Tis that which makes me weep.
(Cries) tol de rol.

I'm not in mood for crying,
 Care's a silly calf,
 If to get fat you're trying,
 The only way's to laugh.
(Laughs) tol de rol.

SO WARMLY WE MET.

So warmly we met, and so fondly we parted,
 That which was the sweeter e'en I could not tell,—
 The first look of welcome her sunny eyes darted,
 Or that tear of passion which blessed our farewell.
 To meet was a blessing, to part thus another,
 Our smiles and our tears seem'd two rivals in bliss ;
 Oh, Cupid's two eyes are not liker each other,
 In smiles and in tears, than that moment to this.

The first was like day-break, new sudden, delicious,
 The dawn of a pleasure scarce kindled up yet ;
 The last was the farewell of day-light more precious,
 More glowing and deep as 'tis nearer its set.
 Our meeting, though happy, was tinged by a sorrow,
 To think that such happiness could not remain.
 While our parting, though sad, gave a hope that to-morrow
 Would bring back the blest hour of meeting again.

THE LANDLADY OF FRANCE.

A LANDLADY of France, she loved an officer, 'tis said,
 And this officer he dearly loved her brandy, oh !
 Sighed she, " I love this officer although his nose is
 red,

And his legs are what his regiment call bandy oh !"

But when the bandy officer was ordered to the coast,
 How she tore her lovely locks that look'd so sandy,
 oh !

" Adieu, my soul," says she, " if you write pray pay
 the post ;

But, before we part, let's take a drop of brandy oh !"

She filled him out a bumper, just before he left the
 town,

And another for herself so neat and handy, oh !

So they kept their spirits up, by pouring spirits down,
 For love is like the cholic, cured with brandy, oh !

" Take a bottle on't," says she, " for you are going into
 camp,

In your tent you know, my love, 'twill be the dandy,
 oh !"

" You're right," says he, " my life, for a tent is very
 damp ;

And 'tis better with my tent to take some brandy
 oh !"

~~~~~

## STAND TO YOUR GUNS, MY HEARTS OF OAK.

STAND to your guns, my hearts of oak,  
 Let not a word on board be spoke,  
 Victory soon will crown the joke ;  
 Be silent, and be ready.

Ram home your guns, and sponge them well,  
Let us be sure the balls will tell,  
The cannons' roar shall sound their knell ;  
Be steady, boys, be steady.

Not yet, nor yet—reserve your fire,  
I do desire:—Fire!  
Now the elements do rattle,  
The gods, amazed, behold the battle  
A broadside, my boys!  
See the blood in purple tide  
Trickle down her battered side ;  
Winged with fate the bullets fly ;—  
Conquer, boys, or bravely die.  
Hurl destruction on your foe.  
She sinks—huzza!  
To the bottom down she goes.

---

## WOMEN AND WINE.

LET sons of Slaughter try their skill  
In hunting fox or hare ;  
We'll join the chase, but scorn to kill,  
Unless it's to kill Care.  
So our chase shall haily gaily be,  
Women and wine before us ;  
We'll hunt the bottle merrily  
With a smack and kiss in chorus.  
With a smack and kiss, &c.

Great Alexander fury hurl'd,  
In hunting he'd not halt ;  
For, after hunting all the world,  
He found himself in fault.  
So our chase shall haily, &c.

Grave undertakers join the chase,  
They hunt for loss of breath ;  
For when we've run our earthly race,  
They come in at the death,  
So our chase shall haily, &c.

The parsons are all hunting men,  
Which no one can deny ;  
They hunt for goelings, one in ten,  
And tithe pigs in their sty  
So our chase shall haily, &c.

High fill your glasses, fill apace,  
We'll drink away to Fame ;  
Liquor and love shall be our chase,  
Women and wine our game.  
So our chase shall haily, &c.

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## ENGLAND, THE ANCHOR AND HOPE OF THE WORLD.

UNDAUNTED in peril and foremost in danger,  
Ever ready the rights of mankind to defend,  
The guard of the weak and support of the stranger ;  
To oppression a foe, and to freedom a friend.  
Amid the rude scenes of dismay and commotion,  
Since Anarchy first her red banner unfurl'd,  
Still firm as a rock, in her own native ocean,  
Stood England, the Anchor and Hope of the world.  
Sweetest spot on the earth, where true honour combining,  
With justice and truth, gives a strength to the whole ;  
Where the rose-bud of beauty with valour entwining,  
Enlargeth the heart and exalteth the soul  
O land of my birth ! yet shall peace be thy portion,  
And thy white sails in commerce again be unfurl'd ;  
And still shalt thou stand, lovely rock ! in the ocean,  
The anchor of Europe, the Hope of the world.

## THE CHARMS OF LIFE.

I LOVE to see the flowing bowl  
With ruby lustre crown'd ;  
I love to see the flow of soul,  
And care in goblet drown'd.  
Oh, tell me not of beauty's power,  
Of woman's soft control,  
But, give me, gods, the social hour,  
The transports of the bowl.  
The song, the jest, the laugh, the glee,  
Compose the charms of life for me.  
If wine can yield one's care relief,  
Then let its current flow ;  
If sparkling cup can banish grief,  
Then bask we in the glow.  
The sand of life too soon runs out,  
And joy is but a flower ;  
Be gay, and push the bowl about,  
Taste wine, and prove its power.  
The song, the jest, &c.

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## A TRAVELLER STOPPED AT A WIDOW'S GATE.

A TRAVELLER stopped at a widow's gate ;  
She kept an inn, and he wanted to bait,  
But the landlady slighted her guest ;  
For, when Nature was making an ugly race,  
She certainly moulded this traveller's face,  
As a sample for all the rest.

The chambermaid's sides they were ready to crack,  
When she saw his queer nose, and hump on his back ;  
(A hump isn't handsome no doubt ;)   
And, though 'tis confess'd that the prejudice goes  
Very strongly in favour of wearing a nose,  
A nose shouldn't look like a snout.

A bag full of gold on the table he laid,  
It had a wond'rous effect on the widow and maid,  
And they quickly grew marvellous civil ;  
The money immediately altered the case,  
They were charm'd with his hump, and his snout, and  
his face,  
Though he still might have frightened the devil.

He paid like a prince, gave the widow a smack,  
And flopp'd on his horse, at the door, like a sack ,  
While the landlady touching the chink,  
Cried, " Sir, should you travel this country again,  
I heartily hope that the sweetest of men  
Will stop at the widow's to drink."

---

### THE SENTINEL.

In the night, when the watch-light beside him was  
burning,  
The sentinel stood on the field of the dead,  
Yet then hope, on the wing of the midnight returning,  
Came clad in the smiles of the days that were fled.  
And though a soldier's mind might roam  
Back to the vanished battle day,  
He thought of his love and he thought of his home,  
For the fields where we fought were afar and away !

Then turning again from the strife and the slaughter,  
We swept the blue waves of a far distant sea,  
Yet he sighed as he bent o'er the dark ocean water,  
For the wild wave that bore him still bore him from  
thee !

Then, as we cleft the green sea foam,  
Or flew before the silvery spray,  
He thought of his love, and he thought of his home,  
While his vessel was bounding afar and away !

## THE STORM.

CRASH, rude Bornea, blast'ring rafter !  
List, ye landamen, all to me !  
Messmates, hear a brother sailor  
Sing the dangers of the sea ;  
From bounding billows, first in motion,  
When the distant whirlwinds rise,  
'To the tempest-troubled ocean,  
Where the seas contend with skies !

Hark ! the boatwain hoarsely bawling,  
' By top-mast sheets, and haul-yards stand  
Down top-gallants quick be hauling,  
Down your stay-sails, hand, boys, hand !  
Now it freshens, set the braces,  
The top-mast sheets now let go ;  
Luff, boys, luff ! don't make wry faces,  
Up your top-sails stidily clew.'

Now all ye on down beds sporting  
Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms ;  
Fresh enjoyments, wanton courting,  
Safe from ill but love's alarms ;  
Round us roars the tempest louder ;  
Think what fears our minds enthrall ;  
Harder yet, it yet blows harder,  
Now again the boatwain calls !

' The top-mast-yards point to the wind, boys,  
See all clear to reef each course ;  
Let the fore-sheet go, don't mind, boys,  
Though the weather should be worse.  
Fore and aft the sprit-sail yard get,  
Reef the mizen, see all clear,  
Hands up, each preventure brace set,  
Man the fore-yard, sheer, lads, sheer !'

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring,  
Peal on peal contending clash,  
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,  
In our eyes blue-lightnings flash.  
One wide water all around us,  
All above us one black sky,  
Different deaths at once surround us,  
Hark ! what means that dreadful cry !

'The foremast's gone,' cries every tongue out,  
'O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck ;  
A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out,  
Call all hands to clear the wreck.  
Quick the lanyards cut to pieces ;  
Come my hearts be stout and bold ;  
Plumb the well—the leak increases,  
Four feet water in the hold.'

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,  
We for wives or children mourn :  
Alas ! from hence there's no retreating,  
Alas ! to them there's no return.  
Still the leak is gaining on us :  
Both chain-pumps are choak'd below.—  
Heav'n have mercy here upon us !  
For only that can save us now.

O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys,  
Let the guns o'erboard be thrown ;  
To the pump, come ev'ry hand, boys,  
See ! our mizen-mast is gone.  
The leak we've found, it can't pour fast,  
We've lightened her a foot or more ;  
Up, and rig a jury foremast.  
She rights, she rights, boys, we're off shore !'

Now once more on joys we're thinking,  
Since kind heav'n has sav'd our lives ;  
Come, the can, boys ! let's be drinking  
To our sweethearts and our wives.

Fill it up, about ship wheel it,  
 Close to our lips a brimmer join,  
 Where's the tempest now, who feels it?  
 None—the danger's drown'd in wine.

### IF LOVE'S DREAM BE O'ER.

If love's dream be o'er,  
 Friends and home adieu ;  
 Then, dear native shore,  
 A long farewell to you !  
 In the stranger climes  
 Of other lands I'll roam,  
 And cease to think of times  
 When all was peace at home.

Should love and hope be over,  
 Where alas ! shall I fly ?  
 A broken-hearted lover !  
 I have nought to do but die !  
 Then on to the battle,  
 To lose 'mid war's rattle ;  
 All the faithless dreams of love,  
 And try with glory peace to prove !

### IONS RUSH TO ARMS.

rush to arms,  
 a's peace molest ;  
 her dire alarms,  
 each hostile breast ;  
 mour's call,  
 set his country's foes,  
 or to fall,  
 rtial ardour glows,

Behold him in the dreadful scene,  
 Where heroes fall to rise no more ;  
 He braves his fate with dauntless mien,  
 And bids the thund'ring cannons roar,  
 No fears appal his manly mind ;  
 Or, if perchance he heaves a sigh,  
 'Tis for a girl he left behind :—  
 A sailor never fears to die.

In honour's deathless page enroll'd,  
 Conspicuous shines the sailor's name,  
 The guardian of his native land,  
 Whose bosom nobly pants for fame.  
 On them the British fair bestow  
 The choicest smiles, their favours sweet,  
 When crown'd with laurels from the foe,  
 They lay their wreaths at beauty's feet.

### THE COVE WOT SINGS.

No doubt a song you've heard,  
 How greatly it delights ;  
 It comprises, in a word,  
 The luck of a cove wot writes !  
 Now I've a song so true  
 (My mind to truth it clings :)  
 And I am going to tell to you,  
 The luck of a cove wot sings.  
Tol de rol, &c.

In a garret I show'd my nob,  
 In Earl-Street, Seven Dials,  
 My father was a snob.  
 My mother dealt in *soials* ;  
 But my mind took higher flights,  
 I hated low-life things !  
 Made friends with a cove wot writes,  
 And now I'm a chap wot sings.  
Tol de rol, &c.

When at singing I made a start,  
 Some said my voice was fine ;  
 I tried a serious part,  
 But turned to the comic line ;  
 I found out that that was best,  
 Some fun it always brings—  
 To the room it gives a zest,  
 And it suits the cove wot sings.  
Tol de rol, &c.

To a concert, ball, or rout.  
 Each night I'm asked to go,  
 With my new toggery I go out,  
 And I cut no *dirty show* ;  
 Goes up to the music, all right,  
 At the women I a sheep's eyes flings,  
 Gets my lush free all the night,  
 Because I'm the cove wot sings.  
Tol de rol, &c.

If I go to take a room,  
 There needs no talk or stuff ;  
 'Bout a reference they don't fume, :  
 My word is quite-enough,—  
 For my money they don't care a sou,  
 The landlady kind looks flings,  
 She's proud to have in her house,  
 A gentleman wot sings.  
Tol de rol, &c.

Each day so well I fare,  
 On each thing good so fine ;  
 In the *grub way* well I share,  
 For I always go out to dine ;  
 And those who ask me so free,  
 Plenty of their friends brings,  
 They come for miles, d'ye see,  
 To hear the chap wot sings.  
Tol de rol, &c.

While strolling t'other night,  
 I dropped in at a house, d'ye see,  
 The landlord so polite,  
 Insisted on treating me ;  
 I called for a glass of port,  
 When *half-a-bottle* he brings ;

SPOKEN.]—"How much to pay, landlord," said I—  
 "Nothing of the sort,"

Says he, "you're a cove wot sings."  
 Tol de rol, &c.

Now my song is at an end,  
 My story through I've run ;  
 And all that I did intend,  
 Was to cause a morsel of fun ;  
 If I succeed, that's right,  
 There's a pleasure pleasing brings ;  
 And I'll try some other night,  
 The luck of a chap wot sings.  
 Tol de rol, &c.

### LOVE'S RITORNELLA.

GENTLE Zitella, whither away ?  
 Love's ritornella, list while I play.  
 No, I have linger'd too long on my road,—  
 Night is advancing, the Brigand's abroad.

Lonely Zitella, hath too much fear ;  
 Love's ritornella she may not hear :  
 Charming Zitella, why shouldst thou care ?  
 Night is not darker than thy raven hair.

And those bright eyes if the brigand should see,  
 Thou art the robber, the captive is he.  
 Gentle Zitella, banish thy fear ;  
 Love's ritornella, tarry and hear.

Simple Zitella, beware, ah, beware !  
 List ye no ditty, grant ye no prayer.  
 To your light footsteps let terror add wings,  
 'Tis Massaroni himself who now sings.  
 Gentle Zitella, banish thy fear,  
 Love's ritornella tarry and hear.

### RETURN, O MY LOVE.

RETURN, O my love ! and we'll never part,  
 While the morn her soft light shall shed,  
 I'll hold thee fast to my virgin heart,  
 And my bosom shall pillow thy head.  
 The breath of the woodbine is on my lips,  
 Impearl'd in the dews of May ;  
 And no one but thou of its sweetness shall sip,  
 Or steal its honey away.

Then return, &c.

### FOUR FEET HIGH.

WHAT a misery it is to be just four feet high,  
 I'm sure you all feel for my case :  
 For when but an infant, the gossips would cry,  
 My growing they never could trace.  
 To see me so little, 'tis truth, that's pos,  
 Gave father and mother much pain ;  
 But in short, why short I all my life was,  
 And in short, why short I remain.  
 Oh dear ! Oh dear !  
 Oh, hapless misfortune—I feel it—that I,  
 Should never grow taller than four feet high.  
 My school I went through, and some years passed  
 away,  
 And although I looked but a boy ;  
 With other lads taller I scorn'd to play,  
 For I thought myself hobble-de-hoy.

Fate cut my prospects, and sternly decreed—

Stinted my growth, so that I  
Did reach four-and-twenty years old, and indeed,  
Before I was four feet high.

Oh dear! Oh dear!

Oh, hapless misfortune—I sob and I sigh,  
To think I'm not more than four feet high.

I then fell in love, and a courting I went,

A beautiful damsel so fair;  
Who was just six feet tall, but she would not  
consent,

And all my hope turn'd to despair.  
To gaze on her charms put me all in a stir,

I felt my poor heart was not free;  
Imploring her pity I look'd up to her,  
With scorn she look'd down upon me.

Oh dear! Oh dear!

Too short to be married—I sob and I sigh,  
Because I'm not more than four feet high.

The refusal from her filled my heart full of woe,

Oh, love gave my valour a twist;  
I made up my mind for a soldier to go,  
And boldly I went to enlist.

But corporal, sergeant, and all—nine or ten—

At my resolution did laugh,  
And told me they only took good siz'd men,  
And I was too little by half.

Oh dear! Oh dear!

Too short to be shot at—I sob and I sigh,  
My greatest misfortune is—four feet high.

As I walk through the streets I feel some alarm

To see every tall person come;  
Whose looks plainly say, "Come under my arm,  
You wee little hop o' my thumb."

And each gawkey boy, my walk who comes near,  
Seems but to act by one plan;

For all of them cry, "Companions, look here,  
Look at the queer little man."

Oh dear ! Oh dear !  
Scoff'd by young urchins, who, jeering go by,  
Because I'm not more than four feet high.

Day after day, I my shortness deplore,  
With grief my poor heart is quite full ;  
I can't reach a knocker, or knock at a door,  
Nor one single bell can I pull ;  
Yet from this I get consolation a bit,  
And sentiments speak of all small men ;  
I know very well we're only fit  
To be waited upon by the tall men  
Oh dear ! Oh dear !

Hapless misfortune—I feel it—that I,  
Should never be taller than four feet high.

There's one very pleasing reflection to me,  
(To own it I cannot refuse ;)  
With my short person contented I'd be,  
If the ladies I can but amuse ;  
And should any fair one, I vow on my life,  
Take pity on me and my song,  
I'll purchase the licence—make her my wife,  
And marry, though short, before long.  
Oh dear ! Oh dear !  
To make her quite happy I'm sure I would try,  
Although I'm not taller than four feet high.

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### THE ROW.

I KNEW by the noise that I heard all around  
In the street where I was, that a row it was near ;  
And I said, "if there's fun this good night to be found,  
As I love it so dearly, I shall sure find it here."  
Every tongue seem'd employ'd, and the row did increase,  
Whilst the Charleys their rattles so cheerily spring.

I hopp'd into the crowd, the news for to catch,  
 But scarcely had open'd my mouth to inquire,  
 When a rascally thief made off with my watch,  
 Tript my heels, and so laid me flat down in the mire.  
 The watchmen surrounded, and me bore away,  
 And in limbo was kept till the dawn of next day.  
 To the justice they took me, to tell my sad tale,  
 Who ask'd me what in defence I'd to say,  
 I told him that rogues in the crowd did assail,  
 Used my person quite ill, and my watch bore away.  
 He looking quite grim, bade me good hours keep,  
 Pay a shilling—return to my home with all speed.

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### PADDY O'LYNN.

ONE Paddy O'Lynn courted Widdy M'Kay,  
 He bold as a lion, she fresh as the day;  
 Now to win her, he knew he the widdy must please,  
 So he thought the best thing he could do was to tease.  
 Now Paddy be aisy, you devil, she'd cry,  
 And she'd smack Paddy's chops, while she'd look at  
 him sly; [affairs,  
 "Leave your tricks and your nonsense, and mind your  
 Through your tickling I know I'll be tumbling up  
 stairs!"  
 "My honey," says Paddy, "that, some folks do say,  
 Is a sign that you'll soon know your own wedding day;  
 And it's pleased that I am—sure to say so's no sin,  
 Since 'tis all for good luck," says Paddy O'Lynn.  
 "Arrah, now!" says she, "Pat, don't think of the like,  
 For I didn't say no to your fat cousin Mike,  
 The sole of my shoe he loves, though it arn't whole:"  
 Says Paddy, "I'd rather love you than your soul."  
 "Now Paddy, I'll squeal, and I'll punch your fool's  
 head— [bed;"  
 Sure I'm dreaming each night, I've your cousin in

Says Paddy, "That same I am glad that you say,  
 For drames always go quite the contrary way ;  
 So widdy kape draming that same till you die,  
 When you drame Mike's-in bed, why, you'll find it is I !  
 And it's plased that I am, sure to say so's no sin,  
 For 'tis all for good luck," says sly Paddy O'Lynn.

"Arrah ! widdy, my darling, you've plagued me enough,  
 And sure then 'tis time that ~~you~~ left off such stuff,  
 For your sake I've been fighting, and broken my head,  
 And I think after this, it is time we were wed."  
 Then Paddy so sly, threw his arms round her waist,  
 And his lips put to her's, of their sweetness to taste ;  
 And he look'd in her eyes that were sparkling so bright,  
 And he hugg'd her swate form—faith, then, sure he  
 did right.

"Now Paddy, be quiet, to take you I'm loath,  
 Sure, I've now had two husbands, and done for them  
 both ;" [I'll win,

"Then have me for the third, and p'rhaps this time  
 For the third time is different," says Paddy O'Lynn.

## OH, YES, DEAR LOVE SO TENDERLY.

Oh, yes, dear love, so tenderly,  
 So blindly I adore thee,  
 Dominion, wealth, fame, victory  
 Fade, worthless, all before thee.

Though other beauties swell my train,  
 With languid eyes I view them ;  
 All former joys have fled—in vain  
 I study to renew them.

Time was the charms of pomp and power,  
 Ambition's thirst, would seize me ;  
 Time was, the battle's thrilling hour,  
 And victory's wreaths could please me.

But, oh ! dear love so tenderly—  
 So blindly I adore thee ;  
 Dominion, wealth, fame, victory,  
 Fade, worthless, now before thee.

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### HOWL NOT, YE WINDS.

Howl not, ye winds, o'er the tomb of the brave ;  
 Roar not, ye waves, at the foot of the mountain ;  
 Breathe, Spirit of peace, oh ! breathe o'er each grave ;  
 And soft be the flow of each murmuring fountain.

Let the valiant who fell in defence of their land,  
 Repose in the quiet they died in defending ;  
 And dear be the spot that beheld their bold band  
 To death, but to honour, in glory descending.

Oh ! theirs is the rest who repose 'neath the sod  
 That nourished the arm which preserved it in dan-  
 ger ;  
 And theirs is the hope to repose with their God,  
 That ages renew in the prayer of the stranger.

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### CONTENT AND A PIPE.

CONTENTED I sit with my pint and my pipe,  
 Puffing sorrow and care far away,  
 And surely the brow of grief nothing can wipe  
 Like smoking and moist'ning our clay ;  
 For, though liquor can banish man's reason afar,  
 'Tis only a fool or a sot,  
 Who with reason or sense would be ever at war,  
 And don't know when enough he has got ;  
 For, though at my simile many may joke,  
 Man is but a pipe—and his life but smoke.

Yes, a man and a pipe are much nearer a-kin  
Than has as yet been understood,  
For, until with breath they are both filled within,  
Pray tell me for what are they good ?  
They, one and the other, composed are of clay,  
And, if rightly I tell nature's plan,  
Take but the breath from them both quite away,  
The pipe dies—and so does the man .  
For, though at my simile many may joke,  
Man is but a pipe—and his life but smoke.

Thus I'm told by my pipe that to die is man's lot,  
And, sooner or later, he must ;  
Far, when to the end of life's journey he's got,  
Like a pipe that's smoked out—he is dust :  
So you, who would wish in your hearts to be gay,  
Encourage not strife, care, or sorrow,  
Make much of your pipe of tobacco to day,  
For you may be smoked out to-morrow :  
For, though at my simile many may joke,  
Man is but a pipe—and his life but smoke.

### HEY THE BONNIE BREAST-KNOTS.

HEY the bonnie, ho the bonnie,  
Hey the bonnie breast-knots ;  
Blythe and merry were they a'  
When they put on the breast-knots  
There was a bridal in this town,  
And till't the lasses a' were boun',  
Wi' mankie facing on their gown,  
And some o' them had breast-knots ;  
Singing, hey the bonnie, ho the bonnie,  
Hey the bonnie breast-knots ;  
Blythe and merry were they a',  
When they put on the breast-knots.

At nine o'clock the lads convene,  
 Some clad in blue, some clad in green,  
 Wi' shuin' buckles in their shoon  
 And flowers on their waistcoats ;  
 Out cam' the wives a' wi' a phrase,  
 And wish'd the lassies happy days ;  
 And muckle thought they o' their class,  
 Especially the breast-knots—  
     Singing, hey the bonnie, &c.,

The bride she was baith young and fair ;  
 Her neck outahone her pearlins rare ;  
 A satin smood bound up her hair,  
 And flowers among her breast-knots.  
 The bridegroom gazed—but mair, I ween,  
 He prised the glance of love's blue e'en,  
 That made him proud o' his sweet Jean,  
 When she got on her breast-knots.  
     Singing, hey the bonnie, &c.

## THE WEALTH OF THE COTTAGE IS LOVE.

A blessing unknown to ambition and pride,  
 That fortune can never abate,  
 To wealth and to splendour though often denied  
 Yet on poverty deigns to await :  
 That blessing, ye pow'rs ! still be it my lot,  
 The choicest best gift from above,  
 Deep fix'd in my heart shall be never forgot,  
 That the wealth of the cottage is love.

Whate'er my condition, why should I repine ?  
 By poverty never distress'd ;  
 Exulting I felt what a treasure was mine.  
 A treasure enshrined in my breast,  
 That blessing, ye pow'rs ! still be it my lot,  
 The choicest best gift from above,  
 Still fix'd in my heart shall be never forgot,  
 That the wealth of the cottage is love.

## BUY A BROOM.

Buy a broom ! buy a broom !  
 Large broom ! small broom ! buy, buy a broom ;  
 No lady should e'er be without one ;  
 They're the handiest things in the world,  
 When insects are buzzing about one,  
 Or dust through the casement has curl'd  
 And what are the insects that flirt with the flowers  
 To those that flirt daily round beauty's bowers ?  
 Or the dust on the polish'd piano that lies,  
 To that which love throws into ladies' eyes !  
 Buy a broom ! &c.

Come, gentlemen, too, while I'm selling,  
 Come, to purchase, in crowds you should rush,  
 For in times such as these there's no telling,  
 How soon 'twill be prudent to brush.  
 You'll pardon the hint, 'twas to kindness I spoke,  
 I've meaning beyond such a very old joke ;  
 There's few in the world, I believe you will say,  
 But have something or other they'd fain sweep away.  
 Buy a broom, &c.

## DRAW THE SWORD, SCOTLAND.

Draw the sword, Scotland ! Scotland ! Scotland !  
 Over hill and mountain hath pass'd the war sign,  
 The Pibroch is pealing ! pealing ! pealing !  
 Who heeds not the summons is nae son o' thine.  
 The clans they are gathering, gathering, gathering,  
 The clans they are gathering by loch and by lee ;  
 The banners they are flying, flying, flying,  
 The banners they are flying that lead to victory.  
 Draw the sword Scotland ! Scotland ! Scotland !  
 Charge, as you're charged in the days lang syne ;  
 Sound to the onset, the onset, the onset ;  
 He who but falters is nae son o' thine.

Sheath the sword Scotland ! Scotland ! Scotland ;  
Sheath the sword Scotland, for dimn'd is its shine ;  
Thy foemen are fleeing, fleeing, fleeing,  
And who kens nae mercy is nae son o' thine.

The struggle is over, over, over,  
The struggle is over, the victory won ;  
There are tears for the fallen, the fallen, the fallen,  
And glory for all who their duty have done.

Sheath the sword Scotland ! Scotland ! Scotland !  
With thy loved thistle new laurels entwine ;  
Time ne'er shall part them, part them, part them,  
But hand down the garland to each son o' thine.

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### MR. WALKER THE TWOPENNY POSTMAN.

VERY near the west-end, tho' I must not tell where,  
A shoemaker married a maiden so fair,  
Who a month after wedlock, 'tis truth I declare,  
Fell in love with a twopenny postman.

Her person was thin, genteel, and tall,  
Her carrotty hair did in ringlets fall,  
And while her spousy work'd hard at his stall,  
She watch'd this twopenny postman.

He was just four feet six in height,  
But a wall made figure to the sight ;  
He walked like a beefeater, bolt upright,  
Mr. Walker, the twopenny postman.

His toes he turn'd out, he had bright black eyes,  
His nose was more than the common size,  
And he really look'd without any lies,  
Too genteel for a twopenny postman.

Resolved she was to get in his way,  
So without any trouble she met him one day,  
And says she, " Have you got e'er a letter I say,  
For me, Mr. Twopenny Postman."

Says he, "I don't know you ;" says she, " Good luck,  
I live next door in the two-pair back,—  
My husband's a cobbler, 'tis all in your track"—

" It's all right," says the twopenny postman.

Next morning, I can't tell you what she was at,  
She felt her heart suddenly beat pit-a-pat,  
When she heard at the street-door a double rat-tat ;  
And in came the twopenny postman.

" Here's a letter," said he, the cunning elf,  
" The postage is paid, so needs no pelf."  
In fact he had written the letter himself,  
And brought it, the twopenny postman.

With love in his eyes, he then at her did stare ;  
Says he, " I ne'er saw a lady so fair :  
I always was partial to carrotty hair—  
I was," says the twopenny postman.

" That your husband ill-treats you I can't suppose"—  
" Yea, he gives me bad words and sometimes blows ;  
He's an ugly man, and has got no nose."  
" I have," says the twopenny postman.

His kindness was such that it knew no end,  
And to prove that he really was a real friend,  
He took her spouse three pair of shoes for to mend,  
Mr. Walker, the twopenny postman.

They were soled and heel'd without delay ;  
To the cobbler he had so much to say ;  
He got the shoes, but as for the pay,  
'Twas Walker the twopenny postman.

Ever since then they've led a cat-and-dog life ;  
Their home, bed, and board, have been nothing but  
strife ;

The cobbler was done, and so was his wife  
By Walker, the twopenny postman.

For by way of a finish to this vile art,  
The lady (depend on't, 'tis a fact)  
Has brought him a boy the image exact  
Of Walker, the twopenny postman.

## TELL ME MY HEART. .

TELL me my heart, why morning prime,  
 Looks like the fading eve,  
 Why the gay larks celestial chime,  
 Shall tell, shall tell, the soul to grieve ;  
 The heaving bosom seems to say,  
 Ah ! hapless maid, your love's away.

Tell me my heart, why summer's glow,  
 A wintry day beguile ;  
 Why Flora's beauties seem to blow,  
 And fading nature smiles,  
 Some zephyr whispers in my ear,  
 Ah ! happy maid your love is near.

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BACHELOR'S FARE.

ONE night my sweetheart came to woo,
 When I was left and lonely,
 He looked so kind and handsome too,
 I loved him and him only.
 The village chime told supper time,
 What could I do dear misses ?
 For, as I live, I'd nought to give,
 But bread, and cheese, and kisses.
 But bread, and cheese, &c.

He asked my hand with such a grace,
 What woman could refuse him ?
 I think, had you been in my place,
 You'd say 'twas right to choose him ;
 I hung my head, and simpering said,—
 What could I say dear misses ?
 I will be thine, though we should dine
 On bread, and cheese, and kisses.
 On bread, and cheese, &c.

Next morning, we exchanged our vows,
 I prize his golden present,
 Which seems like magic to disclose
 Each moment something pleasant.
 His cheerful smiles each care beguiles,
 Believe me, dearest misses,
 'Tis bliss to share with him our fare,
 Though bread, and cheese, and kisses.
 Though bread, and cheese, &c.

~~~~~

### AULD ROBIN GRAY.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and he sought me for his  
 bride,  
 But saving a crown, he had naething else beside ;  
 To mak that crown a pund, my Jamie gade to sea,  
 And the crown and the pund were baith for me.  
 He had na been awa, a week but only twa,  
 When my mither she fell sick, and the cow was stown  
 awa,  
 My Father brak his arm, and my Jamie at the sea,  
 And auld Robin Gray cam a-courting to me.  
 My father cou'dna work, and my mither cou'dna  
 spin ;  
 I toil'd baith day and night, but their bread I cou'dna  
 win ;  
 Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his ee,  
 Said Jenny, for their sakes, O will you marry me ?  
 My heart it said nay, I look'd for Jamie back ;  
 But the wind it blew high, and the ship it prov'd a  
 wreck ;  
 The ship it prov'd a wreck, why didna Jenny die !  
 And why do I live to say, Oh ! wae me ?  
 Auld Robin argued sair, though my mither didna  
 speak,  
 She look'd in my face till my heart was like to break ;

So they gied him my hand, tho' my heart was at the  
'see,

And auld Robin Gray is a gude man to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,  
When sitting sae mournfully ae day at the door,  
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I cou'dna think it he,  
Until he said, Jenny, I'm come to marry thee.

O, sair did we greet, and muckle did we say,  
We took but ae kiss, and tore ourselves away :  
I wish I were dead, but I'm nae like to die,  
And why do I live, to say Oh ! wae's me ?  
I gang like a ghaist, I carena to spin,  
I darena think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin ;  
But I'll do my best a gude wife for to be,  
For auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.

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### THE FASCINATING GROCER.

COME listen to a whimmy chant,  
And if there's nothing in it,  
Will you a little patience grant,  
If quickly I begin it ;  
A love-sick grocer, Billy Wood,  
A victim I'm to cupid,  
So if my song is long and good,  
Don't call it short and stupid.

Tol lol de rol.

One day as trudging through the Park,  
With plums and currants laden ;  
Says I, I'll have a little lark,  
With yonder pretty maiden ;  
She's drest so spruce, and looks so aly,  
To lose her will not do, sir ;  
And though a cast she's in one eye,  
Why I've a cast in two, sir.

Tol lol de rol.

Before Miss Patty Blear I stood,  
Who dark was as a crow sir ;  
Says I, " my name is Billy Wood,  
The fascinating grocer."  
She curtsied low, and in reply,  
Said, " all your love's in vain, sir,  
Engaged I am to Mr. Flam,  
Who lives in Mincing-lane, sir."  
Tol lol de rol.

To Mincing-lane I went with speed,  
Where, cutting beef, and ham, sir,  
Behind the counter stood, indeed,  
My rival, Mr. Flam, sir ;  
Says I, " Grand carver you appear,  
But sure as I've a snout, sir,  
You may cut here, but with Miss Blear,  
You shall not cut me out, sir."  
Tol lol de rol.

When I had finished, Mr. Flam,  
Whose passion quickly rose, sir,  
Straight put aside his beef and ham,  
And took me by the nose, sir ;  
The pinch he gave it made me roar,  
To struggle was in vain, sir ;  
And when he kick'd me from the door,  
I ran from Mincing-lane, sir.  
Tol lol de rol.

From Mincing-lane I ran so fast,  
And beg you'll be so kind, sir,  
As round the house your eyes to cast,  
And see if you can find, sir,  
A lady fair, who in this place,  
In love with me can grow, sir,  
Perhaps she'll show her smiling face  
To Billy Wood the grocer.  
Tol lol de rol.

# HERE'S A HEALTH TO THE LADIES, GOD BLESS 'EM.

Oh, woman, dear woman, the charm of our life,  
 So beauteous they fill every scene,  
 That whether as lover, companion, or wife,  
 They're lovely, and ever have been ;  
 And should the world's wrongs e'er perplex us in mind,  
 'Tis then that soft feelings possess 'em.  
 They're all that is lovely, so blooming and kind,  
 Here's a health to the ladies, God bless 'em.  
 God bless 'em, &c.

Come, fill me a bumper of Burgundy clear,  
 And this—ay, let this be the toast,  
 Here's a health to the man who shall make it appear,  
 Next to life he loves woman the most.  
 May beauty and joy sweetly smile on each face,  
 And ev'ry soft feeling possess 'em,  
 And while on this earth I have being or place,  
 I'll drink to the ladies, God bless 'em.  
 God bless 'em, &c.

## MY SISTER DEAR.

My sister dear, o'er this rude cheek  
 Oft I've felt the tear-drop stealing,  
 When those mute looks have told the feeling,  
 Heav'n denied the tongue to speak.  
 And thou had'st comfort in that tear,  
 Shed for thee, my sister dear.  
 Shed for thee, &c.

And now, alas, I weep alone,  
 By thee, my youth's best friend, forsaken,  
 'Mid thoughts the darkest gloom awaken,  
 Trembling for thy fate unknown ;

And vainly flows the bitter tear,  
Shed for thee, my sister dear.  
Shed for thee, &c.

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### SWEET EVENING BELLS.

SWEET evening bells, sweet evening bells,  
How many a tale their music tells,  
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time  
When last I heard your evening chime.

Those joyous hours are passed away,  
And many a heart that then was gay,  
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,  
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone,—  
That tuneful peal will still ring on,  
And other bards shall walk those bells,  
And sing thy praise sweet evening bells.

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### REMEMBER, LOVE, REMEMBER.

'Twas ten o'clock one moonlight night,  
I ever shall remember,  
And every star shone twinkling bright,  
In dreary dark December ;  
When at the window, tap, tap, tap,  
I heard a certain well-known rap,  
And with it too, these words most clear  
'Remember ten o'clock, my dear,—  
Remember, love, remember.'

My mother dozed before the fire,  
My dad his pipe was smoking,  
Nor could I for the world retire,  
O, was it not provoking ?

At length, the old folk fast asleep,  
 I ran, my promised word to keep,  
 When sure, his absence to denote,  
 He on the window-shutter wrote,  
 'Remember, love, remember.'

And did I need a hint so sweet?  
 O, no! for, mark the warning,  
 Which said, at church we were to meet,  
 By ten o'clock next morning.  
 And there we met, no more to part,  
 To twine together, hand and heart,  
 And since that day, in wedlock joined,  
 The window-shutter brings to mind,  
 'Remember, love, remember.'

### OH, SAW YE THE LASS WI' THE BONNY BLUE E'EN?

Oh, saw ye the lass wi' the bonny blue e'en?  
 Her smile is the sweetest that ever was seen,  
 Her cheek like the rose is but fresher I we'en,  
 She's the loveliest dancer that ever was seen.

The home of my love is below in the valley,  
 Where sweet flow'rs welcome the wand'ring being;  
 But the sweetest of flowers that bloom in the valley,  
 Is the lass that I love wi' the bonny blue e'en.

Oh, saw ye the lass, &c.

When night overshadows her oot in the glen,  
 She steals out to meet her love Donald again;  
 And when the moon shines in the valley so green,  
 He'll welcome the lass wi' the bonny blue e'en.

Oh, saw ye the lass, &c.

As the fond dove that wanders away from its nest,  
 Returns to the mate that his heart loves the best,  
 So I'll leave the wide world's false and vanishing scene,  
 And I'll fly to the lass wi' the bonny blue e'en.

Oh, saw ye the lass, &c.

## TELL ME, WHERE IS FANCY BRED?

TELL me, where is fancy bred?  
 Or in the heart, or in the head;  
 How begot, how nourished?  
 Is it engendered in the eyes?  
 With gazing fed? and Fancy dies  
 In the cradle where it lies.  
 Let us all ring Fancy's knell,  
 I'll begin it—Ding, dong, bell.  
Ding, dong, bell.

## SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD.

WILLIE Wastle dwelt on Tweed,  
 The spot they ca'd it Linkum-doddie;  
 Willie was a wabster guid,  
 Can'd stown a clue wi' ony body:  
 He had a wife was dour and din,  
 O Tinkler Maggie was her mither;  
 Sic a wife as Willie had,  
 I wadna gie a button for her.  
 She has an ee, she has but ana,  
 The cat has twa the very colour;  
 Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,  
 A clapper tongue wad deave a miller;  
 A whiskin beard about her mon—  
 Her nose and chin they threaten ither;  
Sic a wife, &c.  
 She's bow-hough'd, she's hein-abin'd,  
 Ae limpin leg a hand-braid shorter;  
 She's twisted right, she's twisted left,  
 To balance fair in ilka quarter:  
 She has a hump upon her breast,  
 The twin o' that upon her shouther;  
Sic a wife, &c.

Auld bandrums by the ingle sits,  
 An' wi' her loof her face a' washin ;  
 But Willie's wife is na sae trig—  
 She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion ;  
 Her walie nieves like midden creels,  
 Her face wad fyle the Logan Water ;  
 Sic a wife as Willie had,  
 I wadna gie a button for her.

### WHILE PENSIVE.

WHILE pensive I thought on my love,  
 The moon on the mountain was bright ;  
 And Philomel, down in the grove,  
 Broke sweetly the silence of night.  
 O, I wish'd that the dear drop would flow !  
 But I felt too much anguish to weep,  
 Till, worn by the weight of my woe,  
 I sunk on my pillow to sleep.  
 Methought that my love, as I lay,  
 His ringlets all clotted with gore,  
 In the paleness of death seem'd to say,  
 " Alas ! we must never meet more.  
 Yes, yes, my belov'd we must part ;  
 The steel of my rival was true ;  
 The assassin has struck on that heart,  
 Which beat with such fervour for you."

### WHERE AS GASLIGHTS BRIGHTLY BURNING.

WHERE as gaslights brightly burning  
 O'er the gin shop bar, Sal,  
 The glass with thy fat fingers turning—  
 Will you meet me there, Sal ?



'Tis sweet, when the battle is o'er  
 To say that a Tar's done his duty :  
 Yet sweeter to think, when on shore,  
 He'll meet with a welcome from beauty :  
 Yes, yes—and, dear Jack, may a Tar  
 E'er meet with a smile from the fair ;  
 For we sing as we go, &c.

### THE TIRED SOLDIER.

THE tired soldier, bold and brave,  
 Now rests his weary feet ;  
 And to the shelter of the grave  
 Has made a safe retreat.  
 To him the trumpet's piercing breath  
 To arms shall call in vain ;  
 Ned's quartered in the arms of death—  
 He'll never march again.

A boy he left his father's home,  
 The chance of war to try,  
 O'er regions yet untrod to roam,  
 No friend or brother nigh ;  
 Yet still he'd march contented on,  
 'Midst danger, death, and pain ;  
 But now he'll halt, his toil is done,  
 He'll never march again.

The sweets of spring by beauty's hand  
 Lie scatter'd o'er his bier ;  
 His comrades as they silent stand,  
 Give honest Ned a tear ;  
 And lovely Kate, poor Ned's delight,  
 Chief-mourner of the train,  
 Cried, as she view'd the dreadful sight,  
 He'll never march again.

## O, COME TO ME WHEN DAY-LIGHT SETS

O COME to me when day-light sets,  
Sweet, then come to me,  
When smoothly go our gondolets,  
O'er the moonlight sea,  
When mirth's awake and love begins  
Beneath the glancing ray,  
With sounds of lute and mandolins  
To steal young hearts away.

O then's the hour for those that love,  
Sweet! like thee and me ;  
When all is calm below, above,  
In heaven and o'er the sea.  
When maidens sing sweet barcarolles,  
And echo sings again,  
So sweet, those all with ears and souls  
Should love and listen then.  
So come, &c.

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WHEN I DRAIN THE BOWL.

WHEN I drain the rosy bowl,
Joy exhilarates the soul ;
To the Nine I raise my song
Ever fair and ever young.
When full cups my cares expel,
Sober counsel then farewell
Let the winds that murmur, sweep
All my sorrows to the deep.
Let the winds, &c.

When I drink dull time away,
Jolly Bacchus, ever gay,
Leads me to delightful bow'rs,
Full of fragrance, full of flow'rs.

When I quaff the sparkling wine,
 And my locks with roses twine ;
 Then I praise life's rural scene,
 Sweet, sequester'd, and serene.

Then I praise, &c.

When I drink the bowl profound,
 (Richest fragrance flowing round)
 And some lovely nymph detain,
 Venus then inspires the strain.
 When from goblets deep and wide,
 I exhaust the gen'rous tide,
 All my soul unbends—I play
 Gamesome with the young and gay.

All my soul, &c.

THE CHARITY BOY.

No doubt you wonders who I is,
 And at my figger you may quiz ;
 At once your doubts then to destroy,
 I'm Bobby Miles the charity boy.
 Tho' some folks says as I'm a fool,
 I'm a teacher in the charity school ;
 And 'cause I am six feet to view,
 I'm reckoned the head scholar too.

Oh ! vot a pleasure larning is,
 For tho' the folks may jeer and quiz,
 I'm mammy's pet and daddy's joy.
 So, vot d'ye think of the charity boy ?

My talent I did quickly show,
 At twelve years old, vy, you must know,
 Pot-hooks and hangers I wrote free,
 'Asides I knowed my A, B, C.
 My rising genius not to pass,
 They promoted me to the fust class ;

And when master my school-fellows did vback,
I'd the onner to take 'em on my back.

Oh! vot, &c.

To be quite punctual is my rule,
I alvua is the fust in school.
To encourage me, my mother drops
The browns, to buy me lollipops;
Then as to school my vay I drag,
On hard-bake I blows out my bag.
Stale tarts and buns too, it is plain,
And a spanking piece of allecampane.

Oh! vot, &c.

I'm so accomplished you must see,
At miveys none can play like me;
At buttons too I comes it stout,
I beats my playmates out and out.
My larning, too, no one denies,
As this here proof vill quite suffice,
You hear as I can spell quite pat,
C, A, T, dog, and D, O, G, cat.

Oh! vot, &c.

Van afternoon I play'd the vag,
And to the fields my way did drag—
To get cock sorrel, the place I knew,
And butter-cups and daisies too.
Next day the master scolded me,
And threatened that I horsed should be,
But when he made the first attack,
Vy, I vollop'd master like a sack.

Oh! vot, &c.

On boxing day my joys increase,
For when I shows my Christmas piece,
I gets sich lots o' money then,
'Cause I so vell can use my pen.
'nd when ve has our breaking up,
crickets! don't I eat and sup;

To cut away 'tis then the time,
O, jigger me tight ! it is so prime.

Oh ! vot, &c.

So thus you see how blest I ara,
In larning I bangs Byron far,
With a mind content whers'er I goes,
And dress'd in these here handsome clo'es !
I gver bless the fate I'm sure
Which made me humble—made me poor,
For oh, you can't conceive the joy,
It is to be a charity boy.

“Humpty dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty dumpty had a great fall ;
I'm mammy's pet and daddy's joy,
So, vot d'ye think of the charity boy ?

BELLS UPON THE WIND.

THAT heavenly voice, that heavenly voice,
When every joy has fled,
In accents soothing brings relief,
When all, save hope, is dead.
Those melting sounds, those melting sounds,
Alone can calm the mind,
Like dying sunbeams gild the scene,
Or bells upon the wind.

Bells upon, &c.

Those mellow tones, those mellow tones,
The soul desponding cheer,
Reviving joys the bosom fill,
Fresh budding hopes appear,
The drooping heart, the drooping heart,
In friendship's voice shall find
A balm, whose cheering accents thrill
Like bells upon the wind.

Bells upon, &c.

THE ROSE-BUD OF SUMMER.

WHEN the rose-bud of summer its beauties bestowing,
On winter's rude blasts all its sweetness shall pour,
And the sunshine of day in night's darkness be
glowing,

Oh, then, dearest Ellen, I'll love you no more.

When of hope the last spark, which thy smile loves
to cherish,

In my bosom shall die, and its splendour be o'er,
And the pulse of that heart which adores you shall
perish,

Oh, then, dearest Ellen, I'll love you no more.

I NEVER SAYS NOTHING TO NOBODY.

WHAT a shocking world this is for scandal!

The people get worse every day,
Every thing serves for a handle
To take folk's good name away.
In backbiting vile, each so labours,
The sad faults of others to show body;
I could tell enough of my neighbours,
But I never says nothing to nobody.

'Tis a snug little house I reside in,
And the people who're living next door,
Are smother'd completely, such pride in
As I never met with before.
But outside of doors they don't roam,
A large sum of money they owe body,
Folk call but can't find them at home,
I never says nothing to nobody.

The butcher so greasy and fat,
 When out he does nothing but boast,
 Struts as he cocks on his hat,
 As if he supreme ruled the roast,
 Talks of his wealth and his riches,
 Consequence always does show body ;
 His ugly old wife wears the breeches,
 But I never says nothing to nobody.

The baker lives quite in great style,
 His wife is, oh, Lord ! such a fright ;
 New dresses she's got a great pile,
 They sleep out of town every night,
 Country cottage completely in state,
 Determin'd not to be a low body ;
 He's been pull'd up three times for short weight,
 But I never says nothing to nobody.

The publican thriving in trade,
 With sorrow is now looking down ;
 His sweet little pretty bar-maid,
 Has a little one just brought to town.
 He's not to be seen much about,
 His wife is a dence of a shrew body,
 The headles are on the look out,
 But I never says nothing to nobody.

A methodist parson of fame,
 I see very often go by ;
 His heart is fill'd full of love's flame,
 He visits a girl on the sly ;
 Although this daily I see,
 And surely he's but a so-so body,
 Of course, as 'tis nothing to me,
 I never says nothing to nobody.

I could tell, if I lik'd, such a tale,
 Of neighbours all round great and small ;
 That surely I think without fail,
 Would really astonish ye all.

But here now my short ditty ends,
I don't want to hurt high or low body ;
I wish to keep in with my friends,
So I never says nothing to nobody.

THERE WAS A JOLLY MILLER.

THERE was a jolly miller once lived on the river Dee,
He danc'd and sang from morn till night, no lark so
blithe as he,
And thus the burden of his song for ever us'd to be,
"I care for nobody, no not I, if nobody cares for me."
I live by my mill, God bless her! she's kindred, child,
and wife,
I would not change my station for any other in life :
No lawyer, surgeon, or doctor, e'er had a groat from
me,
I care for nobody, no not I, if nobody cares for me.
When spring begins his merry career, oh ! how his
heart grows gay,
No summer's drought alarms his fears, nor winter's
cold decay ;
No foresight mars the miller's joy, who's wont to
sing and say,
"Let others toil from year to year, I live from day to
day."

Thus, like the miller, bold and free, let us rejoice
and sing,
The days of youth are made for glee, and time is on
the wing ;
This song shall pass from me to thee, along the jovial
ring,
Let heart and voice, and all agree, to say "Long live
the king."

RULE BRITANNIA.

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 This was the charter of the land,
 And guardian-angels sung this strain ;
 Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves :
 Britons never will be slaves.

The nations, not so blest as thee,
 Must in their turn, to tyrants fall ;
 Whilst thou shalt flourish, great and free,
 The dread and envy of them all :
 Rule Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke,
 As the loud blasts that tear the skies,
 Serve but to root thy native oak :
 Rule Britannia, &c.

The haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame :
 All their attempts to bend thee down,
 Will but arouse thy gen'rous flame,
 And work their woe—but thy renown :
 Rule Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine :
 All thine shall be the subject main,
 And every shore encircle thine :
 Rule Britannia, &c.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair ;
 Blest Isle ! with matchless beauty crown'd,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.
 Rule Britannia, &c.

THE FOUR AND NINEPENNY HAT.

ECONOMY is now the rage,
 It's strange, so each confesses,
 To notice in this wond'rous age,
 How cheapness it progresses?
 But of all the wonders of the day,
 That queer each sage and flat, sirs,
 The one that bears the greatest sway,
 Is the four and ninepenny hat, sirs.
 Oh! the hat, sirs, the dandy hat, sirs,
 The four and ninepenny hat, sirs.

Not long ago—I won't enlarge—
 No matter man or master,
 A guinea was the lowest charge
 For a swellish-looking castor;
 For eighteen bob you'll now get four,
 And you may cut it fat, sirs,
 And always look a swell, I'm sure,
 In a four and ninepenny hat, sirs!
 Oh! the hat, sirs.

The hatters vow they never felt
 Such shocking times—that's pos, sirs;
 A heart of flint it sure would melt,
 For each one wears a goose, sirs.
 Beavers soon will not be worth
 Much more than a tom cat, sirs,
 For ev'ry man upon the earth
 Sports a four and ninepenny hat, sirs.
 Oh! the hat, sirs.

• The shopboy or the lawyer's clerk,
 On Sunday pass a gay day;
 They strut so proudly in the Park!
 Upon their arm a lady!

Their hair is frizz'd, they're quite in luck,
 Each grace they have quite pat, sirs,
 And just upon two hairs is stuck,
 A four and ninepenny hat, sirs!
 Oh! the hat, &c.

The dustman, who was fashion's dunce,
 And after pride no griever,
 The height of his ambition once
 Was to sport his fantail beaver!
 The castor he's cast off 'tis well,
 In fashion he's quite pat, sir,
 And now the dustman *bears the bell*,
 In a four and ninepenny hat, sirs!
 Oh! the hat, &c.

So thus you see, the rage is such,
 No man will wear a skimmer;
 The scavenger no tile will touch,
 But a fancy silk broad brimmer!
 So if you keep in fashion's pale,
 And really cut a shine, sirs,
 To buy, I'm sure you will not fail,
 A slap-up four and nine, sirs.
 Oh! the hat, &c.

SHE NEVER BLAM'D HIM, NEVER!

SHE never blam'd him, never;
 But received him when he came,
 With a welcome kind as ever,
 And she tried to look the same—
 But vainly she dissembled,
 For whene'er she tried to smile,
 A tear unbidden trembled
 In her blue eye all the while.

She knew that she was dying,
 And she dreaded not her doom ;
 She never thought of sighing,
 O'er her beauty's blighted bloom—
 She knew her cheek was alter'd,
 And she knew her eye was dim ;
 But her sweet voice only falter'd,
 When she spoke of losing him.

'Tis true that he had lur'd her
 From the isle where she was born ;
 'Tis true he had injur'd her
 To the cold world's cruel scorn—
 But yet she never blam'd him,
 For the anguish she had known ;
 And tho' she seldom nam'd him,
 Yet she thought of him alone.

She sigh'd when he caress'd her,
 For she knew that they must part ;
 She spoke not when he press'd her,
 To his young and panting heart—
 The banners wav'd around her,
 And she heard the bugle's sound ;
 They pass'd and strangers found her
 Cold and lifeless on the ground.

THE QUEEN OF MERRY ENGLAND.

O ! THE queen of merry England,
 Who so loved as she ?
 A gallant band may she command,
 In all her kingdoms three ;
 And there the smile of beauty,
 Still shines upon the free,
 O ! the queen of merry England,
 What queen so blest as she ?
 O ! the queen, &c.

O! the queen of merry England,
 The rose upon its stem,
 Shall twine with Erin's shamrock,
 Around her diadem ;
 While the thistle of Scotland,
 Shall ne'er forgotten be,
 Oh! the queen of merry England,
 What queen so blest as she?
O! the queen, &c.

O! the queen of merry England,
 When sounds the battle drum,
 With hearts of fire and swords of flame,
 A thousand warriors come,
 To drive from land her foemen,
 Or sweep them from the sea ;
 O! the queen of merry England,
 What queen so blest as she?
O! the queen, &c.

To the queen of merry England
 Our wine cups let us raise,
 And let the foremost toast be given
 Unto Victoria's praise ;
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! the toast is,
 Victoria ! three times three :
 Long may she live, the pride of the world,
 Victoria, fair and free !
O! the queen, &c.

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## MEET ME, MISS MOLLY MALONE.

MEET me, Miss Molly Malone,  
 At the grove at the end of the vale ;  
 But be sure that you don't come alone,  
 Bring a pot of your master's strong ale ;

With a nice bit of beef and some bread,  
Some pickl'd or cucumbers green,  
Or a nice little dainty pig's head,  
'Tis the loveliest tit-bit e'er seen.  
Then meet me, Miss Molly Malone.

Pastry may do for the gay,  
Old maids may find comfort in tea;  
But there's something about ham and beef,  
That agrees a deal better with me.  
Remember my cupboard is bare,  
Then come, if my dear life you prize;  
I'd have lived the last fortnight on air,  
But you sent me two nice mutton pies.  
Then meet me, Miss Molly Malone.

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THE LIGHT GUITAR.

LEAVE the gay and festive scene,
The halls, the halls of dazzling light,
And rove with me through forest green,
Beneath the silent night.

Then as we watch the ling'ring rays,
That shine from every star,
I'll sing the song of happier days,
And strike the light, the light Guitar.

I'll tell thee how the maiden wept,
When her true knight was slain,
And how her broken spirit slept,
And never woke again.

I'll tell thee how the steed drew nigh,
And left his lord afar;
But if my tale should make thee sigh,
I'll strike the light Guitar;
I'll sing the song of happier days,
And strike the light, the light Guitar.

BOLD ROBIN HOOD.

Bold Robin Hood was a forester good,
As ever drew bow in the merry green wood,
For the bugle's shrill ringing,
The echoes, the echoes, are singing.
The wild deer, the wild deer are springing from many
a wood,

The summons we'll follow, we'll follow,
Through break and over hollow,
We'll follow the summons of Bold Robin Hood,
We'll follow the summons of Bold Robin Hood.

Here is a gay friar, as good as heart can desire,
Who absolves all your sins as the case may require ;
Who with courage so stout, knocks his oak stick about,
And he puts to rout all the foes of his squire.

Bold Robin Hood, &c.

What eye hath e'er seen such a sweet maiden queen,
As Mary, the pride of the forester green,
The sweet garden flowers that bloom in the bower,
Where alone to this hour, the wild rose hath been.

We hail her in duty, the queen of all beauty,
We'll live and we'll die by our sweet maiden queen.

Bold Robin Hood, &c.

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## GOOD BYE, MY LOVE, GOOD BYE.

Good bye, my love, good bye,  
My bark is in the bay ;  
And I must reach Isle Hydra,  
Before the break of day !  
But weep not though I go,  
To the perils of the main ;  
My blood red flag ere long,  
Shall meet thy gaze again !

Hark ! I hear the signal gun,  
 Day's bright orb its course has run,  
 Fare thee well, my lovely one :  
 List : again the signal gun,  
 One kiss, my love, good bye !  
 One kiss, my love, good bye.  
                     Good bye, &c.

The breeze is blowing sweet, love,  
 The crew now wait for me ;  
 Yonder like some wild bird,  
 My bark's white sails I see !  
 Then think not, love, of danger,  
 Dry up the timid tear ;  
 Thou art the corsair's bride,  
 And should not harbour fear.  
                     Hark ! 'tis the signal gun, &c.

### CRAZY JANE.

Why, fair maid, in every feature  
 Are such signs of fear express'd ?  
 Can a wand'ring wretched creature  
 With such terror fill thy breast ?  
 Do my frenzied looks alarm thee ?  
 Trust me, sweet, thy fears are vain ;  
 Not for kingdoms would I harm thee ;  
 Shun not, then, poor Crazy Jane.

Dost thou weep to see my anguish ?  
 Mark me, and avoid my woe :  
 When men flatter, sigh, and languish,  
 Think them false—I found them so.  
 For I lov'd, ah ! so sincerely  
 None could ever love again ;  
 But the youth I lov'd so dearly  
 Stole the wits of Crazy Jane.

Fondly my young heart receiv'd him,  
 Which was doom'd to love but one.  
 He sigh'd he vow'd—and I believ'd him,  
 He was false—and I undone.  
 From that hour has reason never  
 Held her empire o'er my brain.  
 Henry fled—with him for ever  
 Fled the wits of Crazy Jane.  
 Now forlorn and broken-hearted,  
 And with frenzied thoughts beset,  
 On that spot where last we parted,  
 On that spot where first we met.  
 Still I sing my love-lorn ditty,  
 Still I slowly pace the plain;  
 While each passer by, in pity,  
 Cries—God help thee, Crazy Jane!

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### THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL

On Richmond hill there lives a lass,  
 More bright than May-day morn,  
 Whose charms all other maids surpass,  
 A rose without a thorn.  
 This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,  
 Has won my right good will;  
 I'd crowns resign, to call her mine,  
 Sweet lass of Richmond hill.  
 Ye zephyrs gay, that fan the air,  
 And wanton through the grove,  
 Go whisper to my charming fair,  
 I die for her and love.  
 This lass so neat, &c.  
 How happy will that shepherd be,  
 Who calls this nymph his own:  
 O may her choice be fix'd on me,  
 Mine's fix'd on her alone.  
 This lass so neat, &c.

## BANKS OF ALLAN WATER.

On the banks of Allan water,  
When the sweet spring time did fall,  
Was the Miller's lovely daughter,  
Fairest of them all.  
For his bride a soldier sought her,  
And a winning tongue had he ;  
On the banks of Allan water,  
None so gay as she.

On the banks of Allan Water,  
When brown autumn spread its store,  
There I saw the Miller's daughter,  
But she smil'd no more.  
For the summer grief had brought her  
And her soldier false was he ;  
On the banks of Allan water,  
None so sad as she.

On the banks of Allan water,  
When the winter snow fell fast,  
Still was seen the Miller's daughter ;  
Chilling blew the blast.  
But the Miller's lovely daughter,  
Both from cold and cure was free ;  
On the banks of Allan water,  
There a corpse lay she.

## COAL BLACK ROSE.

LUBLY Rosa, Sambo come,  
Don't you hear de banjo, tum, tum, tum ?  
Lubly Rosa, Sambo come,  
Don't you hear de banjo, tum, tum, tum ?  
Oh, Rose, de coal black Rose ?

Dat you, Sambo? yes I cum,  
 Don't you hear de banjo, tum, tum, tum?  
 Oh, Rose, de coal black Rose!  
 I wish I may be burnt if I don't lub Rose.  
Oh, Rose, &c.

Tay a little, Sambo, I cum soon,  
 As I make a fire in de back room:  
 Tay a little, Sambo, I cum soon  
 As I make a fire in de back room:  
 Oh, Rose, de coal black Rose!  
I wish, &c.

Make haste, Rosa, lubly dear,  
 I froze tiff as a poker, tandin here:  
 Make haste, Rosa, lubly dear,  
 I almost froze waitin here.  
 Oh, Rose, I almost froze:  
I wish, &c.

Come in, Sambo, don't tand dare shakin,  
 De fire is a burnin, and de hot cake a bakin;  
 Come in, Sambo, and top dat shakin,  
 De peas in de pot, and de hot cake a bakin;  
 Oh, Rose, bress dat Rose!  
I wish, &c.

Sit down, Sambo, and warm your shin,  
 Oh, bress you, honey, for what make you grin;  
 Sit down, Sambo, and toast your shin,  
 Oh, bress you, honey, for what make you grin.  
 Oh, Rose, bress dat Rose!  
I wish, &c.

I laugh to tink if you was only mine, lubly Rose,  
 I'd gib you a plenty, and dat you well knows,  
 Ob possum fat and hominy, and sometimes rice,  
 Cow heel and sugar cane, an ebery ting nice;  
 Oh, Rose, bress dat Rose.  
I wish, &c.

What in de corner dare, dat I py?  
 I know dat nigga Cuffee, by de white ob de eye:  
 Dat not Cuffee, 'tis a tic ob wood, sure;  
 A tic ob wood wid stocking on! you tell me dat?  
 Pahaw!

Oh, Rose, take care, Rose!  
 I wish I may be burnt if I don't hate Rose!  
 Oh, Rose, you blacka snake, Rose!

Let go my arm, Rose, let me at him rush,  
 I swella his two lips like a blacka balla brush;  
 Let go my arm, and let me top his win,  
 Let go my arm, Rose, while I kick him on de shin;  
 Oh, Rose, take care, Rose!

I wish, &c.

I ketch hold of Cuffee, I take him by de wool,  
 I ketch hold of Cuffee, he try away to pull;  
 But I up wid a foot an kick him on de shin,  
 Which put him bressles on de floor, and make de  
 nigga grin.  
 Oh, Rose, take care, Rose!

I wish, &c.

He jump up for sartin, he cut dirt and run—  
 Now Sambo follow arter, with his tum, tum, tum,  
 He jump up for sartin, he cut dirt and run,  
 Now Sambo follow arter, with his tum, tum, tum;  
 Oh, Rose, curse dat Rose!  
 I wish old Hays would ketch dat Rose!  
 Oh, Rose, you blacka snake, Rose!

### DEEP, DEEP SEA.

Oh, come with me, my love,  
 And our fairy home shall be,  
 Where the water spirits rove,  
 In the deep, deep sea.

There are jewels rich and rare,  
 In the cavern of the deep ;  
 And to braid thy raven hair,  
 There the pearly treasures sleep.

In a tiny man-of-war  
 Thou shalt stem the ocean tide ;  
 Or in a chrystal car  
 Sit a queen in all her pride.

Ah ! believe that love may dwell,  
 Where the choral branches twine ;  
 And that every wreathed shell  
 Breathes a tune as soft as thine.

Hope as fond as thou wilt prove,  
 Truth as bright as e'er was told ;  
 Hearts as fond as those above,  
 Dwell under the water cold.

### THE WONDERFUL NOSE.

A CURIOUS tale I now will disclose,  
 Concerning a man with a very long nose !  
 Like an elephant's trunk it reach'd to his toes,  
 And with it could deal out some terrible blows.

Ri too ral, &c.

This wonderful nose he could swing left and right,  
 Which you all must allow look'd a comical sight ;  
 No one dare come near him, so great was his might—  
 A blow from his nose would settle 'em quite.

Ri too ral, &c.

This terrible chap was about nine feet high,  
 With a comical squint, and a mouth all awry ;  
 Though bandy his legs, his heels were so light,  
 He'd just give a spring, and jump out of sight,

Ri too ral, &c.

The hair on his head sprouted out like a lock,  
And whenever he spoke, 'twas a kind of a squeak ;  
He would oft with his nose toss up men for a freak,  
And they never came down 'tis said for a week.

Ri too ral, &c.

This chap wore a hat, in shape like a basin,  
With a brim wide enough for a donkey to race on ;  
And such a deuce of a fellow was he to take snuff,  
A pound at a pinch was hardly enough.

Ri too ral, &c.

A party of nobles once travell'd inog,  
To catch just a glimpse of this troublesome dog ;  
But the breath from his nose had caused such a fog,  
They tumbled head foremost bang into a bog.

Ri too ral, &c.

At last came a sailor with courage in store,  
Who swore he would tackle this long-snouted bore !  
But the nose made him jump like a grim pantaloon,  
And toss'd him so high, he went bang through the moon !

Ri too ral, &c.

The people around were gaping with fear,  
When they saw the poor sailor his course upwards steer,  
So they took to their heels, and made the coast clear,  
For the force of the nose made them feel very queer !

Ri too ral, &c.

The country was fill'd with wonder and dread,  
So the king at last set a price on his head ;  
And so loud did he snore, at night when in bed,  
'Twas said if he lived he would soon wake the dead !

Ri too ral, &c.

Some guards from the king at last made a gap,  
Through the doors of the house of this terrible chap ;  
They found him in bed, just taking a nap,  
With the nose round his head in place of a cap.

Ri too ral, &c.

They crept one by one, tip toe on the floor,  
 I think that in all there was near sixty score ;  
 They tried to secure him—but mark, what a bore,  
 He jump'd through the roof, and was never seen more.  
 Ri too ral, &c.

The soldiers were all of them struck with affright,  
 When they saw Mr. Noxy cut clean out of sight ;  
 And so angry were they he had taken his flight,  
 They set to and pummell'd each other all night !  
 Ri too ral, &c.

### MERRY MOUNTAIN HORN.

Yea, I will leave the battle field,  
 And seek again my native land ;  
 I'll cast aside my spear and shield,  
 And join the merry mountain band.

To roam o'er hill and valley green,  
 I gaily rise at early dawn,  
 And listen to the echo wild,  
 Of the merry mountain horn.

I love to watch the rising sun,  
 That gaily gilds the mountain brow ;  
 I love my home when toil is done,  
 And smiles that greet my quick return.  
 To roam, &c.

### WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO STAND ?

QUERER sayings now are all the go,  
 You cannot say I'm wrong,  
 But there is one I'd have you know,  
 I've work'd into a song.

Go where I will, in ev'ry street  
I'm shook, sirs, by the hand,  
No matter who it is I meet,  
It's what are you going to stand?  
Tol lol, &c.

One morn I'd been to get some cash  
From a swell at the West end—  
Resolved I was to cut a dash,  
When I met with an old friend.  
I told him of the errand I'd been,  
When he takes me by the hand—  
I'm glad to hear it, my boy, says he—  
Now, what are you going to stand?  
Tol lol, &c.

Says I, I doesn't mind a drop,  
My spirits it will rouse ;  
So then we toddles in a shop,  
Near to Somerset House ;  
Inside a lot began to shout,  
As though it had been plant'd—  
It isn't often we get you out,  
Now, what are you going to stand?  
Tol lol, &c.

I spent, sirs, very near a crown,  
My cash was getting shorter—  
For the liquor they sent rolling down,  
As though it had been water !  
A wench my arm began to shake,  
I could her hide have tann'd—  
When she says, for old acquaintance sake,  
What are you going to stand?  
Tol lol, &c.

Thinks I, egad this will not do,  
So I bolted from the lot ;  
But ran against a man I knew,  
'e a hundred yards I'd got ;

I told him of the crew I'd met,  
 Says he, I understand —  
 And now you've escaped from such a set,  
 What are you going to stand?  
 Tol lol, &c.

My song I now conclude—in this  
 You'll all agree, I think,  
 My friends, that this is quite the march  
 Of intellect in drink.  
 When the landlord he puts out the light,  
 I shall take him by the hand—  
 You've had a good room, my boy, to-night,  
 Now what are you going to stand?  
 Tol lol, &c.

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### MY NATIVE LOVE.

I've rovd' afar thro' summer climes,  
 And under bluer skies,  
 Where music rose in palaces,  
 Whose walls a king migh' prize.  
 Yet there I heard our village chime,  
 The wild coo of the dove,  
 And saw the little cot, where first  
 I met my native love.

The dark ey'd maids of Italy  
 Have turned the wild guitar,  
 And sung the merry song to me,  
 Beneath the twilight star.  
 Like fairy harps, whose murmuring strings  
 The night winds gently move,  
 Then stole thy soft tones on mine ear,  
 My own, my native love.

## DO YOU SEE ANYTHING GREEN ABOUT ME?

A CLOD-HOPPING country clown,  
 And rough as a badger was I,  
 When I arrived first up in town,  
 My fame and my fortune to try.  
 A target I seem'd for each one,  
 Who chose with their jokes to make free,  
 And level at me their sly fun,  
 For there was something green about me.

Repentance soon came to my aid,  
 Though once but a regular spoon ;  
 For when a joke on me was play'd,  
 I return'd it with interest soon.  
 That they'd got the wrong sow by the ear  
 They saw, when with me they made free,  
 For I said with a wink and a leer,  
 " Do you see anything green about me ? "

While trudging one day through the street,  
 A thinking of different things,  
 A fellow stoop'd down to his feet,  
 And pick'd up two real golden rings.  
 He tried to catch me with his lures,  
 Says he—" we'll not disagree ;  
 For a sovereign they both shall be yours."—  
 " Do you see anything green about me ? "

A woman that I went to woo,  
 To pass for a virgin did try,  
 But her scheming for me wouldn't do,  
 I learnt she'd a child on the sly.  
 So I said when she next did appear,  
 A coaxing and making so free,  
 And saying—" you'll marry me, dear ? "  
 " Do you see anything green about me ? "

A swell once took me by the hand,  
 And on me such friendship bestow'd,  
 That into a tavern so grand,  
 He took me to drink wine, I'm blow'd !  
 I drank deep, and was going away,  
 When the swell, who my movements did see,  
 Cried out—"You've this bill to pay !"  
 "Do you see anything green about me ?"

Of a sov'reign I wanted change,  
 And to get it I once asked a Jew,  
 He wanted to trick me—most strange !—  
 And I tried to diddle him too.  
 Two bad shillings he gave me, egad !  
 Which I took as composed as could be—  
 But the coin I gave him was rank bad,—  
 So there was nothing green about me !

To buy a horse once I did go,  
 When the dealer, who was a queer knave,  
 Said that he'd sell me one low,  
 In fact, he the animal gave ;  
 The horse died ere he got stable in,  
 But I gave him a bad note, you see—  
 So I made by't the shoes and the skin,  
 So there was nothing green about me !

### FILL THE BOWL.

FILL the bowl with streams of pleasure,  
 Such as Gallia's vintage boast :  
 These are tides that bring our treasure,  
 Love and friendship be the toast.

First our mistresses approving,  
 With bright beauty crown the glass ;  
 He that is too dull for loving,  
 Must, in friendship be an ass.

Pylades is with Orestes  
 Said to have one common soul ;  
 But the meaning of the jest is,  
 In the bottom of the bowl.

Thus, by means of honest drinking,  
 Often is the truth found out,  
 Which would cost a world of thinking—  
 Spare your pains and drink about.

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### THERE YOU GO WITH YOUR EYE OUT.

QUEER sayings long in folks' chat  
 You'll own have had a part in—  
 As 'Take a sight'—'What are you at ;—  
 'The ticket,' and 'Betty Martin.'  
 But now another one's come up,  
 Which every one does cry out,  
 As through the streets you chance to pop,  
 'Oh!—There you go with your eye out.'  
 Ri tooral loo, &c.

Not long ago fra' Yorkshire Town,  
 I cum'd up by the waggon :  
 And soon in Lannun wur set down,  
 At sign o' George and Dragon :  
 But soon fra' thence I steer'd d'ye see,  
 O'd uncle's house to pry out,  
 When a chap com'd up and said to me—  
 'Oh!—There you go with your eye out.'  
 Ri tooral loo, &c.

Of this, d'ye mind, I took no heed,  
 But to o'd uncle's past on ;  
 When another chap to me indeed,  
 Cum'd up jnat like the last one ;

He stared at me—I stared at him—  
 Good humour then was nigh out,  
 For wi' a face he bawl'd so grim,  
 'Oh!—There you go with your eye out.'  
 Ri tooral loo, &c.

If one eye's out, says I, it's droll,  
 And to me is unknown, sirs;  
 Put up my hand to find the hole,  
 But found it war not flown, sirs.  
 When a third chap cam wi' grinning face,  
 My patience quite to try out,  
 And bellowed out wi' strange grimace,  
 'Oh!—There you go with your eye out.'  
 Ri tooral loo, &c.

What all the world says must be true,  
 To me it seems quite funn-y,  
 When I left home I'm sure I'd two,  
 Tho' now it seems but one eye,  
 As those who will not see, are none  
 So blind—I've heard folks cry out,  
 Now tho' I see folk every one,  
 Still bawl that I've an eye out.  
 Ri tooral loo, &c.

T' account for this affair, egad!  
 It cost my brain much trouble;  
 And I thought I must be drunk or mad,  
 If drunk, I did see double:  
 So the next that bawl'd I black'd his face,  
 And made his eye soon fly out:  
 So I cried with a better grace,  
 'There you go with your eye out.'  
 Ri tooral loo, &c.

But now of Lannun town I'm sick,  
 So I'll from Cockney talk sheer,  
 And take this speech that's quite the kick.  
 Wi' me now back to Yorkshire

To wed me, Dolly waits, d'ye mind,  
 So to her I will cry out—  
 For she loves me, and love is blind—  
 'Oh!—There you go with your eye out.'  
 Ri tooral loo, &c.

### CANST THOU LOVE ME MARY?

CANST thou love me, Mary?  
 Wilt thou love me, Mary?  
 Didst thou love me, Mary?  
 Blest I'd be!  
 Nae greater gift can Heav'n bestow,  
 Thou art sae dear to me.  
 Canst thou love me, Mary, &c.  
 Thou hast stown my heart, O Mary dear,  
 With thy bewitching e'e,  
 And tho' a lowly cottage maid,  
 Thou'rt a' the world to me!  
 Canst thou love me, &c.  
 When first the moon peeps o'er the hill,  
 This night O steal to me,  
 And by two dazzling stars, thy e'en,  
 I swear I'll wedded be.  
 Canst thou love me, &c.

### YOU ARE ALL MY EYE TO ME.

Mrs. FANNY, you may chatter,  
 And toss up your head so high;  
 That a pin I do not matter,  
 You're no better, faith, than I;  
 You may frown and you may spurn, too,  
 Talk about gentility;  
 Yea, and up your nose may turn too,  
 That is all my eye to me.

Sweethearts I can have, as pretty  
 As yourself, that's clear enough,  
 Susan, Polly, Jane, and Kitty,  
 So you needn't look so bluff ;  
 Margaret for me is dying,  
 Bouncing Bet would married be,  
 Don't you think for you I'm crying,  
 That is all my eye to me.

Let me tell you Mrs. Fanny,  
 Soon your pride will fall to dirt,  
 I would sooner have my granny,  
 Than I'd marry such a flirt ;  
 You may seek again to shake me,  
 With your smiles decked out you see  
 If you do the devil take me,  
 You are all my eye to me.

### NOBODY COMES TO MARRY ME.

Last night the dogs did bark,  
 I went to the gate to see,  
 When ev'ry lass had her spark  
 But nobody comes to me.

And its oh ! dear what will become of me ?  
 Oh ! dear what shall I do ?  
 Nobody coming to marry me,  
 Nobody coming to woo.

My father's an hedger and ditcher,  
 My mother does nothing but spin ;  
 And I am a pretty young girl,  
 But the money comes slowly in.  
 And its oh ! dear, &c.

They say I am beauteous and fair,  
 They say I am scornful and proud ;  
 Alas ! I must now despair,  
 For, ah ! I am grown very old,  
 And its oh ! dear, &c.

And now I must die an old maid :  
Oh ! dear, how shocking the thought !  
And all my beauty must fade,  
But I'm sure it is not my fault.  
And its oh ! dear, &c.

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### WHAT CAN A LASSIE DO ?

YOUNG Jemmy's ganging after me,  
The live-long day and night ;  
And always kissing too is he,  
When Father's out of sight ;  
But dinna, lad, be teasing so,  
For this I'll tell you true,  
If thou art ever pleasing so,  
What can a lassie do ?

He shanna mair be pressing me,  
Its muckle truth, I vow ;  
Nor shall he be caressing me,  
As sure he did just now ;  
And so I'll tell him when we meet  
I winna hear his lo'e ;  
For when a laddie is so sweet,  
What can a lassie do ?

I wonder where the youth can be  
Ah ! whither can he stray ?  
But that is surely nought to me,  
So let him keep away ;  
For shou'd he tell his wily tale,  
And want to buckle to,  
I really think he would prevail--  
What can a lassie do ?  
(Ah ! what indeed !)  
What can a lassie do ?

## SHE LOVED, AND LOVED SINCERELY.

THE tear that pearled my Clara's cheek,  
 And dewed the rose of beauty,  
 In glist'ning rapture seemed to speak,  
 How high it priz'd the duty ;  
 And, ere the drop dissolved away,  
 From where it clung so dearly,  
 The matchless maid was heard to say,—  
 She loved, and loved sincerely.

The blush that crimsoned Clara's face,  
 Her every look adorning,  
 Gave softening sweetness to each grace  
 Like sun-tints of the morning !  
 But sweeter to the trembling heart,  
 That beats for her so dearly,  
 To hear my Clara's tongue impart—  
 She loved, and loved sincerely.



## THE STREAMLET.

THE streamlet that flow'd round her cot,  
 All the charms of my Emily knew ;  
 How oft has its course been forgot,  
 While it paus'd her dear image to view.  
 Believe me, the fond silver tide,  
 Knew from whence it deriv'd its fair prize ;  
 For, silently swelling with pride,  
 It reflected her back to the skies.

## SEE THE ROSY MORN.

SEE the rosy morn, appearing,  
 Paints with gold the chimney tops,  
 Housemaids now for work preparing,  
 Gaily twirl their snow-white maps.

Watchmen their last hour proclaiming,  
 Tetter homewards half asleep,  
 Whilst the millmaids, loudly screaming,  
 Sing darts with扫 he ! sweep !

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### ELIZA.

ELIZA was the loveliest maid  
 That e'er was caught in Falshood's snare ;  
 A modest blush her cheeks array'd,  
 And Virtue stamp'd her image there :  
 No dame of the Sylvan scene,  
 With her in beauty could compare,  
 And every shepherd round the green,  
 Declar'd her fairest of the fair.

A baron's son of high degree,  
 (Beneath whose smile did Falshood dwell)  
 The Fair Eliza chanc'd to see,  
 And love he counterfeited well.  
 As oft they stray'd along the vale,  
 He vow'd from her he ne'er would part ;  
 She listen'd to his faithless tale,  
 And gave him all her virgin heart.

But soon the hapless maiden found  
 Her ruin 'twas alone he sought ;  
 Oh ! then she sank upon the ground,  
 In all the agony of thought.  
 The roses fled her dimpled cheek,  
 Loud to the passing winds she sigh'd,  
 Heart-broken, but resign'd and meek—  
 With grief the fair Eliza died.

---

### PADDY O'NEAL.

Ye sons of Hibernia, who smag on dry land,  
 Round a sparkling turf fire, with whisky in hand,

Ne'er think on the dangers attending the boys,  
 Who are fighting your battles thro' nonsense and noise.  
 To Dublin I went, that damnable place,  
 A spalpeen came up, and he swore to my face,  
 He call'd for the prumgang, they came without fail,  
 And they neck and heels tied me poor Paddy O'Neal.  
 Tol loo ral lal loo, &c.

Away to the tender they made me repair,  
 Of tenderness devil a morsel was there;  
 I roar'd and I curs'd, but it did not avail,  
 And down in the cellar cram'd Paddy O'Neal.  
 They call'd up all hands, hands and feet soon obey'd,  
 I wish'd myself home cutting turf with my spade,  
 The first thing I saw made my courage to fail,  
 'Twas a large floating castle for Paddy O'Neal.  
 Tol loo ral lal loo, &c.

I let go my hands to hold fast by my toes,  
 The ship took a rowl, and away my head goes,  
 I fell in the water, and splash'd like a whale,  
 And with boat-hooks they fish'd up poor Paddy O'  
 Neal.

For a bed they'd a sack hung as high as my chin,  
 They call'd it a hammock, and bid me get in,  
 I laid hould, took a leap, but my footing being frail,  
 I swung me clean over, poor Paddy O'Neal.  
 Tol loo ral lal loo, &c.

'Up hammocks, down chests!' the boatswain did  
 bawl,

'There's a French ship in sight!' tender, an' nuns, is  
 that all?

To a gun I was station'd, they uncover'd her tail,  
 And the leading-strings gave to poor Paddy O'Neal.  
 The captain cries, 'England and Ireland, my boys'  
 Oh! when he mention'd Ireland, my heart made  
 a noise,

I clapp'd fire on my back, while I held by her tail,  
 The damn'd devil got out, and threw Paddy O'Neal.  
 Tol loo ral lal loo, &c.

So we leather'd away, by my soul, hob or nob,  
 Till the Frenchman gave up what he thought a bad  
 job ;  
 To tie him behind a strong cord we did bring,  
 And we led him along like a pig in a string.  
 Peace now is return'd, but should war come again,  
 By the piper of Leinster ! I'd venture a main,  
 Returning, I'd tell you fine folks such a tale,  
 That you'd laugh till you cry at poor Paddy O'Neal.

### THE BIRDS ARE SINGING SWEET, MY LOVE.

THE birds are singing sweet, my love ;  
 The flowers are fresh and gay ;  
 All nature shining forth, my love ;  
 For 'tis the month of May.  
 The bells are ringing sweet, my love,  
 Yet ev'ry thing looks drear ;  
 I ask my heart it says my love,  
 That Agnes is not here.

Then open the window, sweet my love,  
 On this auspicious day ;  
 And when my eyes behold my love,  
 I'll welcome in the May,  
 The sun is rising now, my love,  
 And joyous darts his rays,  
 While trembling zephyrs seem, my love,  
 To join in Nature's praise.

### THE MAIDEN I LOVE.

THE maiden I love is the theme of my lay,  
 She is blooming and fair as the morn just began,  
 Her eyes soft and bright as the sun-beam of day,  
 And her ringlets like dark clouds that curl round  
 the sun.

Like heaven's own light, when heaven is most bright,  
 Her smiles such a brilliancy every where throw ;  
 In the depth of her eyes a divinity lies,  
 And a god seems to dwell on her beautiful brow.  
 Such, such is the maiden I live to adore,  
 And I prize her the wealth of the world above ;  
 I have told her—I've sworn all this o'er and o'er,  
 Yet she smiles on my sorrow and not on my love.  
 The hope of my heart may in sadness depart,  
 While it beats it will cherish her memory still,  
 Though its efforts may die, and its best feelings lie,  
 Like the ocean round Hecla, eternally still.

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### WHEN THY BOSOM.

WHEN thy bosom heaves a sigh,  
 When the tear o'erflows thine eye,  
 May sweet hope afford relief,  
 Cheer thy heart and calm thy grief.  
 So the tender flower appears  
 Drooping wet with morning tears,  
 Till the sun-beam's genial ray  
 Chases the heavy dew away.

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### THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY TEE-TOTALIST.

JOHN JONES was a farmer, and highly respectable,  
 Always in spirits, and never dejectable ;  
 One of those men who would never annoy himself,  
 But o'er his pipe and his glass would enjoy himself.  
 Ever found sober, disliking all dizziness—  
 Rising each morn with a clear head for business ;  
 He honour'd his king, as he loved to be national,  
 And lived like a being disposed to be rational.



This proves his rank folly—from nature he caught a rub,  
 Through changing his stomach clean into a water-tub.  
 Since good liquor doubtless was sent for our uses,  
 To gladden our hearts, while we shun its abuses—  
 May each tee-totalist freeze until ice he's a lump of,  
 For a man who drinks water I'd have made a pump of.

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### BONNIE JEANIE GRAY.

O WHAR was ye sae late yestreen,  
 My bonnie Jeanie Gray?  
 Your mither miss'd you late at e'en,  
 And eke at break o' day.  
 Your mither look'd sae sour and sad,  
 Your faither dull and wae—  
 O whar was ye sae late yestreen,  
 My bonnie Jeanie Gray?  
 Your mither look'd, &c.

Dear sister sit ye down by me,  
 And let naeboddy ken,  
 For I hae promis'd late yestreen,  
 To wed young Jamie Glen.  
 The melting tear stood in his e'e—  
 What heart could say him nay?  
 As aft he vow'd, through life  
 I'm thine, my bonnie Jeanie Gray.  
 The melting tear, &c.

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### COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE.

If a body meet a body comin' through the rye,  
 If a body kiss a body, need a body cry?  
 Every lassie has her laddie,  
 Nane, they say, ha'e I;

Yet a' the lads they smile at me  
 When comin' through the rye.  
 Among the train there is a swain  
 I dearly lo'e mysel' ;  
 But whare his hame, or what his name,  
 I dinna care to tell.

If a body meet a body comin' frae the town,  
 If a body greet a body, need a body frown ?  
 Every lassie has her laddie ;  
 Nane, they say, ha'e I ;  
 Yet a' the lads they smile at me  
 When comin' through the rye.  
 Among the train there is a swain  
 I dearly lo'e mysel' ;  
 But whare his hame, or what his name,  
 I dinna care to tell.

### I'M OWRE YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

I'm owre young, I'm owre young,  
 I'm owre young to marry yet,  
 I'm owre young, 'twould be a sin  
 To tak me frae my mammy yet ;  
 I am my mammy's ain bairn,  
 Nor of my hame am weary yet,  
 And I would have ye learn, lads,  
 That ye for me must tarry yet.  
 For I'm owre young, &c.

I'm owre young, I'm owre young,  
 I'm owre young to marry yet,  
 I'm owre young, 'twould be a sin  
 To tak me frae my mammy yet ;  
 For I hae had my ain way,  
 Nane dare to contradict me yet,  
 So soon to say I wad obey,  
 In truth I darena venture yet.  
 For I'm owre young, &c.

## WHEN TIME HATH BEREFT THEE.

WHEN time hath bereft thee of charms now divine,  
And youth shall have left thee, nor beauty be thine ;  
When the roses shall vanish that circle thee now,  
And the thorn thou wouldst banish shall press on thy  
brow,

In the hour of thy sadness thou'lt think upon me,  
But the thought shall be madness, deceiver to thee.

When he who could turn thee from virtue and fame,  
Shall leave thee, and spurn thee, to sorrow and shame ;  
When by him, thus requited, thy brain shall be stung ;  
Thy hopes shall be blighted, thy bosom be wrung,  
In the depth of thy sadness, thou'lt think then on me ;  
But that thought shall be madness, deceiver to thee.

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## T'WAS MERRY IN THE HALL.

Our ancient English melodies,  
Are banish'd out of doors,  
And nothing's heard in modern days,  
But Signoras and Signora.  
Such airs I hate  
Like a pig in a gate,  
Give me the good old strain,  
When 'twas merry in the hall,  
The beards wagg'd all,  
We shall never see the like again,  
We shall never see the like again.

On beds of down our dandies lay,  
And waste the cheerful morn,  
While our squares of old would reuse the day  
With the sound of the bugle horn ;  
And their wives took care  
The feast to prepare,

For when they left the plain,  
Oh ! 'twas merry in the hall,  
The beards wagg'd all,  
We shall never see the like again,  
We shall never see the like again.

'Twas then the Christmas tale was told  
Of goblin, ghost, or fairy,  
And they cheer'd the hearts of the tenants old  
With a cup of good canary.  
And they each took a smack  
Of the cold black jack,  
Till the fire burn'd in each brain ;  
Oh ! 'twas merry in the hall,  
The beards wagg'd all,  
May we soon see the like again,  
May we soon see the like again.

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### THE MOUNTAIN MAID.

THE mountain maid from her bower has hied,  
And sped to the glassy river's side,  
Where the radiant moon shone clear and bright,  
And the willows waved in the silver light,  
On a mossy bank lay a shepherd swain,  
He woke his pipe to a tuneful strain,  
And so blithely gay were the notes he play'd,  
That he charm'd the ear of the mountain maid.

She stopp'd with timid fear oppress'd,  
While a soft sigh swells her gentle breast,  
He caught her glance and mark'd her sigh,  
And triumph laugh'd in his sparkling eye,  
So softly sweet was his tuneful ditty,  
He charm'd her tender soul to pity,  
And so blithely gay were the notes he play'd,  
That he gain'd the heart of the mountain maid.

## A FAMOUS MAN WAS ROBIN HOOD.

A FAMOUS man was Robin Hood,  
 The English ballad-singer's joy,  
 But Scotland has a chief as good,  
 She has, she has her bold Rob Roy!

A dauntless heart Macgregor shows,  
 And wondrous length and strength of arm,  
 He long has quell'd his Highland foes,  
 And kept, and kept his friends from harm.  
 A famous man, &c.

His daring mood protects him still,  
 For this the robber's simple plan,  
 That they should take who have the will,  
 And they, and they should keep who can.  
 A famous man, &c.

And while Rob Roy is free to rove,  
 In summer's heat and winter's snow,  
 The eagle he is lord above,  
 And Rob, and Rob is lord below.  
 A famous man, &c.

## KELVIN GROVE.

LET us haste to Kelvin Grove, bonnie lassie, O,  
 Thro' its mazes let us rove, bonnie lassie, O;  
 Where the rose, in all her pride,  
 Paints the hollow dingle side,  
 Where the midnight fairies glide, bonnie lassie, O,  
 Let us wander by the mill, bonnie lassie, O,  
 To the cove beside the rill, bonnie lassie, O;  
 Where the glens rebound the call  
 Of the lofty water-fall,  
 Thro' the mountain's rocky hall, bonnie lassie, O.

Tho' I dare not call thee mine, bonnie lassie, O,  
As the smile of fortune's thine, bonnie lassie, O,  
Yet was fortune on my side,  
I could stay thy father's pride,  
And might win thee for my bride, bonnie lassie, O.  
For the frowns of fortune lower, bonnie lassie, O,  
On thy lover at this hour, bonnie lassie, O ;  
Ere the golden orb of day  
Wakes the warblers on the spray,  
From this land I must away, bonnie lassie, O.  
Then farewell to Kelvin Grove, bonnie lassie, O,  
And adieu to all I love, bonnie lassie, O,—  
To the river winding clear,  
To the fragrant scented brier,  
Ev'n to thee, of all most dear, bonnie lassie, O.  
And when on a distant shore, bonnie lassie, O,  
Should I fall, midst battle's roar, bonnie lassie, O,  
Wilt thou, Ellen, when you hear  
Of thy lover on his bier,  
To his memory shed a tear, bonnie lassie, O ?

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### WHEN FIRST HE WOO'D AND WON MY LOVE.

WHEN first he woo'd and won my love,  
How sweetly pass'd the time away !  
I little thought those hours would prove  
Like sunshine on an April day.  
But soon the light of joy was o'er,  
And clouded every hope of bliss,  
And love and fortune smil'd no more,  
And sad was then our parting kiss.  
But the clouds are gone,  
And the sun will shine,  
And the merry bells ring,  
When my love is mine. --

Oh, had he been a shepherd swain,  
The tenant of some lowly cot ;  
How blest with him to share again,  
In peace and joy my humble lot !  
We ne'er had felt the storms of life,  
When shelter'd in a home like this ;  
We ne'er had suffered care or strife,  
Nor sad had been our parting kiss,  
But the clouds, &c.

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### JULIO TOLD ME WHEN WE PARTED.

JULIO told me when we parted,  
Nought but death should cause his stay ;  
To mine eye a tear had started,  
Julio kiss'd the drop away.  
Autumn winds now chill my dwelling :  
'Twas in spring I lost my dear ;  
'Grief afresh mine eye is swelling,  
But no kiss imbibes the tear.  
With the flowers that Julio planted,  
Oft I dress the vacant chair ;  
Stand before it, gaze enchanted,—  
Gaze, and think my rover there.  
Oft the kiss he gave at parting,  
Midnight sleep returns to cheer ;  
But too soon my senses starting,  
Love the kiss to find the tear.

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### SOFTLY SLEEP, MY BABY BOY.

O SOFTLY sleep, my baby boy,  
Rock'd by the mountain wind :  
Thou dream'st not of a lover false,  
Nor of a world unkind.

O softly sleep, my baby boy,  
Thy mother guards thy rest :  
Thy fairy clasp, my little boy,  
Shall soothe her aching breast.

Wake, wake and smile, my baby boy,  
My heavy heart to cheer ;  
The wint'ry blast howls o'er the hill,  
The leaf grows red and sear.

O tell me, tell me, baby boy,  
How shall I bear thy cry,  
When hunger gnaws thy little heart,  
And death lights on thine eye ?

Oh ! was it meet, my baby boy,  
That thou such weird should'st dree ?  
Sweet heaven, forgive thy father false,  
His wrongs to thee and me.

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### SAY, CAN A MAIDEN'S HEART REFUSE.

SAY, can a maiden's heart refuse,  
Her young affection to accord,  
When fond, a tender lover sues  
To reign her bosom's dearest lord ?  
Oh never, never no.

But not till reason shall approve,  
The object I must still adore,  
I never will confess I love ;  
Ah ! tell me can a maid do more.  
Oh never, never no.

Ah ! why are youthful maidens form'd  
So tender, yielding, but to love ?  
To hearts, with ardent passions warm'd,  
Say can they cold and ingrate prove.  
Oh never, never no.

True love is Beauty's richest bliss,  
The dearest joy that life can give,  
Woman in love an angel is,  
Unloving, she should never live.  
Oh never, never no.

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### THE NIGHT HAS FLED.

THE night has fled, the morning dawns,  
The stag bounds o'er his native lawns,  
And while each zephyr's on the wing,  
He seeks the soft translucent spring ;  
Then strides, with heart devoid of pain,  
Along the verdant, flow'ry plain.

But, hark ! with echoing, noisy clack,  
Behind him comes the panting pack ;  
He starts and turns with fearless mien,  
As the advancing troop are seen ;  
And now, with dignified disdain,  
He slowly moves across the plain.

Yet soon he finds his foes draw near,  
And stern contempt gives way to fear ;  
Concealment's arts at first he tries,  
Discover'd soon, he swiftly flies,  
And with such force each nerve doth strain,  
He scarcely seems to touch the plain.

Still trembling beast ! he's doom'd to find,  
The persevering pack behind ;  
Nearer the horrid noise he hears,  
Whilst ten-fold terrors fill his fears,  
He finds his utmost speed in vain,  
And droops dejected on the plain.

Soon the fierce hounds approach their prey,  
Who nobly tries their force to bay ;

But from his breast burst bitter sighs,  
 And streaming tears bedew his eyes,  
 Round him fast flock the hunting train,  
 And death seems hovering o'er the plain.

But mercy does her mandate give,  
 And bids the dappled victim live ;  
 The disappointed dogs retire,  
 A whip has quickly cool'd their ire,  
 While the poor stag, reliev'd from pain,  
 Once more in peace stalk o'er the plain.

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### WHISTLE AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

Oh ! whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,  
 Oh ! whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,  
 Though father, and mother, and a' should go mad,  
 Oh ! whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent when ye come to court me,  
 An' come na unless the back yet be a-gee,  
 Syne up the back style, and let nae body see,  
 An' come up as ye war na' comin to me.  
 Oh ! whistle, &c.

At kirk, or at market, where'er ye meet me,  
 Gang by me as though that ye car'd na' a flea ;  
 But steal me a blink o' your bonny black e'e,  
 Yet look as ye were na' a looking at me.  
 Oh ! whistle, &c.

Ay, vow and protest that ye care na' for me,  
 And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a-wee ;  
 But court nae anither, though joking ye be,  
 For fear that she wiles your fancy frae me.  
 Oh ! whistle, &c.

## THE LITERARY DUSTMAN.

SOME folks may boast of sense, egad,  
 Vot holds a lofty station ;  
 But though a dustman, I have had  
 A lib'ral heducation.

And though I never went to school,  
 Like many of my betters,  
 A turnpike man, vot varn't no fool,  
 He larnt me all my letters.

They calls me Adam Bell, 'tis clear,  
 As Adam vos the fust man,  
 And by a co-in-side-ance queer,  
 Vy, I'm the fust of dustmen,  
 Vy, I'm the fust of dustmen !

At sartin schools they make boys write  
 Their alphabet on sand, sirs ;  
 So I thought dust would do as vell,  
 And larnt it out of hand, sirs ;  
 Took in the Penny Magazine,  
 And Johnson's Dixtionary,  
 And all the other peri-o-di-cals,  
 To make me literary.

They calls, &c.

My dawning genius fust did peep  
 Near Battle-bridge, 'tis plain, sirs,  
 You recollect the cinder heap  
 Vot stood in Gray's Inn Lane, sirs ?  
 'Twas there I studied pic-turesques,  
 While I my bread was yearnin ;  
 And there inhalin' the fresh breeze,  
 I sifted out my laruin !

They calls, &c.

Then Mrs. Bell, 'twixt you and I,  
 Would melt a heart of stone, sirs,  
 To hear her pussy's wittals cry,  
 In such a barrow tone, sirs.

My darters all take arter her,  
 In grace and figure easy ;  
 They larns to sing, and as they're fat,  
 I has 'em taught by Grisi !  
 They calls, &c.

Ve dines at four, and arter that  
 I smokes a mild Awanna,  
 Or gives a lesson to the lad  
 Upon the grand pianna.  
 Or vith the gals valk a quodrilie,  
 Or takes a cup of cof-ee ;  
 Or if I feels fatig'd or ill,  
 I lounges on the sophy !  
 They calls, &c.

Or arter dinner read a page  
 Of Valter Scott or Byron—  
 Or Mr. Shikspur, on the stage,  
 Subjects none can tire on.  
 At night ve toddles to the play,  
 But not to gallery attic,  
 Drury Lane's the time o' day,  
 And quite aristocratic.  
 They calls, &c.

I means to buy my eldest son  
 A commission in the Lancers,  
 And make my darters every one,  
 Accomplish'd Hopra dancers.  
 Great sculptors all conwaree wI' ma,  
 And call my taste diwine, sirs ;  
 King George's statty at King's Cross  
 Was built from my design, sirs !  
 They calls, &c.

or on,  
 irs ;

, sirs ?

Yet when I sit in Parli'ment,  
 In old Sin Stephen's College,  
 I means to take, 'tis my intent,  
 The "taxes off o' knowledge."  
 They calls me Adam Bell, 'tis true,  
 'Cause Adam was the fust man—  
 I'm sure it's wery plain to you,  
 I'm a literary dustman !

### NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

AND are ye sure the news is true ?  
 And are ye sure he's weel ?  
 Is this a time to talk o' wark ?  
 Mak haste, set by your wheel !  
 Is this a time to talk o' wark,  
 When Colin's at the door ?  
 Gie me my cloak, I'll to the quay,  
 And see him come ashore.

For there's nae luck about the house,  
 There's nae luck ava ;  
 There's little pleasure in the house,  
 When our gudeman's awa.

Rise up and mak a clean fireside,  
 Put on the meikle pot ;  
 Gie little Kate her cotton gown,  
 And Jock his Sunday's coat :  
 And mak their shoon as black as slaes,  
 Their hose as white as snaw ;  
 It's a' to please my ain gudeman,  
 For he's been lang awa.  
 For there's nae luck, &c.

There are twa hens upon the bank,  
 They've fed this month and mair ;  
 Mak haste and thraw their necks about,  
 That Colin weel may fare :

And spread the table neat and clean,  
Gar ilka thing look braw ;  
It's a' for love o' my gudeman  
For he's been lang awa.  
For there's nae luck, &c.

O gie me down my bigoneta,  
My bishop-eatin gown ;  
For I maun tell the Bailie's wife,  
That Colin's come to town :  
My Sunday shoon they maun gae on,  
My hose o' pearl blue,  
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,  
For he's baith leal and true.  
For there's nae luck, &c.

See true's his word, see smooth's his speech,  
His breath's like caller air,  
His very foot has music in't,  
When he comes up the stair.  
And will I see his face again ?  
And will I hear him speak ?  
I'm downright dizzay wi' the thought ;  
In troth, I'm like to greet.  
For there's nae luck, &c.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,  
That thrill'd thro' my heart,  
They're a' blawn by, I have him safe,  
Till death we'll never part :  
But what pits parting in my head ;  
It may be far awa ;  
The present moment is our ain,  
The naist we never saw.  
For there's nae luck, &c.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,  
I hae na mair to crave ;  
Could I but live to mak him blest,  
I'm blest aboon the lave ;

And will I see his face again ?  
 And will I hear him speak ?  
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought ;  
 In troth, I'm like to greet.  
     For there's nae luck, &c.

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### IN MY COTTAGE NEAR A WOOD.

In my cottage near a wood,  
 Love and Rosa now are mine ;  
 Rosa, ever fair and good,  
 Charm me with those smiles of thine  
 Rosa, partner of my life,  
 Thee alone my heart shall prize ;  
 Thou the tender friend and wife,  
 Ah ! too swift life's current flies.

Linger yet, ye moments stay,  
 Why so rapid is your wing ?  
 Whither would ye haste away ?  
 Stay and hear my Rosa sing.  
 Love and you still bless my cot,  
 Fortune's frowns are for our good ;  
 May we live by pride forgot,  
 In our cottage near a wood.

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### SUCH A GENIUS I DID GROW.

WHEN a very little boy,  
 They sent me first to school,  
 My master said, though least of all  
 I was the biggest fool.  
     Such a genius I did grow.

They tried with cakes and cunning  
To put learning in my head ;  
But I ne'er could tell which was great A,  
Or which was crooked Zed.  
Such a genius, &c.

Arithmetic it puzzl'd me ;  
But as my knowledge grew,  
I soon found out that one and one,  
When added up, made two.  
Such a genius, &c.

A great musician I became,  
And, as the people said,  
Upon the grinding organ  
Most delightfully I play'd.  
Such a genius, &c.

Upon my travels I set out,  
The English folks to see,  
And I found that they had arms and legs,  
And head and all, like me.  
Such a genius, &c.

The Lord Mayor and the Aldermen  
My absence did require—  
They sent me home, for fear that I  
Should set the Thames on fire.  
Such a genius, &c.

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### BELIEVE ME TRUE.

O YES, believe, believe me true,  
Though falsehood's tongue our loves would sever,  
The world must change ere I from you,  
And every pulse be cold for ever.

O yes, believe, believe me true,  
Though friends to part us may endeavour,  
The breast, fond breast, that throbs for you,  
Can leave thee, dearest, leave thee never.  
O then believe, believe me true,  
Let come what may, I'll love thee ever ;  
While life is mine I live for you,  
And nought but death our hearts can sever.

---

### HARK ! THE HOLLOW WOODS RESOUNDING.

HARK ! the hollow woods resounding.  
With the joyful hunter's cry,  
See the stag o'er hedges bounding  
Now proclaims that they are nigh.  
Now the hounds the stag approaching,  
Now the huntsmen doth appear,  
On his swiftness they're encroaching,  
He distracted runs with fear.  
Now the stag himself defending  
With his antlers, but in vain,  
For his trembling limbs are bending,  
Weakened with distracting pain.  
Now their pleasure it is ending,  
And the tears flow from his eyes ;  
Now no more for life contending,  
Plunging forward, falls and dies.

---

### MY HEART IS WITH THEE.

BELOVED of my soul, though this moment is bringing,  
The feelings of sad disappointment to me,  
Still hope, smiling hope, in my bosom is springing,  
Still absent or present my heart is with thee ;

In crowds, in seclusions, thou still art before me,  
 Each hour in the day, thy lov'd image I see,  
 And the slumber of night to thy presence restores me,  
 For then I am blest with dear visions of thee.

Though destiny, love, may compel us to sever,  
 Our thoughts are not bound by the cruel decree,  
 My fond faithful heart shall be with us for ever,  
 And cling with unceasing devotion to thee.  
 And even when life's vital pulse is retreating,  
 Think, think not the heart can a wanderer be,  
 Its last dying throb, and its last feeble beating,  
 Shall sigh forth its ardent affections for thee.



### AT THE DEAD OF NIGHT.

At the dead of the night, when by whiskey inspir'd,  
 And pretty Kitty Flannigan my bosom had fir'd,  
 I tapp'd at her window, when thus she began,  
 Oh ! what the devil are you at ? begone, you naughty  
 man.

I gave her a look, as sly as a thief,  
 Or when hungry I'd view a fine sirloin of beef :  
 My heart is red hot, says I, but cold is my skin,  
 So, pretty Mistress Flannigan, oh, won't you let me in ?  
 She open'd the door, I sat down by the fire,  
 And soon was reliev'd from the wet, cold, and mire ;  
 And I pleas'd her so mightily, that long ere 'twas day,  
 I stole poor Kitty's tender heart, and so tripp'd away,

### COME WITH ME, I'LL ROW THEE O'ER.

On ! come with me, I'll row thee o'er yon blue and  
 peaceful sea,  
 And while I gently ply the oar renew my vows to thee ;

I'll bid thee gaze beneath thee, on each reflected star,  
Then think my soul reflects thee, more true, but  
brighter far.

Then come with me, &c.

Oh, could I count the stars above the wild wave's  
ceaseless swell,

My deep, my pure, my boundless love to thee I could  
not tell,

As soon the stars forget to rise, the waves shall cease  
to flow,

Ere my fond heart forgets its sighs or cease to love  
thee, no.

Then come with me, &c. &c.

## OH, WAS I TO BLAME TO LOVE HER.

Oh, was I to blame to love her ?

Oh, was I to blame to love her ?

So gentle, so kind, I could not be blind,

I am not to blame to love her.

My heart it may break with sorrow,

My heart it may break with sorrow ;

'Tis lost for her sake, no complaints will I make,

Tho' my heart it may break with sorrow.

Oh, saw you yon tree's sweet blossom,

Oh, saw you yon tree's sweet blossom,

Like me in thy sight, I will fade with the blight,

Oh, blame not my love but the blossom.

Oh, pride of my heart, I love thee,

Oh, pride of my heart, I love thee,

The zephyrs, the sky, may change, but not I,

Oh, blame not this heart 'cause it loves thee.

## YES I'M IN LOVE, I FEEL.

Yes, I'm in love, I feel it now,  
And Celia has undone me ;  
But yet I swear I can't tell how  
The pleasing plague stole on me.

'Tis not her face that love creates,  
For there no graces revel ;  
'Tis not her shape, for there the fates  
Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis not her air, for sure in that  
There's nothing more than common ;  
And all her sense is only chat  
Like any other woman.

Her voice, her touch might give th' alarm,  
'Twas both, perhaps, or neither ;  
In short, 'twas that provoking charm  
Of Celia altogether.

---

## FORGET THEE.

Forget thee !—in my banquet hall  
Go ask my fellow men ;  
Or ask the tear that secret falls,  
If I forget thee then.  
The midnight hours, with song and wine,  
I ever shar'd with thee ;  
The midnight hours, they still are thine,  
And fatal memory !

Forget thee !—in the mirthful dance,  
There steals some eye's bright ray,  
Like thine—that makes me with its glance  
Turn swift in tears away.

Go ask my minstrels, when they breathe  
 The verse the poet's pen  
 With each Parnassian sweet hath wreath'd,  
 If I forget thee then.

Forget thee!—Oh, there is but *one*  
 Could from my memory chase  
 Each sweet charm I've gazed upon,  
 Each softly winning grace.  
 To be that one's, my first, first vow,  
 I pledg'd with infant breath,  
 And he comes to demand me now,  
 Thy rival, love—is *death*!

Forget thee!—when my funeral urn  
 Thy tearful gaze shall meet,  
 And censers of aroma burn,  
 Exhaling at my feet:  
 When winds and storms careering sweep  
 Unheeded o'er my breast,  
 And cypress waves—then turn and weep,  
 And own my love's at rest!

## DO YOU EVER THINK ON ME, PEG?

Do you ever think on me, Peg?  
 Do you ever think on me;  
 When I'm in the kitchen cooking,  
 Calipash and Calipee?  
 When the pork is on the fire,  
 And the sausage in the pan;  
 Do you think I can forget thee, love,  
 Oh, no, I never can!

Then, do you, &c.

When a corn is on your toe, dear,  
 Which with plaster you are healing,  
 Do you ever think on me, Peg,  
 When potatoes I am peeling?

Oh, I shall ne'er forget thee, love,  
 While I can twirl a mop ;  
 Or cook a steak with oyster sauce,  
 Or broil a mutton chop !

Then, do you, &c.

### BLOW, GENTLE GALES.

Blow, gentle gales, and on your wing  
 Our long-expected succours bring ;  
 Look, look again—'tis all in vain.  
 Lo behold a pennant waving :  
 'Tis the sea-bird's pinions laving  
 Hark ! a signal fills the air,  
 'Tis the beetling rock resounding,  
 'Tis the hollow wave rebounding,  
 Wild as our hope, and deep as our despair.

### THE WERRY LAST OF DUSTMEN.

You've all heard tell of Adam Bell,  
 And of Adam being the first man,  
 Of course 'tis so—you all well know,  
 That Adam was made of dust, man.  
 Now in those rhymes of bygone times,  
 They've spoken of their larning ;  
 'Twas werry well of Adam Bell,  
 He had so much discarning.  
 It's all U. P. with us, d'ye see,  
 My bell's quite full of rest, man ;  
 The reason know, there's no dust O,  
 And I'm the last of dustmen—  
 The werry last of dustmen.

Those times are gone, when in the morn,  
 'Fore breakfast got a cart full,  
 Ve homeward go, and cry 'ga ve !'  
 Vith empty cart, but heart full.  
 The reason's clear, and 'tis this here,  
 Folk's now can't 'ford to burn coals,  
 Then coorse you know it must be so,  
 There's no dust in their dust-holes.

It's all U. P. &c.

Poor chimley sweeps, for whom I weeps,  
 Mustn't soot be bawling,  
 So them you see, as vell as ve,  
 Are hingered in their calling.  
 And vot's the cause ? them precious laws,  
 Made by, they say, the first man ;  
 I tells you vot, an idee I've got,  
 That they're nothing more than dust, man.

It's all U. P. &c.

It's no use to go to the workhouse, oh !  
 Because they're so hard hearted ;  
 There's a rule I'm told, ven folks are old,  
 (Blow'd shame) they has 'em parted.  
 Sal would sooner die, and so would I,  
 Ve dont vant their bread and vater,  
 For me and chuck have always stuck  
 Together like bricks and mortar !

It's all U. P. &c.

Baked tater cans adopt new plans,  
 And with steam bake the taters ;  
 It isn't fair to sell such ware,  
 They does brown the spectators.  
 Oh, sad disgrace ! our useful race  
 Should be so on the wane, sir ;  
 Old ways decline, and dress so fine,  
 Oh, there's great cause to complain, sir.

It's all U. P. &c.

I'll prove to you, quite werry true,  
 Of nought but change folks dream, sir,  
 A precious joke! they burns the smoke,  
 And heats the room by steam, sir:  
 There's no chance d'ye see, 'twixt you and me,  
 To find a silver waiter;  
 The spoons they use they doesn't lose,  
 'Cause they're made now of Albata.  
It's all U. P. &c.

Then, oh, farewell! my rusty bell,  
 Since cruel fortune lashes;  
 I'll to the heap, and there I'll weep  
 Over my own black ashes,  
 My 'kerchief blue, and waistcoat too,  
 And you, my fan tail castor;  
 My gaiters tight, and stockings white,  
 Go seek another master.  
It's all U. P. &c.

### FOR HER SAILOR BRAVES THE DEEP

SAYS Ella to her love, "Remember,  
 Tho' doom'd to part, you constant view  
 That moon, which rises in such splendour—  
 I, too, will look and think of you;  
 Anxious Ella shall not sleep  
 Whilst her sailor braves the deep."  
 But most tempestuous is the weather,  
 And lovely Ella's wish is cross'd;  
 Vain her watching nights together—  
 Successive moons in clouds are lost,  
 Stormy winds the forests sweep,  
 Whilst her sailor braves the deep.  
 Swift to the shore she flies complaining,  
 The tempest to her pray'r is deaf;  
 When, lo! that orb she's so arraigning,  
 Shines forth, and shows her lover safe.

Now no more shall Ella weep,  
For her sailor braves the deep.

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### MY OWN DEAR SOMEBODY.

WERE I oblig'd to beg my bread,  
And had not where to lay my head,  
I'd creep where yonder herds are fed,  
And steal a look at Somebody ;

My own dear Somebody,  
My constant Somebody ;  
I'd creep where yonder herds are fed,  
And steal a look at Somebody.

When I'm laid low, and am at rest,  
And may be number'd with the blest,  
O may thy artless, feeling breast,  
Throb with regard for Somebody ;

Your own dear Somebody,  
Your constant Somebody ;  
Ah ! will you drop one pitying tear,  
And sigh for the lost Somebody.

But, should I ever live to see  
That form, so much ador'd by me,  
Then thou'lt reward my constancy,  
And I'll be blest with Somebody ;

My own dear Somebody.  
My constant Somebody ;  
Then shall my tears be dry'd by thee,  
And I'll be blest with Somebody.

---

### HAD I A HEART FOR FALSEHOOD FRAMED.

HAD I a heart for falsehood framed,  
I ne'er could injure you ;  
For though your tongue no promise claimed,  
Your charms would make me true ;

To you no soul shall bear deceit,  
No stranger offer wrong,  
But friends in all the aged you'll meet,  
And lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have blest,  
Another with your heart,  
They'll bid aspiring passion rest,  
And act a brother's part ;  
Then, lady, dread not here deceit,  
Nor fear to suffer wrong,  
For friends in all the aged you'll meet,  
And lovers in the young.

~~~~~

HIGHLAND MARY.

YE banks and braes, and streams around,
The Castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flow'rs,
Your waters never drumlie,
There simmer first unfaulds her robes,
And there they longest tarry :
And there I took the last fareweel,
Of my dear Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom ;
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me, and my dearie ;
For dear to me as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender,
And pledging aft to meet again,
We turn'd ourselves asunder.

But oh ! fell death's untimely frost,
 That nipt my flow'r so early ;
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
 That wraps my Highland Mary.

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
 I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly !
 And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance
 That dwelt on me sae kindly !
 And mouldering now in silent dust,
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly.
 But still within my bosom's core
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

~~~~~

## AND HAS SHE DISCHARGED THE SWEET YOUTH.

And has she discharged the sweet youth,  
 The dear little cook I adore ;  
 Shall I never again hear his voice,  
 Nor see that loved form any more ?  
 Ah, no no, I shall never see him more ?  
 Ah, no, &c.

Well-a-day for my cooky and me,  
 With the king I am quite in disgrace ;  
 Whilst, bereft of a character, he  
 Must wander in quest of a place.  
 And has he, &c.

~~~~~

WHEN FIRST LOVE CAME.

WHEN first love came to dwell on earth,
 A wicked rogue was he ;
 'Till heaven gave sweet marriage birth,
 That clipp'd his wings might be ;

With marriage join'd, love prov'd, they tell,
A sad and constant thing ;
Then if you'd chime in, sir, with Bell,
At church give her a ring !

When first love single rov'd the earth,
He frighten'd beauty's doves ;
But join'd with marriage—soon had birth,
A train of little loves.
Love, wild and free, is false as well,
'Tis marriage truth must bring ;
Then if you'd chime in, sir, with Bell,
At church give her a ring !

FARE THEE WELL

FARE thee well, and if for ever,
Still for ever fare thee well !
Even though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee can my heart rebel.
Would that breast were bared before thee,
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
Which thou ne'er canst know again.

Would that breast, by thee glanc'd over,
Every inmost thought might show,
Then thou would'st at length discover
'Twas not well to spurn it so.
But 'tis done, all words are idle,
Words from me are vainer still ?
But the thoughts we cannot bridle
Force their way against the will.

Fare thee well, thus disunited,
Torn from every nearer tie,
Scared in heart, and lone, and blighted,
More than this,—I scarce can die.

I'LL COME TO THEE.

I'll come to thee when evening grey,
Steals soft along the silent dale ;
When day in twilight melts away,
As dies soft music on the gale ;
When Sol behind the hill is set,
I'll haste across the lea, my love,
When with dew the flowers are wet,
Then, then I'll come to thee, my love !

And as the time on halcyon wings,
Flies swift away, we'll sweetly toy,
And deem that every moment brings
More near, the happy hours of joy.
Not till the orient east tells day
Is near, when thee and me, my love
Must part, and I must haste away,
I'll bid adieu to thee, my love !

I HEARD THY FATE WITHOUT A TEAR.

I HEARD thy fate without a tear,
Thy loss with scarce a sigh,
And yet thou wert surpassing dear—
Too loved of all to die.
I know not what hath seared mine eye,
The tears refused to start ;
But every drop its lips deny
Falls dreary on my heart.

Yes, deep and heavy, one by one,
They sink and turn to care :
As caverned waters wear the stone,
Yet dropping harden there.
They cannot petrify more fast
Than feeling's sunk remain,
Which, coldly fixed, regard the past,
But never melt again.

CONSENT, I READ LOVE IN THOSE EYES.

COME love, I pray don't say nay,
Let me kiss those lips divine :
My tongue's too weak my love to speak,
No passion e'er did equal mine.
Of all the world thee most I prize,
Consent I read love in those eyes
Lovely eyes, sweet blue eyes, &c.

Give loose to love, I'll never rove,
Ne'er from thee will I depart,
Pray then give ease, and with it peace,
To my almost broken heart.
Love like mine, it never dies,
Consent, I read love in those eyes.
Lovely eyes, sweet blue eyes, &c.

I'LL LOVE THEE SWEET FOR EVER.

WHAT tho' yon blossom's a tender flower,
Shall I despise thee—never.
Tho' fortune shines or sorrow pour,
I'll love thee sweet for ever.

And if you breathe the bitter sigh,
Or ever think of grief,
My heart would burst—or else 'twould die,
Till it had brought relief.

Then while I live I'll live to love,
I'll part with thee—oh never !
For while there is a heav'n above,
I'll love thee sweet for ever.

THE STAGE-STRUCK BARBER.

DICK FRIZ was a barber's man,
A barber's man I say,
But Thalia did his heart trepan,
And he was resolved to play.
As FIGARO he did appear,
Nor varied from his trade,
And he did the part so very queer,
That he ne'er again it played.

As DICKY GOSSIP he next came
To play upon the stage,
But soon the audience cried out shame,
For he put them in a rage.
This put poor DICKY at a stand,
And spoiled all his bliss,
For, when he expected ev'ry hand,
He got nought but a hiss.

As Thalia proved an unkind jade,
To Melpomene he turned ?
He ne'er again thought on his trade,
For tragedy he burned.
In crooked RICHARD now he starts
When he beholds the ghosts ;
Of his success in all his parts
Unto his friends he boasts.

The water now was hissing hot,
His razor was so keen,
But like the great man he was not,
His like there'll ne'er be seen.
Dick, finding that he could not play,
Resolved the stage to leave ;
I am no RICHARD, Dick did say,
And so I will not grieve.

SWEET CAROLINE

My beating heart with rapture glows
 Whene'er I view that form divine,
 My throbbing breast no passion knows,
 Save love for thee, sweet Caroline!

Let those who wed alone for gold,
 Compare their transient bliss with mine,
 Whilst their affection waxeth cold,
 Mine warmer glows for Caroline.
 My beating heart, &c.

DASH MY VIG!

Adoo and farewell to this wile smoky town,
 Where nothing but rioting never goes down;
 In a little small cottage that's not wery big,
 I'll live all the rest of my life—Dash my vig!
 Tol de rol, &c.

I fell deep in love with a *ravishing* maid,
 And she was a straw-bonnet builder by trade;
 Her name it was Mary Ann Dorothy Twig,
 But she used me shamefully bad—Dash my vig.
 Tol de rol, &c.

At half-arter eight every night I did meet her,
 And then at half-price to the play I did treat her;
 Sometimes, too, we went quite full drest to a jig,
 And valtz'd till the morning we did—Dash my vig!
 Tol de rol, &c.

I ax'd her to marry—she scornfully said,
 She wondered how such a thought com'd in my head;
 For a journeyman-grocer she lov'd—Mr. Figg,
 And he was the man she should ved—Dash my vig!
 Tol de rol, &c.

She married the grocer, and soon I could see,
 She cock'd up her nose half a yard above me ;
 And her husband himself behaved just like a pig,
 For he told me to valk myself off—Dash my vig !
 Tol de rol, &c.

I'd a good mind to challenge him, pistols I'd got,
 But I did not at all like the thoughts of a shot ;
 I couldn't say nothing my heart was so big,
 So I syth'd, and I then valk'd away—Dash my vig !
 Tol de rol, &c.

Your poets and authors they say love is blind,
 And 'tis true, sure and certain, and that I did find,
 Or it never could be she could choose such a prig,
 Instead of a young man like me—Dash my vig !
 Tol de rol, &c.

Adoo and farewell, I retires to the glades
 Of forests and woods, and their sweet vernal shades ;
 Where in my own garden I'll plant, and I'll dig,
 And I vont come to Lunnun no more—Dash my vig !
 Tol de rol, &c.

JIM CROW.

I CAME from ole Kentucky,
 A long time ago,
 Where I first larn to wheel about,
 And jump Jim Crow.
 Wheel about and turn about,
 And do just so ;
 Ebey time I wheel about,
 I jump Jim Crow.
 I used to take him fiddle,
 Every morn and arternoon,
 And charm de ole buzzard,
 And dance to de raccoon.
 Wheel about, &c.

In hoeing of de sugar,
Or picking cotton, all de same,
I used to beat de oder niggers,
And give dem twenty in the game.
Wheel about, &c.

At last I went to seek my fortune,
Got up by break of day,
Left my ole shoes behind me,
And off I ran away.
Wheel about, &c.

I come to a riber,
Which I couldn't git across,
So I gid a couple of shillings
For an ole blind horse.
Wheel about, &c.

When I git upon de oder side,
I drove him up a hill ;
Oh, but de oder side
Look'd rader daffakil.
Wheel about, &c.

Den I jump aboard on big ship,
And cum across de sea,
And landed on ole England,
Whar de niggas am free.
Wheel about, &c.

OH ! SARAH, YOU WIXEN.

RECITATIVE.

Oh Sarah, you wixen, I calls in wain ;
Oh Sarah ! oh Sarah ! she's out, she's out again ;
I hear a voice repeat her name around,
And with Oh Sarah ! all the streets resound.

ARIA.

A scavenger who lodged in the Seven Dials crossed me,
 As cold, wet, and hungry, towards home I press'd :
 He leant on his broom, and then did accost me,
 And offered his garret on some clean straw to rest.
 Ah nay, good old covey, no further I'll roam ;
 I'll wait till my Sarah from the gin-shop comes home.
 Quite lucky comes home, quite muzzy comes home,
 I'll wait till my Sarah from the boozing ken comes home.

Come, walk up, old chap, till this heavy shower passes,
 Quite snug in the garret there shelter thy head ;
 Of Segar's light blue ye'll take a few glasses ;
 In the cupboard you'll find some sausages and bread.
 Ah, nay, good old covey, &c.

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## THE QUEEN OF BONNIE LASSES.

O SCOTIA ! tho' I grieve to part  
 From thee, the land of story,  
 Thou'lt ever live within my heart  
 A source of pride and glory :  
 Thy silent glens, thy rivers bright,  
 Thy lonely mountain passes,  
 And one I love shall bless my sight,  
 The queen of bonnie lasses.

O SCOTIA ! in the battle field  
 Thy name I still will cherish ;  
 And prove thy children scorn to yield,  
 But never fear to perish.  
 And, oh ! if fortune spare my life,  
 And fate in kindness passes,  
 There's one I love shall be my wife,  
 The queen of bonnie lasses.

## GAILY SOUNDS THE CASTANET

GAILY sounds the castanet,  
Beating time to bounding feet,  
When, after day-light's golden set,  
Maids and youth by moon-light meet.  
Oh, then, how sweet to move,  
Through all that maze of mirth—  
Lighted by those eyes we love,  
Beyond all eyes on earth.

Then, the joyous banquet spread  
On the cool and fragrant ground.  
When night's bright eye-beams over head,  
And still brighter sparkling round.  
Oh, then how sweet to say  
Into the lov'd one's ear—  
Thoughts reserv'd through many a day,  
To be thus whisper'd here.

When the dance and feast are done,  
Arm-in-arm as home we stray,  
How sweet to see the dawning sun,  
O'er her cheeks warm blushes play,  
Then, then, the farewell kiss,  
And word, whose parting tone  
Lingers still in dreams of bliss,  
That haunt young hearts alone.

## THE WOODPECKER.

I KNEW by the smoke, that so gracefully curl'd  
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near ;  
And I said, if there's peace to be found in the world  
A heart that is humble might hope for it there.  
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound,  
But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree.

And here in this lone little wood, I exclaimed,  
 With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye;  
 Who would blush when I praised her, and weep if I  
     blamed,  
 How blest could I live, and how calm could I die!  
     Every leaf was at rest, &c.

By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips,  
 In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline!  
 And, to know that I sighed upon innocent lips,  
 Which ne'er had been sighed on by any but mine.  
     Every leaf was at rest, &c.

### THE ROSE OF AFFECTION.

THE lilies were blowing,  
 When Edward all glowing,  
 With purest delight to his Flora did say—  
     Though short-lived each flower,  
     I plant round this bower,  
 Yet the rose of affection shall ne'er die away.

Then Flora soft sighing,  
 To Edward replying,  
 'Tis honour alone keeps true love from decay;  
 For, Edward, believe me,  
 Whene'er you deceive me,  
 The flower of affection will wither away.

### BILLY O'ROUKE.

I GREASED my brogues, and cut my stick,  
 At the latter end of May, Sir,  
 And off for England I set out,  
 To sail upon the sea, Sir;

Then next to London I set out,  
To reap the hay and corn, Sir,  
To leave old Ireland far behind,  
The place where I was born, Sir.  
With my shillimah oos,  
And my heart so true,  
Oh! Billy O'Rourke's the boy, Sir.

I paid the captain six thirteens,  
To carry me over to Pargate;  
Before we got half over the waves,  
It blew at a hell of a hard rate:  
The great big stick that grew out of the ship,  
Began to roar and whistle,  
And the sailors all both great and small,  
Crim, Pat, you will go to the devil.  
With my, &c.

Some fell on their bended knees,  
The ladies fell a fainting;  
But I fell to my bread and cheese,  
For I always mind the main thing.  
Says the sailors, To the bottom you go,  
Says I, We don't care a farthing,  
For I paid my passage to Pargate you know,  
And be damn'd but you'll stick to your bargain.  
With my, &c.

The wind did whistle some to sleep,  
Till we got to the place of landing,  
And those that were the most afraid  
Were out the ladies handing.  
Says I, Your clothes feel mighty drull,  
You surely must have riches,  
And for your heart it don't lay in the right part,  
It surely must lay in your breeches.  
With my, &c.

Then for London I set out,  
And going along the road, Sir,  
I met with an honest gentleman,  
Who prov'd to be a regut, Sir;

He cock'd a pistol to my breast,  
Close to my very mouth, Sir,  
Saying, Paddy my boy, I'd have ye be smart,  
In handing out your money, Sir.  
With my, &c.

O, have you patience, honest gentleman,  
And hear me speak a word, Sir,  
For twopence is all the money I've got,  
To carry me many a mile, Sir.  
He said he would no longer wait,  
His patience I had fairly tir'd ;  
His pan it flash'd, his brains I smash'd,  
With my shillalah that never mis'd fire.  
With my, &c.

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#### WHEN LAID ON A MOTHER'S FOND BREAST.

WHEN laid on a mother's fond breast,  
That bosom the fount of my life,  
That bosom my pillow of rest,  
Her song of affection is rife :

Dost thou smile in thy dreams, my poor child ?  
Then wake not to look on pale sorrow,  
Nor of infancy's joys be beguil'd,  
By the woes that may reach thee to-morrow.

When sunshine my eye-lids unclos'd,  
And smil'd at the radiant sky,  
My knees she devoutly compos'd,  
And my little hands lifted on high ;

Dear baby, a Father lives there,  
Who from infancy's heart chases sorrow,  
Who hearing a mother's fond pray'r,  
May grant thee a joyful to-morrow.

## WHEN I WAS BOUND A 'PRENTICE.

WHEN I was bound a 'prentice,  
In famous Somersetshire,  
I served my master truly  
For almost seven long year ;  
Till I took up to poaching,  
As ye shall quickly hear.  
Oh ! its my delight on a shiny night,  
In the season of the year.

As me and my comarade  
Were setting o' a snare,  
The game-keeper was watching us,  
For him we did not care ;  
For we can wrestle, fight, my boys,  
Jump over any where,  
For its my delight, &c.

As me and my comarade,  
Were setting four or five,  
And taking of um up again  
We ketch'd a hare alive ;  
We throw'd her o'er our shoulders,  
And thro' the woods did steer.  
Oh ! its my delight, &c.

We popp'd her in a bag, my boys,  
And march'd away for town,  
But coming to a neighbouring inn,  
We sold her for a crown,  
We sold her for a crown, my boys,  
But I did not tell ye where—  
No—Its my delight, &c.

Then here's success to poaching,  
For I do think it fair ;  
Bad luck to ev'ry game-keeper  
That will not sell his deer ;

Good luck to ev'ry gentleman  
What wants to buy a hare.  
For its my delight on a shiny night,  
In the season of the year.

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### KING ARTHUR HAD THREE SONS.

KING ARTHUR had three sons,  
As big rogues as ever did swing,  
And he kick'd them all three out of doors,  
Because they could not sing.

The first he was a miller,  
The second he was a weaver ;  
And the third he was a little tailor,  
They thought him wond'rous clever.

The miller he stole corn,  
The weaver he stole yarn ;  
And the little tailor he stole broad cloth,  
To keep these three rogues warm.

The miller was drown'd in his dam,  
The weaver was hang'd in his yarn,  
And the devil flew away with the little tailor,  
With the broad cloth under his arm.

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### SOLDIER'S LAST RETREAT.

ALAS ! the battle's lost and won,  
Dick Flint's borne off the field  
By death, from whom the stoutest run,  
Who makes whole armies yield !  
Dick well in honour's footsteps trod,  
Brav'd war and its alarms :  
Now death beneath the humble sod  
Has grounded his arms !

Dick's march'd before us, on a route  
 Where ev'ry soldier's sent ;  
 His fire is dead, his courage out,  
 His ammunition spent ;  
 His form so active's now a clod,  
 His grace no longer charms,  
 For death beneath the humble sod  
 Has grounded his arms !

Come, fire a volley o'er his grave,  
 Dead marches let us beat ;  
 War's honours well become the brave,  
 Who sound their last retreat.  
 All must obey Fate's awful nod !  
 Whom life this moment warms :  
 Death soon or late, beneath the sod  
 Will ground the soldier's arms !

### I'VE BEEN ROAMING.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,  
 Where the meadow dew is sweet,  
 And I'm coming, and I'm coming,  
 With its pearls upon my feet.  
 I've been roaming, &c.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,  
 O'er the rose and lily fair,  
 And I'm coming, and I'm coming,  
 With their blossoms in my hair.  
 I've been roaming, &c.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,  
 Where the honey-suckle creeps,  
 And I'm coming, and I'm coming,  
 With its kisses on my lips.  
 I've been roaming, &c.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,  
 Over hill and over plain,  
 And I'm coming, and I'm coming,  
 To my bower back again.  
 I've been roaming, &c.

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THE STEAM CIGAR.

A song I'll sing—a reg'lar joker—
 Of a man—a terrible smoker—
 He smoked away from night till morn,
 'Tis said he smoked as soon as born.
 Ri too ral, &c.

He tried Havannah—Cuba too—
 He tried tobacco—none would do—
 To please him none of them did seem,
 So he had a cigar to smoke by steam.
 Ri too ral, &c.

He lit his cigar, and he puff'd the smoke
 With such force that it a window broke,
 And then the heat, it was so strong,
 He burnt the folks as he walk'd along.
 Ri too ral, &c.

It burnt away to his heart's desire,
 Some people thought the world on fire—
 And if he went out when it chanced to rain,
 His lighted cigar dried it up again.
 Ri too ral, &c.

When into a room his nose he pokes,
 They all cry out, "the chimney smokes!"
 And then his cigar makes such a smell,
 That people declares it's just like ———!
 Ri too ral, &c.

'Tis said in London, and this is no joke—
 'Tis him that makes us in such a smoke—
 When of a night he's seen from afar,
 He's taken by all for the evening star.

Ri too ral, &c.

One day, when on the Monument top,
 Folks thought him a comet just going to drop ;
 And some saw from afar the sight,
 And thought it was the heavens alight.

Ri too ral, &c.

He smoked away to his heart's desire,
 Till death appear'd and quench'd his fire ;
 He put out his cigar for a bit of a lark,
 And then at once extinguish'd the spark.

Ri too ral, &c.

I LOVE BUT THEE.

If after all you still will doubt and fear me,
 And think this heart to other loves will stray,
 If I must swear then lovely doubter hear me,
 By all those dreams I have when thou'rt away ;
 By every throb I feel when thou art near me—
 I love but thee—I love but thee.

By those dark eyes where light is ever playing,
 Where love in depth of shadow holds his throne,
 And by those lips which give whate'er thou'rt saying,
 Or grave or gay, a music of its own ;
 A music far beyond all minstrel's playing,
 I love but thee—I love but thee.

By that fair brow where innocence reposes,
 Pure as the moonlight sleeping upon snow,
 And by that cheek whose fleeting blush discloses,
 A hue too bright to bless this world below ;
 And only fit to dwell on Eden's roses,
 I love but thee—I love but thee.

THO' I LEAVE THEE NOW IN SORROW.

THOUGH I leave thee now in sorrow,
 Smiles might light our love to-morrow,
 Doomed to part, my faithful heart,
 A gleam of joy from hope shall borrow ;
 Ah ! ne'er forget when friends are near,
 That heart is thine for ever :
 Thou may'st find those will love thee dear,
 But not a love like mine, O never !
 Though I leave thee now, &c.

IF I HAD A DONKEY WOT WOULDN'T GO.

IF I had a donkey wot wouldn't go,
 D'ye think I'd wollop him ?—no, no, no ;
 But gentle means I'd try, d'ye see,
 Because I hate all cruelty :
 If all had been like me, in fact,
 There'd ha' been no occasion for Martin's Act,
 Dumb animals to prevent getting crack'd
 On the head.
 For if I had a donkey wot wouldn't go,
 I never would wollop him—no, no, no ;
 I'd give him some hay, and cry, Gee O !
 And come up, Neddy.

What makes me mention this, this morn
 I seed that cruel chap, Bill Burn,
 Whilst he was out a crying his greens,
 His donkey wollop with all his means ;
 He hit him over his head and thighs,
 He brought the tears up in his eyes,
 At last my blood began to rise,
 And I said—

If I had a donkey, &c.

Bill turn'd and said to me, "Then, perhaps,
 You're one of these Mr. Martin chaps,
 Wot now is seeking for occasion
 All for to lie a hinformation."
 Though this I stoutly did deny.
 Bill up and gave me a blow in the eye,
 And I replied, as I let fly
 At his head—

If I had a donkey, &c.

As Bill and I did break the peace,
 To us came up the New Police,
 And hiked us off, as sure as fate,
 Afore the sitting magistrate:
 I told his worship all the spree,
 And for to prove my veracity,
 I wish'd he would the animal see,
 For I said—

If I had a donkey, &c.

Bill's donkey was ordered into court,
 In which he caused a deal of sport;
 He cock'd his ears and op'd his jaws,
 As if he wish'd to plead his cause.
 I prov'd I'd been uncommonly kind,
 The ass got a verdict—Bill got fin'd!
 For his worship and I were of one mind,
 And he said—

If I had a donkey, &c.

And for to prove my veracity,

THE BISHOP AND BESOM-MAKER.

I'ze a Yorkshireman just come to town,
 And a rum one as e'er came before ye,
 ' though I'm so awkward a clown,
 tell ye a bit of a story;

But first let me say, if ye please,
 Just on purpose yo' see for to ease ye,
 My name yo' mun know's "Bobby Tike,"
 And I'm come on a journey to please ye.
Humti iddidy, &c.

Yo' mun know, sir, when I wur a lad,
 I wur fond in like joking a bit, sir,
 And the neighbours all said that my dad,
 Wur noted for being a wit, sir;
 He ling-besoms did make and white-sand,
 To sell to the folks all about, sir;
 And I us'd to lend feyther a hand,
 By acting as his rider-out, sir.
Humti iddidy, &c.

One day, as I cross'd o'er a heath,
 A bishop as fat as a pig, sir,
 As I rode feyther's donkey, came up,
 Wi' a red cabbage nose and big wig, sir;
 Says he, with a voice just like thunder,
 "Off this common, how shall I begone, sir?"
 "Why," says I, "yo'll get off there's no wonder,
 T' same way that your worship got on, sur."
Humti iddidy, &c.

Then he shook his big wig, and he said,
 I was void of all grace as a bear, sir;
 And he ax'd, in a terrible frown,
 If ever I could say my prayers, sir?
 "Why, no, sur, I never began,
 Can yo' tell how besoms are made, sur?"
 He replied, "I don't know that I can;"
 "Why then, every mon to his trade, Sur."
Humti iddidy, &c.

Says he, "fellow, I'd have you to know,
 I'm a bishop, and to me 'tis given,
 A power to teach sinners below,
 The difficult road unto Heaven!"

"Indeed," says I, "Sur," with a laugh,
 "You're a guide-post, by gum, and a ram one,
 To teach folks that difficult way,
 And not know the road off a common."
Bumti iddidy, &c.

Then he rode off, and sent sarvant John,
 To ax if I'd e'er been at school, sirs,
 For master was wanting a man,
 To act under him as a fool, sirs ;
 "Why," says I, "are yo' going to leave,
 If not it appears unto me, Sur,
 That your master will ne'er be able,
 To keep and maintain us all three, Sur."
Bumti iddidy, &c.

CAN YOU TO THE BATTLE.

Can you to the battle march away,
 And leave me here complaining,
 I'm sure 'twill break my heart to stay,
 When you are campaigning.
 Ah ! no, ah ! no, poor Maudlin,
 Will never quit her rover,
 Ah ! no, ah ! no, poor Maudlin,
 Will go with you all the world over.
 Cheer, cheer, my love, you shall not grieve,
 A soldier true you'll find me.
 I could not have a heart to leave
 My little girl behind me.
Ah ! no, ah ! no, &c.

Can you to the battle go,
 To woman's fear a stranger ;
 No fears my heart shall ever know,
 But when my love's in danger.
Ah ! no, ah ! no, &c.

Then let the world jog as it will,
Let all our friends forsake us,
We both shall be as happy still,
As love and war can make us.
Ah! no, ah! no, &c.

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## CHERRY RIPE.

CHERRY ripe, ripe, I cry,  
Full and fair ones, come and buy,  
If so be you ask me where  
They do grow, I answer there,  
Where my Julia's lips do smile  
There's the land, or cherry iale.  
Cherry ripe, ripe, I cry,  
Full and fair ones, come and buy:  
There plantations fully show,  
All the year where cherries grow.  
Cherry ripe, ripe, I cry,  
Full and fair ones, come and buy.

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LOVE AND THE ROSE.

I SAW a village maiden stray;
She pluck'd a rose and sigh'd—
Then kiss'd and press'd it to her breast,
But soon the blossom died!
I'll lay the flower where none but he
Shall see the blossom blighted;
Where, oft beside the jessamine tree,
His love to me he plighted.
He told me he would wed me soon,
But did not name the day--
When by the silent silver moon,
In true love's joy we lay.

O! could my falt'ring tongue disclose,
 My constant love to thee,
 E'en though thou lov'at another, yet
 Thy heart must pity me.

AH WHY DID I GATHER.

As why did I gather this delicate flower,
 Why pluck the young bud from the tree?
 'Twould there have bloom'd lovely for many an hour,
 And how soon will it perish with me?
 Already its beautiful texture decays,
 Already it fades on my sight;
 Tis thus that chill rancour too often o'erpow'rs
 The moments of transient delight.
 When eagerly pressing enjoyment too near,
 Its blossoms we gather in haste;
 How oft thus we mourn with a penitent tear,
 O'er the joys which we lavish'd in waste:
 This elegant flower had I left it at rest,
 Might still have delighted my eyes;
 But pluck'd prematurely, and plac'd in my breast,
 It languishes, withers, and dies.

GEORGE BARNWELL.

In Cheapside there liv'd a marchant, ^ v
 A man he was of werry great fame; ^
 And he had a handsome 'prentice,
 Georgy Barnwell was his name.
 Fol de riddle, &c.

This youth he was both good and pious,
 Dutiful beyond all doubt;
 And he always staid vithin doora,
 'Cause his master wouldn't let him go out.
 Fol de riddle, &c.

A vicked voman of the town, sir,
 Hon him cast a vishful eye ;
 And she came in the shop one morning
 A flannel petticoat to buy.
 Fol de riddle, &c.

When she had paid him down the money,
 She ge'ed his hand a very hard squeeze,
 Vich so frightened Georgy Barnwell,
 That together knocked his knees.
 Fol de riddle, &c.

Then she left her card whereon was written,
 Mary Millwood does intreat
 That Muster Barnwell would call and see her,
 At No. 2 in Dyott-street.
 Fol de riddle, &c.

Now as soon as he had shut the shop up,
 He vent to this naughty dicky-bird,
 And ven that he vent home next morning,
 Blow me if he could speak a vord.
 Fol de riddle, &c.

Now soon this voman did persuade him,
 Vith her fascinating pipes,
 To go down into the country,
 And let loose his uncle's tripea.
 Fol de riddle, &c.

There he found his uncle in the grove, sir,
 Studying hard at his good books,
 And Georgy Barnwell vent and stuck him
 All among the crows and rooka.
 Fol de riddle, &c.

Ven Millwood found he'd got no money,
 Not so much as to buy a jewel,
 She vent that very day and peach'd him,
 Now vas not that hair very cruel ?
 Fol de riddle, &c.

At her fate no one lamented.
 But every body pitied his'n,
 Ven out come the cruel hangman
 To put the cord about his wisen.
 Fol de riddle, &c.

The marchants' darter died soon arter,
 Tears she shed, but spoke no vords ;
 So all young men I pray take varning,
 Don't go with the naughty dicky-birds.
 Fol de riddle, &c.

OH, CRUEL!

Oh, cruel vas my parents that fore'd my love from
 me,
 And cruel vas the press-gang that took him out to
 sea ;
 And cruel vas the little boat that rowed him from the
 strand,
 And cruel vas the great big ship that sail'd him from
 the land.

Too rol, too rol, &c.

Oh ! cruel vas the vater that bore my love from Mary,
 And cruel vas the fair vind that wouldn't blow con-
 trary ;
 And cruel vas the boatswain, the captain and the men,
 That didn't care a farden if we never met again.

Too rol, too rol, &c.

Oh ! cruel vas the splinter that broke my poor love's
 leg,
 Now he's oblig'd to fiddle for't, and I'm oblig'd to
 beg ;
 A vagabonding vagrant, and a rentipoling wife,
 We fiddles, and we limps it, through the ups and
 downs of life.

Too rol, too rol, &c.

Oh! cruel was the engagement, in which my true love
 fought,
 And cruel was the cannon-ball that knocked his right
 eye out ;
 He used to leer and ogle me, with peepers full of fun,
 But now he looks askew at me, because he's only one.
 Too rol, too rol, &c.

My love he plays the fiddle well, and vanders up and
 down,
 And I follows at his helbow through all the streets in
 town ;
 We spends our days in harmony, and wery seldom
 fights,
 Except when he's his grog aboard, or I gets queer at
 nights.
 Too rol, too rol, &c.

Now, ladies, all take varning, by my true love and me,
 Though cruel fate should cross you, remember con-
 stancy.
 Like me, you'll be rewarded, and have all your heart's
 delight,
 With fiddling in the morning, and a drop of max at
 night.
 Too rol, too rol, &c.

~~~~~

# O, WHERE IS MY LOVER?

O, WHERE is my lover, so fickle and frail !  
 He vow'd he'd be constant to me ;  
 Yet haply, now tells to another the tale,  
 Oft whisper'd near yonder lov'd tree.

Those dew-sprinkled branches by nature must fade,  
 Those blossoms will soon wither'd be ;  
 But affection once plighted to man, or to maid,  
 Should prove firm as the root of a tree.



## THE ROSE OF AFFECTION.

THE rose which you gave me at parting, my fair,  
Has withered and faded away,  
No longer its odours can perfume the air,  
All fragrance was gone in a day ;  
But the promise you gave me will never depart,  
Its mem'ry still lingers behind ;  
And even the life-pulse must cease in my heart,  
Ere its soft hues shall fade from my mind.

The rose of affection shall dwell in my breast,  
And warmer its bright tints shall glow ;  
My solace it proves when by sorrow oppress'd,  
It blooms in the midst of my woe.  
Though perished and faded, the sweet flower you gave,  
In my bosom its relics shall lie :  
This desolate form shall be sunk in the wave,  
Ere the rose of affection shall die.

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## LASH'D TO THE HELM.

IN storms when clouds obscure the sky,  
And thunders roll, and lightnings fly,  
In midst of all these dire alarms,  
I think, my Sally, on thy charms  
The troubled main,  
The wind and rain,  
My ardent passion prove ;  
Lash'd to the helm,  
Should seas o'erwhelm,  
I'd think on thee, my love.

When rocks appear on ev'ry side,  
And art in vain the ship to guide :  
In varied shapes when death appears,  
The thoughts of thee my bosom cheers.

The troubled main,  
 The wind and rain,  
 My ardent passion prove ;  
 Lash'd to the helm,  
 Should seas o'erwhelm,  
 I'd think on thee, my love.

But should the gracious pow'rs prove kind,  
 Dispel the gloom and still the wind,  
 And waft me to thy arms once more,  
 Safe to my long-lost native shore ;  
 No more the main  
 I'd tempt again,  
 But tender joys improve ;  
 I then with thee  
 Should happy be,  
 And think on naught but love.

### THE HIGH-METTLED RACER.

SEE, the course throug'd with gazers, the sports are  
 begun,  
 What confusion !—but hear !—I'll bet you,—done,  
 done ;  
 A thousand strange murmurs resound far and near,  
 Lords, hawkers, and jockies, assail the tir'd ear ;  
 While, with neck like a rainbow, erecting his crest,  
 Pamper'd, prancing, his head almost touching his  
 breast ;  
 Scarcely snuffing the air, he's so proud and elate,  
 The high-mettled racer first starts for the plate.  
 Next Reynard's turn'd out, and o'er hedge and ditch  
 rush,  
 Men, horses, and dogs, all hard at his brush ;  
 O'er heath, hill, and moor, led by the sly prey,  
 By scent or by view, cheats a long tedious day ;  
 Alike bred for joy in the field or the course,  
 Always sure to come thro'—a staunch and fleet horse ;

And when fairly run down, the fox yields up his  
breath,  
The high-mettled racer is in at the death.

Grown aged, us'd up, and turn'd out of the stud,  
Lame, spavin'd, and wind-gall'd, but yet with some  
blood,

While knowing postillions his pedigree trace,  
Tell his dam won that sweepstakes, his sire won that  
race :

And what matches he'd won to the ostlers count o'er,  
As they loiter their time by some hedge-alehouse door ;  
Whilst the harness sore galls, and the spurs his sides  
goad,

The high-mettled racer's a hack on the road.

At length, old and feeble, trudging early and late,  
Worn down by disease, he bends to his fate ;  
From morn'ing to evening he tugs round a mill,  
Or draws sand, till the sand of his hour-glass stands  
still ;

And now, cold and lifeless, exposed to view  
In the very same cart which he yesterday drew ;  
Whilst a pitying crowd his sad relics surrounds,  
The high-mettled racer is sold for the hounds.

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### CEASE, CEASE ; THOSE SIGHS I CANNOT BEAR.

CEASE, cease ; those sighs I cannot bear ;  
Hark ! hark ! the drums are calling.  
Oh ! I must chide that coward tear,  
Or kiss it as 'tis falling.

Elisa, bid thy soldier go ;  
Why thus my heart-strings sever ?  
Ah ! be not then my honour's foe,  
Or I am lost for ever.

Trust benevolence above,  
With mind resign'd and steady ;  
He'll never wound, believe me, love,  
The heart that's broke already.

Serene yon dreadful field I see,  
Whatever fate betide me ;  
Thy shelter innocence shall be,  
And I've no wish beside thee.

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### I'VE BEEN SHOPPING.

I've been shopping—I've been shopping  
To John Brown's in Regent Street,  
And I'm hopping—and I'm hopping  
With his shoes upon my feet.

I've been roaming—I've been roaming,  
For rose oil and lily rare,  
And I'm coming—and I'm coming  
With a bottle for my hair.

I've been roaming—I've been roaming  
To the pastrycook's, old Phipps,  
And I'm coming—and I'm coming  
With some kisses for my lips.

I've been roaming—I've been roaming  
Up Bond Street and down Park Lane,  
And I'm coming—and I'm coming  
To my own house back again.

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### FAREWELL, LOVE.

WILT thou say farewell, love,  
And from Rosa part ?  
Rosa's tears will tell, love,  
The anguish of her heart.

I'll still be thine, and thou'lt be mine.

I'll love thee though we sever,

Oh, say can I e'er cease to sigh,

Or cease to love ! No, never.

Wilt thou think of me, love,

When thou art far away !

Oh ! I'll think of thee, love,

Never, never stray.

I'll still be thine, and thou'lt be mine,

I'll love thee, though we sever,

Oh ! say can I e'er cease to sigh,

Or cease to love ? No, never.

Let not others' wile, love,

Thy ardent heart betray,

Remember Rosa's smile, love,

Rosa's far away.

I'll still be thine, and thou'lt be mine,

I'll love thee, though we sever,

Oh ! say can I e'er cease to sigh,

Or cease to love ? No, never.

~~~~~

A WEARY LOT IS THINE.

A WEARY lot is thine, fair maid,

A weary lot is thine !

To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,

And press the rue for wine.

A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,

A feather of the blue,

A doublet of the Lincoln green,

No more of me you know,

My love !

No more of me you know.

'This morn, merry June, I trow,

The rose is budding fain ;

But she shall bloom in winter snow,

Ere we two meet again.'—

He turned his charger as he spake,
Upon the river's shore ;
He gave his bridle reins a shake,
Said, ' Adieu for evermore,
My love !
And adieu for evermore.'

IT WON'T BE MY FAULT IF I DIE AN OLD
MAID.

My mother pretends for a wife I'm too young,
And says that men will deceive me.
But let her look back, she'll soon hold her tongue ;
If not, 'tis no matter, believe me.
Sweet gentlemen, don't be a moment in fear,
And suffer a damsel to keep singing here,
Remember no thought to a girl is so dread,
As the terrible one—she may die an old maid.

Mother preaches for ever against men, the vile sex,
And says every look is alarming,
But, between you and I, this she says only to vex,
For I know that she thinks you all charming.
Three husbands she has had in the course of her life,
Now I only want one, sir, "pray who'll have a good
wife?"

Now men don't be stupid and look half afraid.
Speak boldly, or else I must die an old maid.

Men boast they are kind, and easily had,
And lovers are willing and plenty,
I vow it is false, for I've not got a lad,
Although I'm turned one-and-twenty.
The man I love best now stands in full view,
Don't look so sharp, sir, I did not mean you,
But that handsome man, there—O, what have I said,
But it won't be my fault if I die an old maid.

UMBRELLA COURTSHIP.

A KELLE and beeu would walking go,
 In love they both were pining ;
 The wind in gentle gales did blow,
 An April sun was shining.
 Though Simon long had courted Miss,
 He knew he'd acted wrong in
 Not having dared to steal a kiss,
 Which set her quite a-longing.

Tol ol ol.

It so occurred, as they did walk,
 And viewed each dale so flow'ry,
 As Simon by her side did stalk,
 Declared the sky looked show'ry ;
 The rain came to her like a drug,
 When loudly he did bellow,
 "Look here, my love, we can be snug,
 I've brought an umbrella."

Tol ol ol.

Quick flew the shelter over Miss ;
 Now Simon was a droll one,
 He thought this was the time to kiss,
 So from her lips he stole one.
 She blush'd ;—the rain left off, and he
 Th' umbrella closed for draining ;
 "Oh ! don't," says she, "I plainly see
 It hasn't left off raining."

Tol ol ol.

Now Simon, when he smok'd the plan,
 The umbrella righted ;
 He grew quite bold, talk'd like a man,
 And she seem'd quite delighted.
 Their lips rung chimes full fifty times,
 Like simple lovers training ;
 Says she, "These are but lovers' crimes ;
 I hope it won't cease raining."

Tol ol ol.

He kiss'd her out of her consent,
 That she'd become his bride ; hence
 To buy the ring was his intent,
 And then to get the license.
 They parted, but he took much pains
 Where they should meet to tell her,
 Says she, " I'll meet when next it rains,
 So bring your *umbrella*."

Tol ol ol.

The wedding morn, no time to waste,
 He arose before 'twas yet day ;
 And just as if to please her taste,
 It was a shocking wet day.
 They married were, had children dear,
 Eight round-faced little fellows ;
 But strange to state, the whole of the eight,
 Were mark'd with *umbrallas*.

Tol ol ol.

THE MERRY HORN CALLS US AWAY:

In Britain, the soil which true liberty yields,
 Where the lads of the chase leave repose for the fields,
 The hunter, so happy bestrides his gay steed,
 While distance and danger but add to his speed—

Who dashing along,
 Gives Echo the song,

She, blithely returns it the whole of the day,
 With, hark ! the merry horn calls us away.

By exercise braced, every bosom must warm,
 And health, joy, and mirth, each assume a new charm ;
 Dian, Bacchus, and Venus, by turns, take a place,
 And day and night's joys are the fruits of the chase !

Which, dashing along,
 Give Echo the song, &c.

THE GIRL OF MY HEART.

How sweet is the breeze at eve's modest hour,
When it murmurs yon lime trees among,
When the blackbird and thrush so enchantingly pour
Their melodious sweetness of song !
When slowly adown from the warm glowing west
The bright sun is seen to depart,
When all passions but love are hush'd into rest,
I fly to the girl of my heart.

My Anne is gentle, is loving, and kind ;
Her bosom true sympathy warms ;
Enchanting alike are her person and mind,
Each possesses a portion of charms ;
For a maiden so lovely, a charmer so bright,
Who uses no coquettish art,
I resign all the trifles that others delight,
And fly to the girl of my heart.

Her eyes, that so languidly speak soft desire,
Her cheeks that so rival the rose,
In my bosom the softest emotions inspire,
And charm my fond heart to repose ;
And when her sweet accents enraptur'd I hear,
Thro' my soul they so thrillingly dart,
Oh ! what sounds of sweet melody strike my 'rapt ear,
When I meet the girl of my heart !

FORGET ME NOT.

FORGET me not—forget me not,
But let these little simple flowers
Remind thee of his lonely lot
Who lov'd thee in life's purest hours:
When hearts and hopes were hallowed things,
Ere Gladness broke the lyre she brought ;
Then, oh ! when shivered all its strings,
Forget me not—forget me not !

We met, ere yet the words had come
 To wither up the springs of youth ;
 Amid the holy joys of home,
 'And in the first warm blush of youth ;
 We parted, as they never part,
 Whose tears are doom'd to be forgot !
 Oh ! by that agony of heart,
 Forget me not—forget me not !

Thine eye must watch these flow'rets fade,
 Thy soul its idols melt away ;
 But oh ! when flowers and friends lie dead,
 Love can embalm them in decay :
 And, when thy spirit sighs along
 The shadowy scenes of hoarded thought,
 Oh ! listen to its pleading song—
 Forget me not—forget me not !

DOES YOUR MOTHER KNOW YOU'RE OUT.

I am the laughing-stock of all,
 No rest nor peace have I ;
 The young, the old, the great and small,
 All at me have a shy.
 I think it wery, wery hard,
 And so would you, no doubt,
 If they cried whene'er you walk'd abroad,
 " Does your mother know you're out ? "

My station is respectable,
 There's nothing about me
 In the slightest way detectable,
 Of the apeing wain cockney.
 I keeps my oes, I dresses vell,
 But as I rides about,
 The cry is—" Ho ! my precious swell,
 Does your mother know you're out ? "

Then if I ever fishing go,
 Folks vill not let me be ;
 Vot's mirth to them to me is voo,
 Although, perhaps, but a spree.
 Intently ven I sometimes try,
 Fly-fishing to catch trout,
 Some willian vill come up and cry,
 " Does your mother know you're out ?"

It's really quite a misery
 To be so much annoy'd,
 In fearing this wild quizzery,
 Friend and foe I alike aavoid.
 From post to pillar I am chas'd,
 And driven like a scout,
 One to ask at every corner's plac'd,
 " Does your mother know you're out ?"

I vonce the nuisance to escape,
 Vos forc'd a cab to call,
 But the fellars out of spite did gape
 And wouldn't hear me hawl ;
 Then my pursuers tipt the vink,
 The cads set up a shout—
 (I felt so queer you cannot think—)
 " Does your mother know you're out ?"

For my part nothing can I see
 About my person flaring,
 Vy they should push their fun at me,
 And saucily be staring ?
 'Tis shameful, and with rage I burn,
 That every stupid lout
 Should cry, vichever way I turn—
 " Does your mother know you're out ?"

To a ball last night I vent,
 And happy might have been,
 A pleasant ev'ning there have spent
 With a damsel—beauty's queen.

But as a valtz we twisted,
 She with an artful pout,
 Ask'd as not to be resisted,
 "Does your mother know you're out?"

My mind's made up, I will not stay
 In town to be derided ;
 But to some silent glen away,
 Where my grief can be subsided.
 I'll seek some shelt'ring peaceful nook,
 Where none can come and rout,
 Or question me with fiendish look—
 "Does your mother know you're out?"

ENCORE VERSE.

In spite of all these sad mishaps,
 I have some comfort yet ;
 When I see those smiling faces
 Not hoccupy the pit ;
 Those who possess the boxes too ;
 And to the gods I'll shout,
 When next they come to see me here—
 "Does your mother know you're out?"

GO, BRIGHTEST OF THE FLOWERY RACE.

Go, brightest of the flowery race,
 Sweet rose, to Laura's bosom go—
 The shrines of Love and Truth to grace,
 Where crimson velvet fades in snow.
 What, though the fragrance of her breath,
 Respir'd in gales of love divine,
 Should prove at last thy beauty's death,
 An envied fate will still be thine.
 A thousand youthful swains I know,
 Far distant, homeless doomed to sigh,
 Who instantly would life forego,
 And gladly on her bosom die.

WHAT IS IT TO LOVE.

STRANGER, didst thou ever prove,
Ever what it is to love !
Stranger, didst thou ever feel,
What thou tremblest to reveal !
I have prov'd, and I have felt,
What a heart of stone would melt.

Stranger, didst thou ever sigh,
Knowing not the reason why ?
Didst thou blush, if one lov'd name,
E'er in conversation came ?
Stranger, ne'er my cause deride,
Though, I own, I've blush'd and sigh'd.

If his eye thine eye has met,
Blushes did it not beget ?
If his praises reach'd thine ear,
Seem'd there not enchantment near ?
Him I've met, his praise I've prov'd,
Where is now my best belov'd ?

THE GIRL I APPROVE.

You ask me what sort of a girl I approve ;
Few words shall express my desire ;
Her face must be fair, like the mother of Love,
Like her, are the charms I admire.

Bright beauty alone, shall not conquer my heart,
The maid to my mind must have more,
More charms to enslave than Beauty's keen dart,
For wit and good sense I adore.

Her beauty, wit, and good sense combined,
Should not fix me her servant for life ;
But her manner so sweet, her temper so kind,
Are the charms I seek in a wife.

THINK ON THAT LOOK OF HUMID RAY.

THINK on that look of humid ray,
Which for a moment mix'd with mine ;
And for that moment seem'd to say,
I dare not, or I would be thine.

Think, think on ev'ry smile and glance,
On all thou hast to charm or move ;
And then forgive my bosom's trance,
And tell me 'tis not sin to love.

Oh ! not to love thee were a sin ;
For sure if heaven's decrees be done,
Thou, thou art destin'd still to win,
As I was destin'd to be won !

WINE EXPANDS THE SOUL.

WHEN generous wine expands the soul,
How pleasure hovers round the bowl,
Awaunt ye cares of Fancy's crew,
And give the guilty wretch his due :
But let the juice of sparkling wine,
My grosser sense of love refine :
As Jove his nectar drinks above,
I'll quaff whole goblets full of love.

Then why should I at life repine ;
Bring me, Venus, bring me wine,
Fill the ever-flowing bowl,
In circles gay and pleasures roll.
Ever open, ever free,
Hail thou friend to jollity ;
My brows with Bacchus' chaplets crown'd,
I'll live to love—my cares are drown'd.

COME YIELD AND BE MY LOVE.

As Kate and I down in the glade
The other afternoon we stray'd,
We talk'd of nought but love.
Her sweet black eyes, her cheeks so fair,
Outvies the lily's bloom by far,
That grows in yonder grove.

I said my Kitty, lovely maid,
We sure were for each other made,
Come yield, and be my love.
We both sat down upon the ground,
Whilst silence seem'd to reign around,
She yielded to my love.

THE SAILOR'S ADIEU.

Young William was a sailor bold,
A tar renown'd for fame ;
He lov'd his Nancy more than gold ;
He bless'd her virtuous name.

Fair Nancy said with fault'ring voice,
And heav'd a tender sigh,
My dearest William you're my choice,
With you I'd live and die.

The ship's unmoor'd, I must away,
'Twas thus fond William said,
My messmates call, I must obey ;
Then weep not charming maid.

With parting kiss he bade adieu,
And vow'd he'd constant prove,
With heartfelt grief his Nancy true,
Shed tears for William's love.

FOR NOW THE WIND A TEMPEST BLOWS.

THE morn was fair, and fresh the breeze,
When anchor weigh'd and blithe the crew,
We scudded cheerly o'er the seas.
And bade the distant shores adieu.
As on we sail'd, some flying squalls
Along the western welkin rose ;
' Turn up, my lads,' the boatswain calls,
For now the wind a tempest blows.
The top-sails dous'd the squall flew past,
Our vessel righted on her keel :
Again the sails ascend the mast,
Again we hope and transport feel !
But soon were hope and transport lost,
Again the weather scud came o'er.
Against the rocks our vessel toss'd,
And stranded on our native shore.

I SAW HER AT THE FANCY FAIR.

I saw her at the fancy fair,
Where youth and beauty joyful met—
The loveliest of the lovely there,
Ne'er shall I that girl forget—that girl forget.
No one can pass her coolly by :
Fairer than all she was, yet meek—
Heaven was in her diamond eye,
And roses crimson'd o'er her cheek.
And roses crimson'd o'er her cheek.
To nature's gayest scenes she lent
A sweet, a soul-encharmed spell ;
At home, abroad, where'er she went,
How lov'd, how courted, none can tell—none, none
can tell.

Mid dazzling splendour there arrayed,
She urg'd the sacred claims of wee,
As gracefully her tresses play'd
O'er neck—that mock'd the mountain snow,
O'er neck—o'er neck that mock'd the mountain
snow.

BARNEY BRALLAGHAN'S COURTSHIP.

'TWAS on a windy night,
At two o'clock in the morning,
An Irish lad so tight,
All wind and weather scorning,
At Judy Callaghan's door,
Sitting upon the palings,
His love tale he did pour,
And this was part of his wailings—
Only say
You'll have Mr. Brallaghan,
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

O list to what I say,
Charms you've got like Venus,
Own your love you may,
There's only the wall between us.
You lay fast asleep,
Snug in bed and snoring,
Round the house I creep,
Your hard heart imploring.
Only say, &c.

I've got nine pigs and a sow,
I've got a sty to sleep 'em;
A calf and a brindled cow,
And got a cabin to keep em.

Sunday hose and coat,
 An old grey mare to ride on,
 Saddle and bridle to boot,
 Which you may ride astride on.
 Only say, &c.

I've got an old Tom cat,
 Through one eye he's staring ;
 I've got a Sunday hat,
 Little the worse for wearing ;
 I've got some gooseberry wine,
 The trees had got no riper on,
 I've got a fiddle fine,
 Which only wants a piper on,
 Only say, &c.

I've got an acre of ground,
 I've got it set with pratees ;
 I've got of backey a pound,
 And got some tea for the ladies.
 I've got the ring to wed,
 Some whisky to make us gaily ;
 The mattress, feather-bed,
 And handsome new shillelah.
 Only say, &c.

You've got a charming eye,
 You've got the spelling and reading,
 You've got, and so have I,
 A taste for genteel breeding.
 You're rich, and fair, and young,
 As every body's knowing ;
 You've got a decent tongue,
 Whene'er 'tis set a-going.
 Only say, &c.

For a wife till death
 I am willing to take you—
 But, och, I waste my breath,
 The devil himself can't wake you.

'Tis just beginning to rain,
So I'll get under cover ;
I'll come to-morrow again,
And be your constant lover.
Only say, &c.

BID ME DISCOURSE.

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or like a fairy trip upon the green ;
Or like a nymph, with bright and flowing hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen.

MY LOVE SHE HAS A RED RED NOSE.

O my love has got a red red nose,
I long to see it soon,
O my love is like the mulberry,
All cover'd o'er with bloom.

As fond as thou my bonny lass,
Of full-proof gin I ;
For I will drink with thee, my dear,
And drain the bottle dry.

I'll drain the bottle dry, my dear,
We'll sing and dance for fun ;
And if you wish for more, my dear,
Why for it I will run.

But I must cut my stick, my love,
And hop the twig ashore ;
And we'll get drunk again, my dear,
A thousand times or more.

THE TARTAR DRUM.

Row thy bark, my gallant lover,
 Pensive o'er the rippling sea ;
 And while the moonlight gathers round thee,
 Sadly sighing think of me.
 'Neath the tulip trees to meet thee,
 Ne'er again thy love shall come,
 Where soft echo's voice responding,
 Tuneful mocks the Tartar drum.

Bending o'er my gallant vessel,
 Thee alone shall I behold,
 Like a spirit in the sun-beams,
 Borne along on waves of gold.
 At the rustic dance of evening
 Never more thy love shall come :
 Where the mirthful cymbals greeting,
 Joyous sounds the Tartar drum.

THE GREAT SEA-SNAKE.

PERHAPS you all have heard of a yarn,
 Of a famous large sea-snake,
 That once was seen off the Isle Pitcairn,
 And caught by Admiral Blake.
 Now list not what land lubbers tell,
 But give an ear to me ;
 And I'll tell you what me befell,
 'Cause I'm just come from sea. Tol lol, &c.

This snake he measured miles twice two,
 But there they surely lied ;
 For I was one of the very ship's crew
 By whom its length was tried.

One morning from his head we bore,
 With every stitch of sail ;
 And going at ten knots an hour,
 In six months came to his tail.

Tol lol, &c.

As curl'd all up this snake did lay,
 Five hundred miles about,
 A ship by chance came by that way,
 For a colony set out.
 This snake mistook for their promised lands
 A grievous thing, good luck !
 Men, women, babes, a thousand hands,
 All lodged on this snake's back !

Tol lol, &c.

And there they lived for a year or two,
 With oxen, pigs, and sheep ;
 The snake, you may believe it true,
 Was all the while asleep.
 But when they'd built a handsome church,
 And houses of a row,
 The snake he left them in the lurch,
 By diving down below.

Tol lol, &c.

Now once on end, with all his strength,
 To stand this snake did try,
 But when he'd got up half his length,
 His head did touch the sky.
 Some seamen whom this snake did note,
 Thought 'twas famed Teneriff ;
 So straightway sent the jolly-boat
 For fresh water and beef.

Tol lol, &c.

The sea he fills with breakers new
 By the shedding of his teeth,
 On which was shipwreck'd the whole crew
 Of a vessel bound for Leith.

So landmen all, I pray give ear,
 And do some pity take ;
 You see what dangers did appear,
 Through this thundering large sea-snake.
 Tol lol, &c.

THE WITCHES' GLEE.

WHEN shall we three meet again ?
 In thunder, lightning, or in rain ;
 When the hurly-burly's done,
 When the battle's lost and won,
 That will be ere set of sun.

HE LOVES AND HE RIDES AWAY.

At the Baron of Mowbray's gate was seen,
 A page with a courser black,
 There came out a Knight of a noble mien,
 And he leap'd on the courser's back ;
 His arms were bright, his heart was light,
 And he sang the merry lay—
 How jollily lives a fair young knight,
 He loves and he rides away.

A Lady look'd over the castle wall,
 And she heard the Knight thus sing ;
 This Lady's tears began to fall,
 And her hands began to wring ;
 And didst thou then thy mistress plight,
 And was it but to betray !
 Ah ! tarry awhile my own dear Knight
 In pity don't ride away.

The Knight of her tears he took no heed,
 Whilst scornful laugh'd his eye,
 He gave the spur to his prancing steed,
 Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye ;

And soon he vanished from her sight,
Whilst she was heard to say—
Ah, ladies, beware of a false young Knight,
He'll love and he'll ride away.

WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN?

WHEN shall we three meet again?
When shall we three meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign
Ere we three shall meet again.

Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parch'd beneath a hostile sky;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls:
Still in Fancy's rich domain
Oft shall we three meet again.

When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead;
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, power, and fame are laid;
Where immortal spirits reign,
There shall we three meet again.

THE FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

I'LL sing you a good old song,
Made by a good old pate,
Of a fine old English gentleman,
Who had an old estate;

And who kept up his old mansion
 At a bountiful old rate ;
 With a good old porter to relieve
 The old poor at his gate.
 Like a fine old English gentleman,
 All of the olden time.

His hall, so old, was hung around
 With pikes, and guns, and bows,
 And swords, and good old bucklers,
 That had stood against old foes ;
 'Twas there "his worship" held his state,
 In doublet, and trunk hose ;
 And quaff'd his cup of good old sack,
 To warm his good old nose.

Like a fine, &c.

When Winter's cold brought frost and snow,
 He open'd house to all ;
 And though threescore and ten his years,
 He fleetly led the ball ;
 Nor was the houseless wanderer,
 E'er driven from his hall :
 For, while he feasted all the great,
 He ne'er forgot the small.

Like a fine, &c.

But time, tho' sweet, is strong in flight,
 And years roll swiftly by ;
 And Autumn's falling leaf proclaim'd
 The old man—he must die !
 He laid him down right tranquilly,
 Gave up life's latest sigh ;
 A mournful stillness reign'd around,
 And tears bedew'd each eye,

For this good, &c.

Now surely this is better far
 Than all the new parade
 Of Theatres and Fancy Balls,
 "At Home," and Masquerade :

And much more economical,
 For all his bills were paid ;
 Then leave your old vagaries quite,
 And take up the old trade,
Of a fine, &c.

THE FINE YOUNG ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

(Turns on the stage.)

I'll sing you a prime new song,
 That was made by a young chap's pate,
 Of a fine young English gentleman,
 Who'd come to an estate ;
 Who kept his hunters and his hounds
 At a d——d expensive rate,
 With servants gay, to drive away
 The poor folks from his gate ;
 Like a fine young English gentleman,
 Born in the modern times.
 His study it was strow'd around
 With what ?—Lord only knows !
 Foils, boxing-gloves, and pistols,
 Which he us'd with friends and foes :
 'Twas there "the squire" took his wine
 And cigar where'er he chose ;
 Perusing the Court Journal,
 Or Blackwood's tedious press.
Like a fine, &c.

He was when merry winter came
 The gayest of them all ;
 At five-and-twenty he was seen
 At ev'ry fancy ball.
 At each theatre—masquerade—
 This gentleman would call ;
 And while he feasted with the great,
 He quite forgot the small.
Like a fine, &c.

But cash, alas ! too soon takes flight,
 And sov'reigns roll away ;
 And creditors, who have long bills,
 At last will call for "pay ;"
 They came upon him tranquilly,
 And caught him out one day :
 "My cash is gone," he cried, "so I
 Must in the Queen's Bench lay."
Like a fine, &c.

Now this he thought was better far
 Than all the old parade—
 Of taking tea in peace at home,
 Along with some old maid.
 It must be economical,—
 The bills were all unpaid ;
 You cannot show me one, I know,
 Who does so much for trade.
As a fine, &c.

YOU ASK ME, SWEET MAID.

You ask me, sweet maid, if my vows are sincere,
 And call for some proof of my love ;
 Still doubting my passion, I see but too clear—
 But, pr'ythee, such fancies remove :
 Or if, as you say, lovers' vows are but breath,
 O set me some task to perform !
 And I'll brave it, tho' circled by peril or death,
 And smile as I buffet the storm :
 But this, this, believe me, can poorly express
 How truly, how dearly I love thee.
 Nay, bid me some action or enterprise dare,
 That men, though the boldest, would shun ;
 And whether by water, earth, fire, or air,
 I'll do it, if 'tis to be done.
 And if still a doubt in thy fancy remains,
 Injurious to love and to me,

O fetter me more, if you can, with your chains !
Nor ever—oh, no !—set me free.
But this, this, believe me, can poorly express
How truly, how dearly I love thee.
O let my fond vows some favour obtain,
And pleasure succeed to my toil !
Accept them, dear girl ! and, to banish my pain,
O crown the kind words with a smile !
Ah, yes, for there's surely a pleasure divine
In the smile of the girl we adore—
A promise so soft, that no words can define ;
It says that your doubts are no more ;
That now you believe—what no words can express—
How truly, how dearly I love thee.

OH, LIFE ! THY JOYS ARE BUT A DREAM.

How oft, without or help or guide,
We stray in life's uncertain path ;
Receiving, in our hour of pride,
Men's smiles, their favours, and their wrath.

I FLY TO MEET MY LOVE.

WHEN the bee at eve reposes
On a bed of fragrant roses ;
When the screech-owl wings its flight,
At the wished approach of night ;
When sweet Philomela's strains
First salutes the darkened plains ;
Then I seek the willow grove,
Then I fly to meet my love !
When the ploughman's homeward straying,
And the chirping cricket's playing ;
When the hornet, fatal bee,
Tarries in the hollow tree ;

When the bat, with beetle eyes,
Round the spiry turret flies ;
Then I seek the willow grove,
Then I fly to meet my love !

When the light of day's departing,
And her beams bright Luna's darting ;
When the raven journeys home,
And the heifers cease to roam ;
When the merry pipe and tabor
Call the rustic swains from labour ;
Then I seek the willow grove,
Then I fly to meet my love !

THE MICHAELMAS GOOSE.

A PARODY ON THE "MISTLETOE BOUGH."

THE Michaelmas goose lay in Leadenhall,
On the outside of a poulterer's stall ;
The poulterer's boys were blithe and gay,
Keeping of Leadenhall Market-day :
The poulterer, though his stock profuse,
Kept twigg'ing with pride the Michaelmas goose ;
Whilst she with her neck broke, seem'd to be
The best of all geese that could be.
Oh ! the Michaelmas goose,
Oh ! the Michaelmas goose.

"I'm tired of walking," an old maid did cry,
"I've walk'd to the market a goose for to buy :
And poulterer be sure that you give me, I pray ;
The best of your geese for Michaelmas day !"
Then a thief ran by, and straight began,
To finger the goose, and away he ran :
And he the poulterer out loud did call,
"Oh ! I've lost the best goose in all Leadenhall !"
Oh ! my Michaelmas goose, &c.

They sought it that hour, they sought it all day,
They sought it in vain till the night passed away !
The cleanest—the dirtiest—the filthiest spot,
The old maid sought wildly, but found it not ;
At length as onward she did roam,
She kept looking for the goose all the way she went
home ;
When the old maid appeared, oh ! the children did cry,
“ Twig the old woman that went a large goose to buy ! ”
Oh ! the Michaelmas goose, &c.

The thief was caught at morning's light,
They searched his pockets, when oh ! what a sight ;
For a bit of a goose lay smoking there,
In the breeches pocket, the thief did wear :
The thief laugh'd aloud, and swore it was jest ;
But they took him before the Lord Mayor, 'cause he
knows best,
Who decided against him, so now laugh your fill !
For three months he was sent to step at the mill.
All through priggish a goose,
Oh ! the Michaelmas goose.

FLOW ON, THOU SHINING RIVER.

Flow on thou shining river,
But, ere thou reach the sea,
Seek Ella's bower and give her
The wreath I fling o'er thee.
And tell her thus, if she'll be mine,
The current of our lives shall be,
With joy's along their course to shine,
Like those sweet flowers on thee.
But if, in wandering thither,
Thou find'st she mocks my prayer,
Then leave those leaves to wither,
Upon the cold bank there ;

And tell her thus, when youth is o'er,
Her lone and loveless charms shall be
Thrown by upon life's weedy shore,
Like those sweet flowers from thee.

MISERIES OF A LORD MAYOR.

OH! London's the town
To gain wealth and renown,
If only good luck will your labours repay ;
And none need despair
Of being made a Lord Mayor,
If he gets the good fortune to find out the way.
But, though highly we rate
All the splendour and state
Of those who are raised to the grand civic chair,
A man has no leisure
For taking his pleasure,
He's so much to do when he's made a Lord Mayor !
His troubles begin
Just before he's sworn in,
When he's doom'd through the streets in procession to
crawl ;
In a November fog,
(Stead of taking warm grog,)
He's forced to "take water" to Westminster Hall !
And when he gets there,
He does nothing but "swear,"
And invite all the judges to eat city fare ;
So he's really no leisure, &c.
Such numbers repair
To his Mansion-House chair,
And each with some grievance his Lordship acquaints ;
Thus he finds in condition
He's like a physician,
For he daily sits listening to people's "complaints."

In one room he receives
Beggars, paupers, and thieves,
So of course he's not breathing a very pure air ;
Oh ! a man has no leisure, &c.

He can no where approach
In his city state coach,
But tag-rag and bob-tail must all have a stare ;
Though a lord he is made,
And has left off his trade.
He still finds the "Compter" is under his care.
He attends Common Hall,
Goes in state to St. Paul's,—
And they can't do without him at Bartlemy fair !
He has really no leisure, &c.

He's at Old Bailey Sessions,
And aldermen's sittings,
And all turtle eatings that's done at Guildhall ;
All water excursions,
Swan-hopping diversions,
And feasting at Richmond, Gravesend, and Blackwall.
Then, wherever he's dining,
The guests are repining,
If he does not keep "wining" with every soul there.
Oh ! how can he have leisure, &c.

His duties increasing,
He sags without ceasing,
One night at a banquet—the next at a ball ;
Then to all folks appearing,
He must give a hearing,
Though but one year's allowed him for doing it all !
Then the cabmen and drovers—
Omnibuses—turnovers,
All bring to his lordship vexation and care ;
And he's really no leisure, &c.

When fishwomen lark it
At Billingsgate market,

Or the fish with an improper "scent" are sent there ;
 Ere the boatmen have sold 'em,
 They find Mr. Goldham
 Takes all kinds of "queer fish" before the Lord Mayor.
 Then he's thought such a rare man
 For making a chairman,
 And helping to carry each weighty affair ;
 That he finds, 'stead of leisure
 For taking his pleasure,
 He works like a horse—all the time he's a "Mayor!"

THE CABIN BOY.

THE sea was rough, the clouds were dark,
 Far distant every joy,
 When forc'd, by Fortune, to embark,
 I went as cabin boy.

My purse soon fill'd with Frenchmen's gold,
 I hasten'd home with joy,
 But wreck'd in sight of port behold,
 A hapless cabin boy.

SLING THE FLOWING BOWL.

Come, come, my jolly lads, the winds abaft,
 Brisk gales our sails shall crowd ;
 Come, bustle, bustle, bustle, boys, haul the boat,
 The boatswain pipes aloud :
 The ship's unmoor'd
 All hands on board,
 The rising gale
 Fills every sail,
 The ship's well mann'd and stor'd.

Then sling the flowing bowl :
 Fond hopes arise,
 The girls we prize
 Shall bless each jovial soul ;
 The can, boys, bring ;
 We'll drink and sing,
 While the foaming billows roll.

Though to the Spanish coast we're bound to steer,
 We'll still our rights maintain ;
 Then bear a hand, be steady, boys ; soon we'll see
 Old England once again,
 From shore to shore,
 While cannons roar,
 Our tars shall show
 The haughty foe,
 Britannia rules the main.
 Then sling the flowing bowl, &c,

THE ALMANACK MAKER.

Oh, father had a jolly knack
 Of cooking up an almanack ;
 He could tell,
 Very well,
 Of eclipses and wars,
 Of Venus and Mars,
 When plots were prevented,
 Penny posts were invented,
 Of Rome's dire reproaches,
 And the first hackney coaches :
 And he always foresaw
 There'd be frost or be thaw ;
 Much sun or much sleet,
 Much rain or much heat
 On the sixth or the seventh,
 The fifth or the tenth,
 &c.

The tenth or the fifteenth,
The twentieth or sixteenth,
But to guard against laughter,
 He wisely did guess
 There'd be more or less
Day before or day after.

Oh, father had a jolly knack,
Of cooking up an Almanack ;
 He could tell,
 Very well,

Of aches and of pains,
In the loins and the reins,
In the hips and the toes,
In the back and the nose ;
Of a red letter day,
When school-boys might play ;
When tempest would clatter,
When earthquakes would shatter,
When comets would run,
And the world be undone,
But yet still there was laughter :
 For people would cry,
 Though he says we're to die,
It may be to-day, or day after.
Light and dark, high-water mark,
Signs the skies in, something rising,
Verse terrific, hieroglyphic,
Astronomical, all so comical.
Oh, father had a jolly knack
Of cooking up an almanack.

THE SPRIGHTLY HORN.

THE sprightly horn awakes the morn,
And bids the hunter rise,
The opening hound returns the sound,
And Echo fills the skies.

See ruddy health, more dear than wealth,
On yon blue mountain's brow,
The neighing steed invokes our speed,
And reynard trembles now.

In ancient days, as story says,
The woods our fathers sought ;
The rustic race adored the chase,
And hunted as they fought.
Come let's away, make no delay,
Enjoy the forest's charms ;
Then o'er the bowl expand the soul,
And rest in Chloe's arms.

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### I LOCK'D UP ALL MY TREASURE

I LOCK'D up all my treasure,  
I journey'd many a mile,  
And by my grief did measure  
The passing time awhile.

My business done and over,  
I hasten'd back amain,  
Like an expecting lover,  
To view it once again.

But this delight was stilled,  
As it began to dawn,  
I found the casket rifled,  
And all my treasure gone.

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FAIR ELLEN.

FAIR Ellen like a lily grew,
Was beauty's fav'rite flow'r,
Till falsehood chang'd her lovely hue,
She wither'd in an hour.

Antonio in her virgin breast
First rais'd a tender sigh ;
His wish obtain'd, the lover blest,
Then left the maid to die.

YE TOPERS ALL.

Ye topers all drink to the soul,
Of this right honest fellow ;
Who always lov'd a flowing bowl,
And would in death be mellow.
The lamp of life he kindled up,
With spirit stout and glowing ;
His heart inspir'd thus with a cup,
Ascends where nectar's flowing.

WILL YOU COME TO THE DALE.

WILL you come to the dale ?
Let your Mary prevail,
For oft I have heard you declare :
That you ne'er would decline
In these pleasures to join,
If Mary, dear Mary, was there.

Ah ! why then refuse ?
Say, what can excuse
Your hasting our pastimes to share ?
See, bright shines the sun,
The sports have begun,
And Mary, dear Mary, is there.

Ah ! why then delay ?
Art thou tempted to stray
By some rival more wealthy and fair ?
Sure your heart would reply,
Its fond tenant am I,—
That Mary, dear Mary, is there.

But, alas ! should it prove
That another you love,
And to church with your bride should repair ;
Should some willow-tree wave
O'er a new-cover'd grave,
Think Mary, dear Mary, lies there !

A BUMPER OF GOOD LIQUOR.

TRIO.

A BUMPER of good liquor
Will end a contest quicker,
Than Justice, Judge, or Vicar,
So fill each cheerful glass :
But if more deep the quarrel,
Why sooner drain the barrel,
Than be that hateful fellow,
That's crabbed when he's mellow.

THERE'S NO DECEIT IN WINE.

QUARTETTO.

THE mighty conqu'ror of hearts
His power I here dany ;
With all his flames, his fires and darts,
I champion-like defy,
I'll offer all my sacrifice,
Henceforth at Bacchus' shrine,
The merry god ne'er tells us lies,
There's no deceit in wine.

LOVE NO MORE MY HEART POSSESSING.

LOVE no more my heart possessing,
 Shall delusive hope restore ;
 How I loved beyond expressing !
 But, alas ! the maid's no more.
 O, 'twas neither form nor feature,
 That could triumph o'er my heart ;
 Truth it was, and heavenly nature,
 Oh, how hard with these to part !
 Yet, adieu to useless sorrow :
 Man his fate must firmly bear ;
 Nor, forbade of hope to borrow,
 Meanly truckle to despair.
 O, 'twas neither, &c.

ON BY THE SPUR OF VALOUR GOADED.

ON by the spur of valour goaded,
 Pistols primed, and carbines loaded,
 Courage strikes on hearts of steel ;
 While each spark, through the dark gloom of night,
 Lends a clear and cheering light,
 Who a fear or doubt can feel ?
 Like serpents, now, through thickets creeping,
 Then, on our prey, like lions leaping,
 Calvette, to the onset lead us,
 Let the weary traveller dread us,
 Struck with terror and amaze,
 While our swords with lightning blaze ;
 Thunder to our carbines roaring.
 Bursting clouds, in torrents pouring,
 Wash the sanguin'd dagger's blade,
 Our's a free and roving trade.
 To the onset, let's away,
 Valour calls, and we obey.

THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION,

ONE night came on a hurricane,
The sea was mountains rolling,
When Barney Buntline turn'd his quid,
And said to Billy Bowling:
"A strong nor-wester's blowing, Bill,
Hark ! don't ye hear it roar now ?
Lord help 'em, how I pities all
Unhappy folks on shore now !

" Fool-hardy chaps who live in town,
What danger they are all in,
And now are quaking in their beds,
For fear the roof should fall in ;
Poor creatures, how they envious us,
And wishes, I've a notion,
For our good luck, in such a storm,
To be upon the ocean.

" But as for them who're out all day,
On business from their houses,
And late at night are coming home,
To cheer the babes and spouses ;
While you and I, Bill, on the deck,
Are comfortably lying,
My eyes ! what tiles and chimney-pots
About their heads are flying ?

" And very often have we heard
How men are killed and undone,
By overturns of carriages,
By thieves, and fires in London.
We know what risks all landmen run,
From noblemen to tailors ;
Then, Bill, let us thank Providence
That you and I are sailors !"

POLLY FLOWERS.

Most folks fall in love no doubt
Some time or other ;
'Tis useless when the flame breaks out,
Trying to smother.
Cupid will have his way,
'Tis very well known his chief
Pleasure by night and day,
Is making o' mischief.
So it turned out in the case
Of Jeremiah Towers,
Who fell in love with the charming face
Of sweet Polly Flowers.

Jeremiah Towers, mark !
When first he felt love's dizz'ness,
Was a dapper, active lawyer's clerk,
Sticking tight to bus'ness,
But Polly of his heart the thief,
He walked about dejected ;
Melancholy, and in brief,
His briefs were all neglected.
All day he long'd for night,
Impell'd then by love's powers,
He walked three miles to get a sight
Of sweet Polly Flowers.

Polly had another bean,
A butcher fat and greasy ;
Which when Jerry came to know,
He was not very easy.
She told him (in the street,)
With a look, which something arch meant :
"She preferr'd good solid meat,
To dried up wither'd parchment."
He thought his lease of life was out,
Poor Mr. Towers !
And he look'd 'twixt love and doubt,
At sweet Polly Flowers.

The butcher had a great large dog,
His coat was long and curly ;
And with his master he would jog,
All day and late and early :
"Love me, love my dog," they say ;
Miss Flowers would pat him,
And resolved to drive poor Towers away
By setting Towzer at him.
The butcher put her up to this,
His love had got such powers,
And got rewarded with a kiss
From sweet Polly Flowers.

Next time Mr. Towers came
She spoke more tender ;
He begun about his flame,
Hoped 'twould not offend her ;
Love had made him almost blind,
He knew not her intention,
Till Towzer's teeth had met behind,
Where,—I must not mention ;
He rav'd and stamp'd and roar'd with pain,
His sweets were turn'd to scours ;
He swore he'd never think again,
Of vile Polly Flowers.

Before the butcher's joy got cold,
Jerry did indict him,
As warning to both young and old,
For making his dog bite him :
But most unfortunate of clerks !
Ill luck in him was rooted ;
In court he could not show his marks,
And so he got non-suited :
His love turn'd to a deep despair,
He groan'd away the hours ;
The butcher meantime got the fair
Charming Polly Flowers.

COMFORT, DAMSEL, WHY THAT SIGH.

COMFORT, damsel, why that sigh !
Heav'n in kindness sends us sorrow—
Patience, damsel, heav'n is nigh,
Brighter prospects greet to-morrow.
Weigh'd down by each passing show'r,
Lowly droops the lily's head—
Charg'd with rain, the tender flow'r
Pensive sinks, its beauty fled.
Rolls the dark storm far away,
See, a livelier hue is giv'n !
The lily glitters doubly gay—
The drop that dress'd it came from heav'n,

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

OF all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There's ne'er a lady in the land,
That's half so sweet as Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
Her father he makes cabbage nets,
And through the streets doth cry 'em ;
Her mother, she sells laces long,
To such as please to buy 'em.
But sure such folks could ne'er beget,
So sweet a girl as Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
When she is by, I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely ;

My master comes, like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely.
But let him bang his belly full,
I'll bear it all for Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that're in the week,
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes between,
The Saturday and Monday,
For then I'm drest, all in my best,
To walk abroad with Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamed,
Because I leave him in the lurch,
As soon as text is named.
I leave the church in sermon time,
And slink away to Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
Oh then I shall have money,
I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
I'll give it to my honey.
And would it were ten thousand pounds,
I'd give it all to Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master, and the neighbours all,
Make game of me and Sally,
And but for her, I'd better be,
A slave and row a galley.
But when my seven long years are out,
Oh then I'll marry Sally,
Oh then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
But not in our alley.

MY NATIVE HILLS.

I LOVE the hills, my native hills,
O'er which so oft I've stray'd ;
The shading trees, the murmur'ing rills,
Where I in childhood play'd.
I love to feel the breezes blow,
Upon the hills so free :
Where'er I am, where'er I go,
My native hills for me.

I love the hills, my native hills,
All purple with the heath :
Those fertile grounds the peasant tills,
And the woodlands far beneath.
When fancied joys in hope I view,
I think those hills I see :
Where'er I am, where'er I go,
My native hills for me.

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## WILLIAM AND MARY.

'Twas in the middle of the night,  
To sleep young William tried,  
When Mary's ghost came stealing in,  
And stood at his bed-side.

O William dear ! O William dear,  
My rest eternal ceases ;  
Alas ! my everlasting peace,  
Is broken into pieces.

I thought the last of all my cares  
Would end with my last minute ;  
But though I went to my long home,  
I didn't stay long in it.

The body snatchers they have come,  
And made a snatch at me ;  
It's very hard them kind of men  
Won't let a body be !

You thought that I was buried deep,  
Quite decent-like, and chary ;  
But from my grave in Mary bone.  
They've come and boned your Mary.

The arm that used to take your arm,  
Is took to Dr. Vyse ;  
And both my legs are gone to walk  
The hospital at Guy's !

I vow'd that you should have my hand,  
But fate gives us denial ;  
You'll find it there at Dr. Bell's,  
In spirits in a phial.

As for my feet, the little feet  
You used to call so pretty,  
There's one I know in Bedford Row,  
The t'other's in the City.

I can't tell where my head is gone,  
But Dr. Carpue can ;  
As for my trunk its all pack'd up,  
To go by Pickford's van.

I wish you'd go to Mr. P.  
And save me such a ride ;  
I don't half like the outside place  
They've took for my inside.

The cock it crows !—I must be gone !  
My William, we must part ;  
But I'll be your's in death, although  
Sir Astley has my heart.

Don't go to weep upon my grave,  
And think that there I be ;  
They havn't left an atom there  
Of my anatomy !

## THE TEAR FELL GENTLY.

THE tear fell gently from her eye,  
 When last we parted on the shore :  
 My bosom heav'd with many a sigh,  
 To think I ne'er might see her more.

"Dear youth," she cried, "and canst thou haste away,  
 My heart will break, a little moment stay.  
 Alas! I cannot, I cannot part from thee."  
 "The anchor's weigh'd ; farewell, farewell, remember  
 me!"

"Weep not, my love," I trembling said,  
 "Doubt not a constant heart like mine ;  
 I ne'er can meet another maid,  
 Whose charms can fix that heart like thine."

"Go then," she cried, "but let thy constant mind  
 Oft think of her you leave in tears behind,  
 A maid, this last embrace my pledge shall be."  
 "The anchor's weigh'd ; farewell, farewell, remember  
 me."

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## I WHISPERED HER A LAST ADIEU.

I WHISPERED her a last adieu,  
 I gave a mournful kiss,  
 Cold showers of sorrow bathed her eyes,  
 And her poor heart was torn with sighs?  
 Yet, strange to tell, 'twas then I knew  
 Most perfect bliss.

For love, at other times suppressed,  
 Was all betrayed at this ;  
 I saw him, weeping, in her eyes,  
 I heard him breathe among her sighs ;  
 And every sob which shook her breast  
 Thrilled mine with bliss.



The sight which keen affection clears,  
How can it judge amiss?  
To me 't pictured hope, and taught  
My spirit this consoling thought,—  
That Love's sun, though it rise in tears,  
May set in bliss.

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### THE FLAG OF LIBERTY.

THE flaunting flag of liberty,  
(Of Gallia's sons the boast)  
Oh, never may a Briton see  
Upon the British coast!  
The only flag that Freedom rears,  
Her emblem on the seas,  
Is the flag that braved a thousand years,  
The battle and the breeze!

To aid the trampled rights of man,  
And break oppression's chain,  
The foremost in the battle's van,  
It never floats in vain.  
The mariner, where'er he steers,  
In every clime he sees,  
The flag that's braved a thousand years,  
The battle and the breeze!

If all unite as once we did,  
To keep her flag unfurl'd,  
Old England still may fearless bid  
Defiance to the world!  
But fast will flow the nation's tears,  
If lawless hands should seize  
The flag that's braved a thousand years,  
The battle and the breeze!

## O, THE ACCENTS OF LOVE.

O, THE accents of Love! can they ever again  
Speak peace to this desolate soul ;  
When o'er my life's lord the deep floods of the main  
Now darkly and mournfully roll ?  
O, no ! let them search in my Algernon's grave,  
Would they learn where my heart is entombed ;  
Let them pierce to those chambers beneath the dark  
wave,  
No sun-beam hath ever illumed.  
But let them not hope to revive it with sighs,  
Or reach it with accents of love ;  
'Twill mock their endeavours, for, buried, it lies,  
With fathomless waters above.

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COME SHINING FORTH MY DEAREST.

COME, shining forth, my dearest,
With looks of warm delight ;
Shed joy as thou appearest,
Like morning beams of light.
Like morning's beam of light, love,
Mild shines thine azure eye !
Thine absence is a night, love,
In which I droop and die.
Oh, let me hear that tongue, love,
Whose music thrills my heart,
Like notes by angels sung, love,
When souls in bliss depart.
And at thy casement rising,
Illumine thy ravish'd sight,
Like day the world surprising,
With morning beams of light.

THE LEGACY.

When in death I shall calm recline,
Oh ! bear my heart to my mistress dear ;
Tell her it liv'd upon smiles and wine
Of the brightest hue while it linger'd here.
Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow,
To sully a heart so brilliant and light,
But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,
To bathe the relic from morn to night.

When the light of my song is o'er,
Then take my harp to your ancient hall,
Hang it up at that friendly door,
Where weary travellers love to call :
Then if some bard who roams forsaken,
Revive its soft notes in passing along,
Oh let one thought of its master waken
Your warmest smile for the child of song.

Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing,
To grace your revel when I'm at rest ;
Never, oh never its balm bestowing,
On lips that beauty hath seldom blest !
But when some warm devoted lover,
To her he loves shall bathe its brim
Oh, then my spirit around shall hover,
And hallow each drop that foams for him !

THE FAITHLESS LOVER.

FAR, far from me my lover lies—
A faithless lover he :
In vain my tears, in vain my sighs,
No longer true to me,
He seeks another.

Lie still, my heart, no longer grieve,
 No pangs to him betray,
 Who taught you these sad sighs to heave,
 Then laughing went away,
 To seek another.

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### THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lower'd,  
 And the sentinel-stars set their watch in the sky,  
 And thousands had sunk on the ground, overpower'd,  
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.  
 When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,  
 By the wolf-scaring faggot, that guarded the slain,  
 In the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,  
 And twice, ere the cock crew, I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,  
 Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track,  
 Till nature and sunshine disclosed the sweet way  
 To the house of my fathers, that welcomed me back.  
 I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft  
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young ;  
 I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,  
 And well knew the strain that the corn-reapers  
     sung.

Then pledged we the wine cup, and fondly I swore,  
 From my home and my weeping friends never to  
     part ;  
 My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,  
 And my wife sobbed aloud in the fulness of heart.  
 "Stay, stay with us, rest—thou art weary and worn !"  
 And fain was the war-broken soldier to stay ;  
 But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,  
 And the voice of my dreaming ear melted away !

## THE SOLDIER WHO DIED FOR HIS KING.

DEAR maid of my soul, should I perish,  
 Where battle's rude discord speaks loudly;  
 The name of thy fond lover cherish,  
 And let thy young bosom beat proudly.  
 My own banner over me wave,  
 My broken shield over me fling;  
 And carve on the oak o'er my grave,  
 "The soldier who died for his king."  
 Yet, maid, when my life-blood is streaming,  
 One tear to my last moments given;  
 Like a star in thy blue eye beaming,  
 To me were a foretaste of heaven.  
My own banner, &c.

## AND YE SHALL WALK.

AND ye shall walk in silk attire,  
 And siller hae to spare,  
 Gin ye consent to be my bride,  
 Nor think on Donald mair.  
 "O wha wad buy a silken gown,  
 Wi' a puir broken heart?  
 Or what's to me a siller crown,  
 Gin frae my love I part?"  
And ye &c.

I wadna walk in silk attire,  
 Nor braid wi' gems my hair,  
 Gin he whose faith is pledged wi' mine  
 Were wranged and grieving sair.  
 Frae infancy he loved me still,  
 And still my heart shall prove,  
 How weel it can those vows fulfil,  
 Which first repaid his love.  
I wadna walk, &c.

## THE GRAVESEND STEAMER.

You've of a Putney party heard,  
 And those who Woolwich joys preferr'd ;  
 But now I'll tell you what occur'd

Aboard a Gravesend Steamer.

Not like those vulgar chaps I'd be,  
 Wot never ventured out to sea ;  
 A change of air, all did agree,  
 Most fit and proper was for me :  
 So I one day, with Mrs. Brown,  
 Resolv'd to leave the smoky town ;  
 And Sunday after we went down

Aboard of a Gravesend Steamer,

With squalling, bawling, all the day,  
 And sighing, crying, all the way,  
 Oh ! we were anything but gay  
 Aboard a Gravesend Steamer.

That we might be at no expense,  
 Ve took our own provisions thence,  
 And that you'll own pourtray'd our sense,

Aboard a Gravesend Steamer.

But scarcely had we reach'd Blackwall,  
 When there came on a precious squall,  
 And that obliged us one and all  
 To crowd into a cabin small :  
 To find a seat in vain I search'd,  
 A score were on the table perch'd,  
 Who soon were floor'd—'cause we were lurch'd

. Aboard, &c.

I didn't longer there remain,  
 The heat was worse than all the rain,  
 So quickly got on deck again

Aboard a Gravesend Steamer.

I wonder'd, but I couldn't tell  
 Wot did the weasel so propel ;

So, looking down a kind of well,  
 Right thro' among the coals I fell ;  
 Was laugh'd and jeer'd at by the crew,  
 My clothes were wringing wet all through,  
 I was in such a horrid stew,

Aboard, &c.

Now, Woolwich scarcely out of sight,  
 The wind and waves upset me quite ;  
 I didn't feel exactly right

Aboard a Gravesend Steamer.

For such a lot of eggs and ham  
 At breakfast I contriv'd to cram,  
 With rum and brandy each a dram ;  
 My head—oh, crickey ! how it swam :  
 I needed no emetic pill,  
 It baffled all the doctor's skill,  
 For, oh ! I was so shocking ill,

Aboard, &c.

I wasn't quite myself, it's clear,  
 Until we got to Gravesend pier,  
 But more disasters met here,

Aboard a Gravesend Steamer.

For crowding thro' to leave the boat,  
 I lost my hat and half my coat ;  
 My wife, who did upon me doct,  
 Fell overboard—but didn't float ;  
 The watermen soon hover'd round,  
 And Mrs. B—— again they found,  
 But I grieve to say—she wasn't drown'd,

Aboard, &c.

That Mrs. B—— might go on shore,  
 The Captain lent her, from the store,  
 A sailor's dress—and that she wore

To leave the Gravesend Steamer.

The town was full of vulgar boys,  
 And all that sober men annoys,  
 Next Windmill-hill our steps employa,  
 For that's the spot wet I enjoya.

With Mrs. B—— I did condole ;  
Says I, our dishes all seem whole,  
But I found our wittles all were stole  
Aboard, &c.

As we no place could find to let,  
Off by the coach that night we set,  
We were determin'd not to get  
Aboard a Gravesend Steamer.  
But, mark our sorrow and dismay,  
When we arrived in town next day,  
Our lodgers they had run away,  
And left three quarters' rent to pay!  
And then, to crown what we endur'd,  
Our plate some rascals had secur'd!  
But to mishaps we were inur'd  
On board of a, &c.

**OLD ENGLAND SHALL WEATHER THE STORM.**

OLD England, thy stamina never has yielded,  
To the ills that have menac'd abroad and at home,  
And while all your energies nobly are wielded,  
Triumphant you still shall support freedom's dome.

Distress for a moment may dim your bright glory,  
But the clouds shall pass over--no cares shall de-  
form :

Thy councils and people shall tell the proud story,  
Old England for ever shall weather the storm.

Thy force, single-handed, has long been victorious,  
The friend of the suffering—the pride of the brave—  
Thy struggles, privations, have ever been glorious,  
The birth-place of liberty,—home of the slave.

Yes, yes, there's a spirit within thee proclaiming,  
No blast of misfortune thy strength can disarm ;  
Like thine own native oak, the rude tempest disdaining,  
Old England for ever shall weather the storm.

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### THE TROUBADOUR FROM DISTANT LAND.

From distant climes, a Troubadour,  
I make in every court my stay ;  
'Neath rustic porch and silken dome  
I tune my merry minstrel lay ;  
But most where love delights to dwell,  
'Mid knights who sigh for lady's hand,  
They welcome with soft music's spell  
The Troubadour from distant land.

Where nectar brims the rosy bowl,  
My soul in festive glee can join,  
And mellow ev'ry sparkling draught,  
Like sunshine on the sparkling vine ;  
But most where love entwines my brow  
With garlands wrought by lady's hand ;  
'Neath moonlit bowers you're sure to find  
The Troubadour from distant land.

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### FIRM AS OAK.

Oh ! firm as oak, and free from care,  
The sailor holds his heart at sea,  
If she he loves his cabin share,  
And Cupid page to Neptune be ;  
Come night's deep noon,  
And ne'er a moon,  
Nor star aloft a watch to keep,  
The tar can be gay  
As landmen in day,

With a cheering glass,  
 And a smiling lass,  
 While boon the wind blows,  
 And smooth the tide flows,  
 And the ship steady goes,  
 Still steady through the boundless deep.

When wint'ry gales blow bleak alarms,  
 In turn he mounts the chilly deck ;  
 But watch reliev'd, his Susan's charms,  
 All thoughts but those of pleasure check.  
 Come night's deep, &c.

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### A GENTLEMAN OF THE ARMY.

I'm Paddy Whack, of Ballyhack,  
 Not long ago turn'd soldier ;  
 In grand attack, in storm or sack,  
 None will than I be bolder.  
 With spirits gay I march away,  
 I please each fair beholder ;  
 And now they sing, he's quite the thing,  
 Och ! what a jovial soldier,  
 And there ye come, at beat of drum,  
 To see me in the army.  
 Rub a dub dub, and pilli li loo,  
 Whack ! fal da lal la, and trilli li loo,  
 I laugh and sing God bless the Queen,  
 Since I've been in the army.

The lots of girls my train unfurls,  
 Would form a pleasant party ;  
 There's Kitty Lynch, a tidy wench,  
 And Suke and Peg M'Carthy ;  
 Miss Judy Baggs and Sally Maggs,  
 And Martha Scraggs, all storm me ;  
 And Molly Magee is after me,  
 Since I've been in the army.

The Salkies and Pollies, the Kitties and Dollies,  
 In numbers would alarm ye ;  
 E'en Mrs. White, who's lost her sight,  
 Admires me in the army.

    Rub a dub dub, &c.

The roaring boys, who made a noise,  
 And thwack'd me like the devil,  
 Are now become, before me, dumb,  
 Or else are very civil.

There's Murphy Roake, who often broke  
 My head, who daresn't dare me,  
 But bows and quakes, and off he sneaks,  
 Since I've been in the army.

And if one neglect to pay respect,  
 Och ! another tips the blarney,  
 With "whisht, my friend, and don't offend  
 A gentleman in the army !"

    Rub a dub dub, &c.

My arms are bright, my heart is light,  
 Good humour seems to warm me ;  
 I've now become, with every charm,  
 A favourite in the army.

If I go on as I've begun,  
 My comrades all inform me ;  
 They soon shall see that I will be  
 A general in the army.

Delightful notion, to get promotion !

Then, ladies, how I'll charm ye ;  
 For 'tis my belief, Commander-in-Chief  
 I shall be in the army !

Rub a dub dub, and pilli li loo,  
 Whack ! fal de ral la, and trilli li loo,  
 I laugh and sing God bless the Queen,  
 My country and the army.

## THE SAPLING OAK.

THE sapling oak lost in the dell,  
Where tangled brakes its beauties spoil,  
And ev'ry infant shock repel,  
Droops hopeless o'er the exhausted soil.

At length the woodman clears around,  
Where'er the noxious thickets spread ;  
And high reviving o'er the ground,  
The forest's monarch lifts its head.

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## THINKS I TO MYSELF, THINKS I.

THINKS I to myself, thinks I,  
I see no reason why,  
The devil should pause  
To sharpen his claws,  
Thinks I to myself, thinks I.

Thinks I to myself, thinks I,  
Those parsons are dev'lish sly ;  
To shun him, they preach,  
While they suck like a leech,  
Thinks I to myself, thinks I.

Thinks I to myself, thinks I,  
Let knaves my song decry ;  
I'll keep from the paw,  
Of physic and law,  
Thinks I to myself, thinks I.

Thinks I to myself, thinks I,  
Let none their aid deny,  
Nor leave their own work,  
For a devil or Turk,  
Thinks I to myself, thinks I.

Thinks I to myself, thinks I,  
 State jugglers now, good bye,  
 No longer will slaves,  
 Be govern'd by knaves,  
 'Thinks I to myself, thinks I,

### GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O!

GREEN grow the rashes, O!  
 Green grow the rashes, O!  
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,  
 Are spent among the lasses, O!

There's nought but care on ev'ry han',  
 In every hour that passes, O!  
 What signifies the life o' man,  
 An' 'twere na for the lasses, O!  
 Green grow, &c.

The warly race may riches chase,  
 And riches still may fly them, O!  
 An' tho' at last they catch them fast,  
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O!  
 Green grow, &c.

Give me a canny hour at e'en,  
 My arms about my dearie, O!  
 An' warly cares, an' warly men,  
 May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!  
 Green grow, &c.

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,  
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O!  
 The wisest man the world e'er saw  
 He dearly lov'd the lasses, O!  
 Green grow, &c.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears  
 Her noblest work she classes, O!  
 Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,  
 And then she made the lasses, O!  
 Green grow, &c.

## AGAIN THE BALMY ZEPHYR.

AGAIN the balmy zephyr blows,  
Fresh verdure decks the grove,  
Each bird with vernal rapture glows,  
And tunes his notes to love.

Ye gentle warblers hither fly,  
And shun the noontide heat ;  
My shrubs a cooling shade supply,  
My groves a safe retreat.

## HOW HAPPY COULD I BE.

How happy could I be with either,  
Were t'other dear charmer away ;  
But while you thus tease me together,  
To neither one word can I say.

## THE COOK SHOP.

I KNEW by the smoke that so greasefully curl'd,  
From a kitchen below that a cook-shop was near,  
And I said if a gorge's to be found in the world,  
The man that is hungry might hope for it here.  
Ev'ry plate was at rest,  
And I heard not a sound,  
But the knives and forks rattling,  
Sweet music for me.

And here in this snug little box would I sit,  
With a joint that was lovely to nose and to view,  
With a sirloin of beef, a turkey and chine,  
How bless'd could I live, and how calm could I dine.  
Ev'ry plate, &c.

By the side of yon dustman whose black muzzles dip,  
In the gush of the gravy so sweet to recline,  
And to know as I gobbl'd it down with my lip,  
That it ne'er had been gobbled by any but mine.  
Ev'ry plate, &c.

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### DEEPLY STILL.

DEEPLY still, without a motion,  
Lies the bosom of the deep ;  
While each breeze that roams the ocean,  
On its surface seems to sleep ;  
Scarcely swells a single wave,  
All is silent as the grave.

But heaven grows brighter,  
The clouds part asunder,  
Loud murmurs the sea breeze  
That slumber'd before ;  
The ship spreads her pinions,  
The billows break under  
Her prow as she passes,  
But, lo ! 'tis the shore.

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### LOVE'S FLOWERY FETTERS.

LOVE's flowery fetters wearing,  
And pleas'd their burden bearing,  
I ask not to be free ;  
For, ah ! to doating lovers  
Their very chain discovers  
More joys than liberty.

Tho' charms of form or feature  
Must fade in course of nature,  
The heart retains its bloom ;  
And, like the rose when dying,  
In dusty atoms flying,  
Strikes on the wind perfume,

## VILLAGE MAIDS

WHILST with village maids I stray,  
Sweetly wears the joyous day ;  
Cheerful glows my artless breast,  
Mild content the constant guest.

## FOLLOW THE DRUM.

'Twas in the merry month of May,  
When bees from flower to flower did hum ;  
Soldiers through the town march'd gay,  
The village flew to the sound of the drum '  
From windows lasses look'd a score,  
Neighbours met at every door ;  
Sergeant twirl'd his sash and story,  
And talk'd of wounds, honour, and glory.  
'Twas in the merry month, &c.

Roger swore he'd leave his plough,  
His team and tillage, all, by gum !  
Of a country life he'd had enow,—  
He'd leave it all and follow the drum.  
He'd leave his thrashing in the barn,  
To thrash his foes right soon he'd learn ;  
With sword in hand he would not parley,  
But thrash his foes instead of the barley.

'Twas in the merry month, &c.

The cobbler he threw by his awl,  
When all were glad, he'd ne'er be glum,  
But quick attend to glory's call,  
And like a man follow the drum.  
No more at home he'd be a slave,  
But take his seat amid the brave ;  
In battle's seat none should be prouder,  
'Stead balls of wax he'd have balls of powder.  
'Twas in the merry month, &c.

The tailor he got off his knees,  
And to the ranks did boldly come ;  
He said he ne'er would sit at his ease,  
But follow the rest, and follow the drum.  
How he'd leather the foes, good Lord !  
When he'd a bodkin for a sword,  
The French should find he didn't wheedle,  
When he'd a spear instead of a needle.  
      'Twas in the merry month, &c.

Three old women—the first was lame,  
The second was blind, and the third nigh dumb ;  
To stay behind was a burning shame,  
They'd follow the men, and follow the drum !  
Our wills are good, but lack-a-day,  
To catch the soldiers we will try for it ;  
For, where there's a will, there's always a way,  
We'll walk a mile or two, if we die for it.  
      'Twas in the merry month, &c.

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THE CELEBRATED TRIO IN DER FRIESCHUTZ.

EACH sorrow repelling,
Once more in my breast,
Shall peace make her dwelling,
And joy be the guest.

This heart been a stranger,
To peace and repose,
Still fancies new danger,
Still dreads new repose.

Though fate long has bound us,
In sorrow and night ;
Now morning breaks around us,
We start at its light.

SAINT PATRICK WAS A GENTLEMAN.

SAINT Patrick was a gentleman, he came off decent
 people,
 In Dublin town he built a church, and on it put a
 steeple ;
 His father was a Callaghan, his mother was a Brady,
 His aunt was an O'Shaughnessy, and his uncle was a
 Grady.
 Then success to bold Saint Patrick's fist, he was a
 saint so clever,
 He gave the snakes and toads a twist, and banished
 them for ever !

There's not a mile in Ireland's isle, where the dirty
 vermin musters,
 Where'er he put his dear fore-foot he murdered them
 in clusters ;
 The toads went hop ! the frogs went flop ! slap dash
 into the water,
 And the beasts committed suicide to save themselves
 from slaughter.

Then success, &c.

Nine hundred thousand vipers blue he charm'd with
 sweet discourses,
 And dined on them at Killaloe, in soups and second
 courses ;
 When blind worms, crawling on the grass, disgusted
 all the nation,
 He gave them a rise, and open'd their eyes to a sense
 of their situation.

Then success, &c.

No wonder that our Irish boys should be so free and
 frisky,
 For Saint Patrick was the very man who first invented
 Whiskey ;

No wonder that the Saint himself to taste it should be
willing,
For his mother kept a sheeban shop in the town of
Inniskillen !

Then success, &c.

The Wicklow hills are very high, and so's the hill of
Howth, too,
But there's a hill much higher still, aye, higher than
them both, too ;
'Twas on the top of this high hill, Saint Patrick
preach'd the sarment :
He drove the frogs into the bogs, and bother'd all the
varment !

Then success, &c.

MEET ME IN THE BOWER OF ROSES.

WHEN twilight dies o'er the distant dale,
And the glow-worm is brightly beaming,
And the nightingale's note is heard in the vale,
And the moon on the blue lake is gleaming,
Meet me in a bower of roses ;
And there we will plight,
By the bonny starlight,
Our tenderest vows
'Neath the jessamine boughs,
While kiss after kiss
Shall heighten our bliss.
Thus in heaven-like rapture forget all our care,
While Nature in slumber reposes.

When whispers of night through moon-lit tree creep,
And the gale is with flow'rets' breath teeming
Like beauty in tears in the shade the rose weeps,
And the owl from her lone tower is screaming,
Meet me in the bower of roses, &c.

REMEMBER ME.

REMEMBER me when, far away,
I journey through the world's wide waste :
Remember me at early day,
Or when the evening shadows haste.
When high the pensive moon appears,
And night, with all her starry train,
Gives rest to human hopes and fears,
Remember, I alone complain.

Remember me whens'er you sigh,
Be it at midnight's silent hour,
Remember me, and think that I
Return thy sigh and feel its power.
Whens'er you think on those away,
Or when you bend the pious knee,
Or when your thoughts to pleasure stray,
O, then, dear maid, remember me.

THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

O, THIS is no my ain lassie,
Fair though the lassie be ;
O weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her ee.

I see a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place ;
It wants to me the witching grace,
The kind love that's in her ee.
O, this is no, &c.

She's bonnie, blooming, straight, and tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall ;
And ay it charms my very saul,
The kind love that's in her ee.
O, this is no, &c.

Wait but to whisper, "In her bower
Thy lady's heart doth mourn ;
As droops at eve the folded flower
Until the sun's return."

THE BRIDAL STAR.

His white plume o'er the mountain streams,
My heart throbs with delight,
His coralet in the sunshine beams—
He comes, my peerless knight.
The banquet spread and music bring
From holy land afar ;
His lady love shall welcome sing,
And touch her gay guitar,
The banquet spread, &c.

While songs of mirth and pastime strains
Are breathing soft around,
Hail, vassals, hail, till yonder plains
His welcome home resound.
I'll deck myself in all my best,
And wear my bridal star—
And now he's laid his lance at rest,
I'll touch my gay guitar.
The banquet spread, &c.

THE DAY RETURNS.

THE day returns, my bosom burns,
The blissful day we twa did meet ;
Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
Ne'er summer sun was half so sweet.
Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
And crosses o'er the sultry line ;
Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
Heaven gave me more—it made thee mine.

While day and night can bring delight,
 Or nature's aught of pleasure give ;
 While joys above my mind can move,
 For thee, and thee alone, I live !
 When that grim foe of life below,
 Comes in between to make us part ;
 The iron hand that breaks our band,
 It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart.

SWEET HOPE.

SWEET hope, thou art a sovereign balm
 For hearts by sorrow wounded ;
 Thy smiles impart a tender calm,
 E'en when by storms surrounded !
 For, like the many tinted bow,
 Grief's atmosphere thou cheerest,
 And darker as the shadows grow,
 The brighter thou appearest.
 And though by every tongue reviled,
 As treacherous, false, deceiving,—
 Who hath not dried his tears, and smiled,
 Thy promises believing ?
 Then still I'll court thy soothing power,
 And thy sweet influence cherish ;
 To thee I'll cling in life's last hour,
 Nor quit thee till I perish.

I'M A TOUGH, TRUE HEARTED SAILOR.

I'm a tough, true-hearted sailor,
 Careless and all that, d'ye see,
 Never at the times a railer,—
 What is time or tide to me ?

All must die when fate shall will it,
 Providence ordains it so,
 Every bullet has its billet.
 Man the boat, boys—Yeo, heave yeo.

“Life’s at best a sea of trouble,
 He who fears it is a dunce ;
 Death, to me, an empty bubble,
 I can never die but once.
 Blood, if duty bids, I’ll spill it.
 Yet I have a tear for woe ;”
 Every bullet has its billet, &c.

Shrouded in a hammock, glory
 Celebrates the falling brave ;
 Oh ! how many, famed in story,
 Sleep below, in ocean’s cave.
 Bring the can, boys—let us fill it,
 Shall we shun the fight ? oh, no !
 Every bullet has its billet, &c.

SONS OF FREEDOM.

Sons of freedom, hear my story
 Mercy well becomes the brave ;
 Humanity is Briton’s glory,—
 Pity and protect the slave !
 Free-born daughters, who, possessing
 Eyes that conquer, hearts that save,
 Greet me with a sister’s blessing,
 Pity and protect the slave.

THE GIRL THAT I PRIZE.

WHILST the votary of Bacchus drives care from the
 soul,
 And the votary of pleasure defies all controul,

I don't envy their transports, such joys I despise,
While blest with the heart of the girl that I prize.
When smiling she meets me, I cannot reveal,
How charming she looks, or what joys I then feel ;
While a blush paints her cheeks, and love brightens
her eyes,
I am blest with the heart of the girl that I prize.

HER MOUTH WITH A SMILE.

HER mouth with a smile,
Devoid of all guile,
Half open to view
Is the bud of the rose,
In the morning that blows,
Impearl'd with the dew.

More fragrant her breath,
Than the flower-scented heath
At the dawning day ;
The hawthorn in bloom,
The lily's perfume,
Or the blossoms of May.

JUST LIKE THEE.

SWEETEST flow'rets blushing there
In balmy dew-drops that they bear,
Are beautiful, my lovely fair,
Just like thee.

The moon that ripples in the stream,
With soft and yet with playful beam ;
The landscape in the night's calm gleam
Seems but a sweet enchanting dream,
Just like thee.

So may our life be clouded never,
Till death's dull mandate bid us sever,
Then may I sink to peace for ever,
Just like thee.

NO JOY WITHOUT MY LOVE.

If not with thee I'm blest,
In vain I twine the bower ;
If not to deck thy breast,
In vain I wreath the flower.
Such scenes as these no joys can prove,
On earth, no joy without my love.
Awaken'd by the genial year,
The warblers trill their lay ;
The verdant fields bedeck'd appear
With all the sweets of May.
Such scenes, &c.

O! TWINE A WREATH.

Oh! twine a wreath of evergreen,
And with it deck the brow
Of him who, 'mid life's varied scene,
Ne'er breaks his plighted vow :
Of him, when forc'd by honour's call,
In climes afar to roam,
Whose anxious thoughts will ever turn
To her he leaves at home.
Oh! twine a wreath, &c.
How few, 'mid pleasure's dazzling scenes,
Reflect on kindness past !
How few, who wealth and power obtain,
Are faithful to the last !

Too oft, in youth's gay sunny days,
 Men play the tyrant's part ;
 They first ensnare, and then alas !
 Deceive the guileless heart.
 Oh ! twine a wreath, &c.

SYMPATHY.

In thee I bear so dear a part,
 By love so firm am thine,
 That each affection of the heart,
 By sympathy is mine.
 When thou art griev'd, I grieve no less,
 My joys by thine are known ;
 And ev'ry good thou would'st possess,
 Becomes in wish my own.

RISE, CYNTHIA, RISE.

Rise, Cynthia, rise, the ruddy morn,
 On tiptoe stands to view thy face ;
 Phœbus by fleetest coursers borne,
 Sees none so fair in all his race.
 The circling hours which lay behind,
 Would draw fresh beauties from thine eye,
 Yet, ah ! in pity to mankind,
 Still wrapt in pleasing visions lie.

GLEE.

AMIDST the myrtles as I walk,
 Love and myself thus enter talk ;
 Tell me, said I, in deep distress,
 Where I may find my shepherdess.
 Tell me, said I, &c.

THE DASHING WHITE SERGEANT.

If I had a bean for a soldier would go,
 Do you think I'd say no, no, no not I ;
 When his red coat I saw,
 Not a sigh would it draw,
 But I'd give him eclat,
 For his bravery.

If an army of Amazons e'er came to play,
 As a dashing White Sergeant I'd march away.

When my soldier was gone, d'ye think I'd take on,
 Set moping forlorn, no, no, not I ;
 His fame may concern,
 How my bosom would burn
 When I saw him return,
 Crown'd with victory.

If an army of Amazons e'er came to play,
 As a dashing White Sergeant I'd march away.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
 Still, be it ever so humble, there's no place like home ;
 A charm from the skies seems to hallow it there,
 Which, go through the world, you will not meet else-
 where.

 Home, home, Sweet home !
 There is no place like home,
 There is no place like home.

An exile from home, pleasure dazzles in vain,
 Ah ! give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again ;
 The birds singing sweetly, that came to my call——
 Give me them, and that peace of mind, dearer than all.
 Home, home, &c.

HE WAS FAMED.

He was fam'd for deeds of arms,
 She a maid of envied charms,
 Now to him her love imparts,
 One pure flame pervades both hearts :
 Honour calls him to the field,
 Love to conquest now must yield :
 Sweet maid, he cries, again I'll come to thee,
 When the glad trumpet sounds a victory.

Battle now with fury glows,
 Hostile blood in torrents flows !
 His duty tells him to depart,
 She prest the hero to her heart.
 And now the trumpet sounds to arms !
 And now the clash of war's alarms !
 Sweet maid, he cries, again I'll come to thee,
 When the glad trumpet sounds a victory.

He with love and conquest burns,
 Both subdue his mind by turns.
 Death the soldier now enthrals !
 With his wounds the hero falls !
 She, disdaining war's alarms,
 Rush'd and caught him in her arms !
 O death ! he cried, thou'rt welcome now to me,
 For, hark ! the glad trumpet sounds a victory !

SWEET KITTY CLOVER.

SWEET Kitty Clover, she bothers me so,
 Oh, oh, oh, oh !
 Her cheeks are red, and round, and fat,
 Like pulpit cushion, and redder than that.
 Oh, sweet Kitty Clover, she bothers me so, &c.

My Kitty in figure is rather low,
Oh, oh, &c.
She's three feet high, and that I prize,
As just a fit wife for a man of my size.
Oh, sweet Kitty Clover, &c.
Where Kitty dwells I'm sure to go,
Oh, oh, &c.
One moon-light night, ah me, what bliss!
Through the hole of the window I gave her a kiss,
Oh, sweet Kitty Clover, &c.
If Kitty to kirk would with me go,
Oh, oh, &c.
I think I should never be wretched again,
If after the parson she'd say — Amen.
Oh, sweet Kitty Clover, &c.

NOT A DRUM WAS HEARD.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharg'd a farewell shot,
O'er the grave where our hero was buried.
We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The turf with our bayonets turning,
By the straggling moon-beams' misty light,
And our lanterns dimly burning.
Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought on the morrow.
No useless coffin confined his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

We thought as we heap'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;
But nothing he'll reck if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half our heavy task was done,
When the clock told the hour for retiring ;
And we heard by the distant and random gun,
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carv'd not a line, we rais'd not a stone,
But we left him alone in his glory.

MAY HE WHO WANTS GRATITUDE

THE being devoid of bright gratitude's flame,
Is a wretch without title, unworthy a name ;
To this motto with firmness unceasing I'll bend,
May he who wants gratitude e'er want a friend.

Here rest in my bosom, and never depart,
Give soul to each feeling and warmth to my heart ;
While the cherish'd reflection with life shall but end,
May he who wants gratitude e'er want a friend.

TOGETHER LET US RANGE THE FIELDS.

TOGETHER let us range the fields,
Empearl'd with morning dew ;
Or view the fruits the vineyard yields,
Or the apples' clustering bough.

There in close embower'd shades,
Impervious to the noon-tide ray ;
By tinkling rills on rosy beds,
We'll love the sultry hours away.

OH, WHAT A MONSTROUS GAY DAY.

Oh, what a monstrous gay day !
Smooth is the path that was rough !
My lord he will marry my lady,
And then he'll be happy enough !
Smooth is the path, &c,
Lorenza will wed Leonora !
Dear, how they'll all bill and coo ;
Then I shall get married to Flora,
And Flora don't care if you do !
Smooth is the path, &c.

ROBBER'S GLEE.

THE tiger couches in the wood,
And waits to shed the traveller's blood
And so couch we ;
We spring upon him to supply,
What men unto our wants deny,
And so springs he.

WATERS OF ELLE!

WATERS of Elle ! thy limpid streams are flowing,
Smooth and untroubled o'er the flowery vale,
On thy green banks once more the wild rose blowing,
Greets the young spring and scents the passing gale.

WHERE'S THE HEART.

WHERE'S the heart so cold,
Thy harp could not awaken,
Hear thy story told,
Nor feel its pulses shaken.

When amid the strings
Thy magic fingers straying,
If that thou hadst but wings
We'd think an angel playing.

When we hear thy tale
Of woe and virtue given,
We feel thou can'st not fail
To yet be one in heaven.

DEAR OBJECT OF DEFEATED CARE.

DEAR object of defeated care
Though now of love and thee bereft ;
To reconcile me with despair,
Thine image and thy tears are left,
'Tis said, with sorrow time can cope,
But that I feel can ne'er be true ;
For by the death-blow of my hope,
My memory immortal grew.

MY GAUNTLET'S DOWN.

My gauntlet's down, my flag unfurl'd,
Whate'er my fortune be,
For thee, my love, I'd lose the world,
Or win a world in thee !

Yes ! thou shalt be my polar star,
O'er youth's bewildering tide,
To lands of promised bliss afar,
My bright and beaming guide.
My gauntlet's down, &c.

WEEP FOR THE HEIRESS.

WEEP for the heiress of the isles,
The brightest gem that ever shone ;
Oh, loudly raise the caronach,—
Malvina, fair, is lost and gone !

Oh ! vainly shall the bridegroom come !
His joys, his hope, his pride is flown.
Joy has, with her, forsook its home,
Malvina, dear, is lost and gone !

HE'S THE MAN TO WIN THE DAY.

WHEN a trembling lover dies,
With a heart brimful of woe,
Stands aloof and when he sighs,
What he wants won't let us know ;
Let him go, let him go,
Women are not conquered so.

But the youth who boldly speeds,
Like a hero to the fray,
Speaks his mind, and when he pleads,
Will not let us answer nay.
Let him stay, let him stay,
He's the man to win the day.

MY HEART'S MY OWN.

My heart's my own, my will is free,
And so shall be my voice ;
No mortal man shall wed with me,
Till first he's made my choice.
Let parents rule, cry Nature's laws,
And children still obey,
And is there then no saving clause,
Against tyrannic sway ?

THE INDIAN DRUM.

HARK ! 'tis the Indian drum !
The woods and rocks around
Echo the warlike sound !

WHERE THE BEE SUCKS.

WHERE the bee sucks, there lurk I,
In a cowslip's bell I lie,
There I couch when owls do cry ;
On a bat's back do I fly,
After sunset, merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

TO THE OLD—LONG LIFE.

To the old—long life and treasure,
To the young—all health and pleasure,
To the fair—their face,
With eternal grace—
And the rest to be lov'd at leisure.

FUDDLE THY NOSE.

MERRILY, merrily push round the glass,
And merrily troll the glee ;
For he who won't drink till he wink is an ass,—
So, neighbour, I drink to thee.

Merrily, merrily fuddle thy nose,
Until it right rosy shall be :
For a jolly red nose, I speak under the rose,
Is a sign of good company.

BEAUTY AND WINE.

BRISK wine and lovely women are
The source of all our joys,
A brimmer softens every care,
And beauty never cloya ;
Then let us drink, and let us love,
While yet our hearts are gay,
Women and wine we all approve,
As blessings night and day.

SEA-GIRT ENGLAND.

SEA-GIRT England,—fertile land !
Plenty, from her richest stores,
Ever with benignant hand
Her treasures on your bosom pours,
England to yourself be true ;—
When your realm is truly bless'd,
'Tis when a monarch's love for you
Is by your loyalty confess'd. .

ANNA, THY CHARMS.

ANNA, thy charms my bosom fires,
 And waste my soul with care ;
 But ah ! how bootless to admire,
 When fatal to despair.

Yet in thy presence, lovely fair,
 To hope may be forgiv'n !
 For sure 'twere impious to despair,
 So much in sight of Heav'n.

HONEST NATURE ANSWERS, NO.

WHAT is love ? an idle passion,
 Sage advisers call it so ;
 Can I treat it in their fashion ?
 Honest Nature answers, no.

Wise ones, cease, in vain your preaching,
 Age has turned your hearts to snow ;
 Can I profit by your teaching ?
 Honest Nature answers, no.

THE HARDY SAILOR.

THE hardy sailor braves the ocean,
 Fearless of the roaring wind,
 Yet his heart with soft emotion,
 Throbs to leave his love behind.

To dread of foreign foes a stranger,
 Though the youth can, dauntless, roam,
 Alarming fears paint every danger,
 In a rival left at home.

The hardy sailor, &c.

BY SILVER STREAMS.

By silver streams and taneul grove,
 Oh, give my peaceful steps to rove ;
 To haunt the brink of trickling rills.
 The flow'r'y vales, or sloping hills,
 Far, far, from all I fear or hate,
 From splendid life's delusive state,
 Splendour canker'd with distress,
 Grandeur mix'd with littleness.

GIVE ME LIFE'S LARGEST CUP.

GIVE me then life's largest cup,
 Fill with pleasure, fill it up ;
 Pleasure, such as love inspires,
 Melting joys and warm desires.
 Keep, Oh ! keep it running o'er,
 Till grown old I thirst no more.

END OF THE SONGS.

RECITATIONS.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry !
And I'll give thee a silver pound,
To row us o'er the ferry."—

"Now, who be ye would cross Looshgyle,
This dark and stormy water ?"—
O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men,
Three days we've fled together ;
For, should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride,
Should they our steps discover,
Then who would cheer my bonny bride,
When they have slain her lover ?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready :—
It is not for your silver bright ;
But for your winsome lady :

"And, by my word ! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry ;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry !"

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking ;
And in the scowl of heaven, each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.—

“Oh ! haste thee, haste !” the lady cries,
“Though tempests round us gather,
I’ll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father.”

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh ! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gather’d o’er her.

And still they row’d amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing :
Lord Ullin reach’d that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover :
One lovely arm she stretch’d for aid,
And one was round her lover.

“Come back ! come back !” he cried in grief,
“Across this stormy water :
And I’ll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter !—oh ! my daughter !”

’Twas vain—the loud waves lash’d the shore,
Return or aid preventing :
The waters wild went o’er his child—
And he was left lamenting.

YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

On, young Lochinvar is come out of the west ;
Through all the wide border his steed was the best ;
And save his good broad sword he weapon had none,
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone !
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar !

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
He swam the Rak river where ford there was none—
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late ;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar !

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
'Mong bride's men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all !
Then spoke the bride's father his hand on his sword,
For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word—
" O come ye in peace or come you in war,
Or to dance at our bridal ? young Lord Lochinvar ! "

" I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied :
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbin like its tide !
And now am I come, with the lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine !
There be maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far
Than would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar ! "

The bride kin'd the goblet ; the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine and he threw down the cup !
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh ;
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar—
" Now tread we a measure ! " said the young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace !

While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and
 plume,
 And the bride-maidens whisper'd, 'Twere better by far
 To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar?
 One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
 When they reach'd the hall door and the charger
 stood near;
 So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
 So light on the saddle before her he sprung!
 "She is won! we are gone over bank, bush, and scar;
 They'll have fleet steeds that follow!" quoth young
 Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Grooms of the Netherby
 clan;
 Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they [ran;
 There was racing, and chasing on Cannobie Lea,
 But the best bride of Netherby ne'er did they see!
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
 Have you e'er heard of a gallant like young Lochinvar?

THE DRUNKEN SAILORS.

A PARSON once of Methodistic race,
 With band new stiffen'd, and with lengthen'd face,
 In rostrum mounted, high above the rest,
 In long-drawn tones, his friends below address'd;
 And while he made the chapel roof to roar,
 Three drunken sailors reel'd in at the door;
 His reverence twigg'd them—halted fresh his trap—
 "New converts for Old Nick and Co. to nap!"
 The poor pew-opener, too, a grave old woman,
 Poor! did I say? Oh! how I wrong'd the race—
 His honour told me she was rich—ah, rich in grace.

This poor pew-opener though, thinking right,
 As soon as Neptune's sons appear'd in sight,

With a profuse of three dismal groans compress'd,
Her lips thus open'd, and her mind discolour'd ;
" Ye rick'd men, conceiv'd and born in sin,
The gospel gates are open—enter in ;
Come and be saved, ye fallen sons of Adam :"
At which they all roar'd out—" Oh dam'ne, madam,
Your jawing tackle's at its proper pitch,
Come out, you d-d old swab-fac'd noisy wretch,
Go hang yourself, you squalling cat—
What humbug rig is this that now you're at ?

Words like these, utter'd in a sailor's note,
Seem reach'd the man in black who preach'd by rote ;
And he, tho' a Dissenter, is what I would remark,
Being no novice, beckon'd to his clerk,
Told the amen-man what to say and do—
Immediately he leaves his pew.

Goes to the sailors to do as he was bid ;
Out hauls his "bacco box, with—" Dam'ne, take a
quid ;

What cheer my thundering backs ? how are ye all ?
Come in my lads, and give your sines an overhaul !"
The sailors roll'd their quids, and turn'd their eyes,
And view'd their benefactor with surprise ;
Swore he was a hearty fellow—" D—n their souls !"
So in they staggering went—cheek by jowl,
Found a snug berth, and stow'd themselves away,
To hear what Master Blackey had to say.
His reverence preach'd, and groan'd, and preach'd
again !

■, says my story, it was not in vain ;
The plan succeeding which they had concerted,
They went in sinners, and came out converted.

THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

STOP ;—for thy tread is on an Empire's dust !
An earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below ?
Is the spot mark'd with no colossal bust,
Nor column trophied for triumphal show ?

None ; but the moral's truth tells simpler so.
 As the ground was before thus let it be.—
 How that red rain hath made the harvest grow,
 And is this all the world hath gain'd by thee,
 Thou first and best of fields, long making Victory ?

There was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
 Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;
 A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
 Music arose, with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft overhush'd love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage-bell ;—
 But hush ! hush ! a deep sound strikes like a ringing
 knell !

Did you not hear it ?—No, 'twas but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;
 On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined ;
 No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet,
 To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
 But hush ! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat,
 And deeper, clearer, deadlier than before !
 Arm ! arm ! it is'—it is' the cannon's opening roar !

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
 Late Brunswick's fated chieftain, he did hear
 That sound the first amidst the festival,
 And caught no tone with Death's prophetic ear
 And when they smiled because he deem'd it null,
 His heart more truly knew that pall too well
 Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
 And rose'd the vengeance blood alone could quell.
 He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell !

Ah ! then and there was harrying to and fro,
 And gathering tears and tremblings of distress,
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
 Glow'd at the prize of their own innocence ;

And there was sudden partings, ~~and~~ as press
 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
 Which ne'er might be repeated, who could guess
 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
 Since upon night so event such awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
 And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar;
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum
 Rous'd up the soldier on the morning star;
 While throug'd the citizens with terror dumb,
 Or whispering with white lips, "The foe! they come,
 they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rung:
 The war-note of Lochiel, which Albion's hills
 Have heard, and heard too have her Saxon sons:
 How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
 Savage and shrill! but with the breath which fills
 Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
 With their fierce native daring, which instills
 The stirring memory of a thousand years
 And Ivan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's
 ears.

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops as they pass,
 Grieving—of aught inanimate e'er grievous—
 Over the unreturning brave—alas!
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
 In its next verdure when this fiery mass
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and
 low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
 Last eve in Donny's circle proudly gay.

The midnight ~~thought~~ the signal sound of strife,
 The morn, the marshalling in arms—the day, bat-
 tle's magnificently stern array !
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
 The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover—heap'd and pent,
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent :

THE SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN.

THE world's a stage—and man has seven ages,
 So Shakspeare writes, king of dramatic sages ;
 But he forgot to tell you in his plan,
 That Woman plays her part as well as Man.

First, how her infant heart with triumph swells,
 When the red coral shakes its silver bells !
 She, like young statesmen, as the rattle rings,
 Leaps at the sound, and struts in landing strings.

Next, little Mim, in pin-a-fore so trim,
 With nurse so noisy—with mamma so prim—
 Eager to tell you all she's taught to utter,
 Laps as she grasps the allotted bread and butter ;
 Type of her sex—who, though no longer young,
 Holds every thing with ease, except the tongue.

A School Girl then, she curls her hair in papers,
 And mimics Father's gout and Mother's vapours ;
 Tramples alike on custom and on toes,
 And whispers all she hears to all she knows :
 " Betty," she cries, " it comes into my head,
 Old maids grow cross because their cats are dead ;
 My governess has been in such a fume,
 About the death of our old tabby puss ;
 She wears black stockings—ha ! ha !—what a pother,
 'Cause one old cat's in mourning for another !"
 The child of nature—free from pride and pomp,
 And sure to please, though nothing but a romp.

Next riper Miss, who, nature more disclosing,
Now finds some tracts of art are interposing ;
And with blue laughing eyes behind her fan,
First acts her part with that great actor,—Man !

Behold her now an ogling vain Coquette,
Catching male gudgeons in her silver net,
All things revers'd—the neck cropt close and bare,
Scarce feels the incumbrances of a single hair ;
Whilst the thick forehead trembles, frizzled full,
Rival the tufted locks that grace the bull.

Then comes that sober character—a Wife,
With all the dear distracting cares of life.
A thousand cards, a thousand joys extend,
For what may not upon a card depend ?
Though justice in the morn claim fifty pounds,
Five hundred won at night may heal the wounds.

Now she'll snatch half a glance at opera, ball,
A meetest treat'd by none, though seen by all ;
'Till spousy finds, while anxious to immure her,
A patent coffin only can secure her !

At last the Dowager, in ancient florence,
With muff and spectacles, this age denounces.
And thus she moralizes :—

(*speaks like an old woman*)

“ How bold and forward each young flirt appears ;
Courtship in my time lasted seven long years ;
Now seven little months suffice of course,
For courting, marrying, scolding, and divorcing.
What with their truss'd-up shapes and pantaloons,
Dress occupies the whole of honey-moons.
They say we have no souls—but what more odd is,
Nor men, nor women, now have any bodies.
When I was young, my heart was always tender,
And would to ev'ry spouse I had surrender ;
Their wishes to refuse I never durst,
And my fourth died as happy as my first.”

Truce to such spleenetic and rash designs,
And let us mingle candour with our lines.
In all the stages of domestic life,
As child, as sister, parent, friend, and wife ;
Woman, the source of every fond employ,
Softens affliction, and enlivens joy.
What is your boast, male rulers of the land ?
How cold and cheerless all you can command ;
Vain your ambition—vain your wealth and power,
Unless kind woman share your raptur'd hour ;
Unless, 'midst all the glare of pageant art,
She adds her smile, and triumphs in your heart.

HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Isar, rolling rapidly.

BUT Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steeds to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

And redder yet those fires shall glow,
On Linden's hills of blood-stained snow,
And darker yet shall be the flow
Of Isar, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon lurid sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling down,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Ah! few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet,
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

THE TORTOISE-SHELL TOM-CAT.

Oh, what a story the papers have been telling us,
About a little animal of mighty price,
And who ever thought but an Auctioneer of selling us,
For near three hundred yellow boys, a trap for mice;
Of its beauties and its qualities, no doubt he told them
fine tales,
But for me, I should have soon have bought a cat of
nine tails;
I wouldn't give for all the cats in Christendom so vast
a fee,
No to save 'em from the catacombs or Catalini's ca-
tastrophe:
Kate of Russia, Katterfelto's cat, and Catalani,
Are every one
By Tom outdone,
As you shall hear.

[*Spoken.*].—We'll suppose Mr. *Cat's-eye*, the Auc-
tioneer, with his catalogue in one hand, and a ham-
mer like a Catapulta in the other, mounted in the
rostrum at the great room in Cateaton-street.

'Hem! Leds and Gemmen—Cats are of two dis-
tinctions: Thomas and Tabby—This is of the former

breed, and the only instance in which I have seen beauty monopolised by a male! Look at him, ladies! what a magnificent monser! meek though masculine! The curious concatenation of colour in that Cat, calls Categorically for your best bidding. Place a proper price upon poor Pussey! consult your feline bosoms, and bid me knock him down.

Ladies and Gentlemen, a-going, going, going—
Any sum for Tommy Tortoise—shall you can't think dear.'

Next I shall tell ye, the company around him,
They emulously bade as if they were all wild;
Tom thought them mad, while they King of Kittens
crown'd him,
And kiss'd, caress'd, and dandled him just like a
child:

Lady Betty Longwaist, and Mrs. Martha Griakin,
Prim Polly Pussey-love, Miss Scratch, and Biddy Twis-
kin,

Solemn Sally Solus, who to no man yae had ever said,
Killing Kitty Crookedlegs, and neat Miss Nelly Ne-
verwed,

Crowding, squeezing, nodding, bidding, each for Puss
so eager,

Have Tom they would,
By all that's good,
As you shall hear.

[*Spoken in different voices.*]—*Irish Lady*—Och,
the dear crater, how beautiful he looks when he shuts
his eyes! beautiful indeed! He'd even lure the mice
to look at him.

Auctioneer.—Forty-five guineas in twenty places—

By different Ladies.—Sixty-five!—Seventy!—
Eighty!—Ninety!—

Auctioneer.—Go on, Ladies; nobody bid more?
It's enough to make a Cat swear to think he should
go for so little. If the Countess of Catamarran was
here, she'd outbid ye all. Miss Grimalkin, you are a

connoisseur in Cats, what shall I say?—Ninety-five guineas, sir. (In an old tremulous tone.)

Auctioneer. Thank you, Miss—Mem, it does not signify, you may bid as you will, but he shall be mine, if I bid all day. One hundred and twenty, sir.

Auctioneer.—Thank ye, Lady Letty.—Take a long, last lingering look, Ladies. What a wonder! The only Tortoise-shell Tom the world ever witnessed! See how he twists his tail, and washes his whiskers! Tom, Tom, Tom! (Cat mews.) How musically and divinely he mews, Ladies?—One hundred and seventy guineas, sir.

Auctioneer.—Thank you, Miss Tabby, you'll not be made a cat's paw of, depend on it—(Ladies laugh.) Glad to hear you laugh, Ladies: I see how the Cat jumps now; Tommy's going.

Ladies and Gentleman, a-going, going, going.
Any sum for Tommy Tortoise-shell you can't think dear.

Now louder and warmer the competition growing,
Politeness nearly banish'd in the grand fracas.
Two hundred—two hundred and thirty-three a-going—
Gone!—Never cat of Talons met with such eclat:
Nay nine or ten fine gentlemen were in the fashion
caught as well
As ladies in the bidding for this purring piece of Tortoise-shell.
The buyer bore him off in triumph, after all the fun was done,
And bells rung as if Whittington had been Lord Mayor of London.
Mice and rats flung up their hats, for joy that cats so scarce were,
And mouse-trap makers rais'd the price full cent per cent, I swear, sir,

SPEECH OF CATILINE

*Before the Roman Senate, on hearing his Sentence of
Death.*

Banished from Rome ! what's banished but out from
From daily contact of the things I loathe ?

'Tried and convicted traitor' — Who says this ?

Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head ?

Dashed ! — I thank you for't. It breaks my chain !

I held some slack alligances till this hour—

But now my sword's my own. Smile on, my lords ;

I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,

Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,

I have within my heart a hot coil shut up,

To leave you in your lazy dignities.

But here I stand and scold you — here I fling

Hatred and full defiance in your face.

Your Consul's merciful. For this all thanks.

He dares not touch a hair of Catiline.

'Traitor' ! I go—but I return. This—trial !

Here I devote your senate ! I've had wrongs,

To stir a fever in the blood of age !

Or make the infant a snow strong as steel.

This day's the birth of sorrows ! — This hour's work

Will breed prescriptions.—Look to your hearths, my

lords,

For there henceforth shall sit, for household gods,

Shapes hot from Tartarus !—all shames and crimes ;—

Was Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn ;

Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup ;

Naked Rebellion, with the torch and axe,

Making his wild sport of your blessing thrones ;

Till Anarchy comes down on you like night,

And Mansever seals Rome's eternal grave.

WHERE'S THE POKER.

THE poker lost, poor Susan storm'd,
 And all the rights of rage perform'd:
 As scolding, crying, swearing, sweating,
 Abusing, fidgeting, and fretting;
 "Nothing but villany and thieving!
 Good heaven what a world we live in!
 If I don't find it in the morning,
 I'll surely give my master warning.
 He'd better far shut up his doors,
 Than keep such good-for-nothing w—s;
 For wheresoe'er their trade they drive,
 We virtuous bodies cannot thrive!"

Well may poor Susan grunt and groan,
 Misfortunes never come alone,
 But tread each other's heels in throngs,
 For the next day she lost the tongs;
 The salt-box, cullender, and grate,
 Soon shared the same untimely fate.
 In vain she vails and wages spent
 On new ones—for the new ones went.
 "There'd been," she swore, "some devil or witch in,
 To rob and plunder all the kitchen!"
 One night she to her chamber crept,
 Where for some time she had not slept—
 Curse on the author of these wrongs!
 In her own bed she found the tongs!
 Hang Thomas for an idle joker!
 And there, good lack, she found the poker!
 With salt-box, pepper-box, and kettle,
 And all the culinary metal.

Be warn'd, ye fair, by Susan's crosses,
 Keep chaste, and guard yourselves from losses,
 For if young girls delight in kissing,
 No wonder that the poker's missing.

THE CHOICE OF A WIFE BY CHERIE.

THERE lived in York, an age ago,
 A man, whose name was Pimlico.
 He lov'd three sisters passing well,
 But which the best he could not tell.
 These sisters three, divinely fair,
 Shew'd Pimlico their tenderest care:
 For each was elegantly bred,
 And all were much inclin'd to wed;
 And all made Pimlico their choice,
 And press'd him with their sweetest voice.
 Young Pim, the gallant and the gay,
 Like one divided 'tween the hay,
 At last resolv'd to gain his ease,
 And choose his wife by eating cheese.
 He wrote his card, he seal'd it up,
 And said that night with them he'd sup;
 Desir'd that there might only be
 Good Cheshire cheese, and but them three;
 He was resolv'd to crown his life,
 And by that means to fix his wife.
 The girls were pleas'd at his consent;
 Each dress'd herself divinely neat;
 With faces full of peace and plenty,
 Blooming with roses under twenty;
 For surely Nancy, Betsy, Sally,
 Were sweet as lilacs of the valley.
 But angly, surely busom Bet
 Was like new hay and magnonetta.
 Bet each surpass'd a poet's fancy,
 For that, of truth, was said of Nancy;
 And as for Sal, she was a Donna,
 As fair as those of old Crotone,
 Who to Apollo lent their faces,
 To make up Madam Helen's graces,
 To whom the gay divided Pim
 Came elegantly smart and trim:

When ev'ry smiling maiden certain,
 Cut of the cheese to try her fortune.
 Nancy, at once, not fearing—caring
 To shew her saving, ate the paring ;
 And Bet, to shew her gen'rous mind,
 Cut, and then threw away the rind ;
 While prudent Sarah, sure to please,
 Like a clean maiden, scrap'd the cheese.
 This done, young Fimlico replied—
 " Sally, I now declare my bride :
 With Nan I can't my welfare put,
 For she has prov'd a dirty slut :
 And Betsy who has par'd the rind,
 Would give my fortune to the wind ;
 Sally the happy medium chose,
 And I with Sally will repose :
 She's prudent, cleanly ; and the man
 Who fixes on a nuptial plan
 Can never err, if he will choose
 A wife by cheese—before he ties the noose."

JACK OAKHAM AT THE PLAY.

Jack Oakham was a seaman good,
 As ever stood to gun ;
 And when on shore was always first,
 To join a bit of fun.
 One night near Plymouth Dock he stroll'd ;
 A play bill caught his eye,
 By which " The Tempest " was announced
 In letters three feet high.
 Jack, tho' he'd never seen a play,
 To join the folks was willing,
 So straight he mounted up aloft—
 For which he paid a shilling.

The curtain rose—the play commenced,
With thunder, lightning, rain ;
The vessel, with a horrid crash,
Was instant rent in twain.

That moment all the gallery props
Gave way in sullen fit,
And shower'd down the motley crew
Right headlong in the pit .

Says Jack, " If this be play, my lads,
By Jove, I'll instant strike it ;
It may be fun for aught I know,
But d—n me if I like it."

Next year in London Jack arriv'd,
To make a few weeks stay,
And stroll'd to Drury's lofty walls—
"The Tempest" was the play.

But sily in the pit he got,
Rememb'ring former folly,
And far remov'd from danger's shore,
Determined to be jolly.

Soon as the well known scene began,
And lightnings rent the skies,
He twisted round, with cunning leer,
And upward's turned his eyes.

" Hold hard aloft, you jolly dogs,
I like these jovial parties ;
Mind what you're at, you shilling swabs,
For here you come my hearties."

THE PILGRIMS AND THE PEAS.

A BRACE of sinners for no good,
Were order'd to the Virgin Mary's shrine,
Who at Loretto dwelt, in wax, stone, wood,
And in a fair white wig look'd wond'rous fine.

Fifty long miles had those sad rogues to travel,
With something in their shoes much worse than gravel :
In short, their toes so gently to amuse,
The priest had order'd peas into their shoes.

A nostrum, famous in old Popish times,
For purifying souls that stunk of crimes :
A sort of apostolic salt,
Which Popish parsons for its power exalt,
For keeping souls of sinners sweet,
Just as our kitchen salt keeps meat.

The knaves set off the self-same day,
Peas in their shoes, to go and pray :
But very different was their speed, I wot :
One of the sinners gallop'd on,
Swift as a bullet from a gun ;
The other limp'd, as if he had been shot.

One saw the Virgin soon—*peccavi* cried—
Had his soul white-wash'd over all so clever ;
Then home again he nimbly hied,
Made fit, with saints above, to live for ever.

In coming back, however, let me say,
He met his brother rogue, about half way—
Hobbling with out-stretch'd bum, and bending knees,
Damning the souls and bodies of the peas ;
His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brow in sweat,
Deep sympathizing with his groaning feet.

"How now?" the light-toed, white-washed pilgrim
broke,

"You lazy lubber!"

"Odds curse it!" cried the other, "'tis no joke—
My feet, once hard as any rock
Are now as soft as blubber.

"Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear—
As for Loretto I shall not get there ;
No ! to the devil my sinful soul must go,
For dam' me if I ha'nt lost ev'ry toe.

"But, brother sinner, pray explain
 How 'tis that you are not in pain ;
 What pow'r hath work'd a wonder for thy toon :
 Whilst I, just like a snail am crawling,
 Now swearing, now on saints devoutly bawling,
 Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes ;
 How is't that you can like a greyhound go,
 Merry as if that nought had happened—burn ye !"
 "Why," cried the other, grinning, "you must know
 That just before I ventur'd on my journey,
 To walk a little more at ease,
 I took the liberty to boil my peas."

THE EVERLASTING BREECHES.

It chanc'd on a time that an Irish dear honey,
 Who had just received a small trifle of money :
 Took it into his head to dispose of his riches,
 In what he much wanted, a good pair of breeches !
 In these modish days they've acquir'd a new name,
 But breeches or small clothes, why sure, they're the
 same !
 His purse stuff'd with chink, and his heart full of glee,
 Pat soon found a shop to his mind, d'ye see ?
 On a prime piece of stuff now his eyes quickly casting,
 And asking the name, he was told "*everlasting* !"
 "If it be everlasting," quoth Pat, with a leer,
 "By the holy St. Patrick ! *I'll purchase two pair !*"

WEDLOCK IS A TICKLISH THING.

WEDLOCK is a ticklish thing,
 Hey merrily ho, and ho merrily hey ;
 And will joy or sorrow bring,
 Hey merrily ho, hey ho !
 Oh, how delightful pass their days away,
 Who, never spiteful, only toy and play.

Spoken].—Will you take a walk this morning, my love? Yes, my dear. Then you had better put on your elogs, my chicken, for fear of catching cold. And pray do you put on your great coat, lest you might increase your cough. Thank you, my darling, for your care of me. When do you intend to instruct our new wills on Amptstead Heath. Vhy as soon as them 'ere artichocks sends in their demensions, and so on. Don't forget to have towers and such like things, to make it look all the world as though it war a little castle. I vun't, I vun't; and I'll have a worander in front, that you may look at the folk go up and down on a Sunday afternoon. Can't we cover the front with shells to make it look like a, like a---I know, a smintage you mean. Yes, my dear. So ve vill, my duck. Oh,

Wedlock's joys are soft and sweet,
 Hey merrily ho, and ho merrily hey!
 When fond hearts in union meet,
 Hey merrily ho, hey ho!

Let us only change the scene,
 Ho terrible hey, and hey terrible ho!
 Take a peep behind the screen,
 Ho terrible ho, hey ho!
 What she proposes, be it good or bad,
 He still opposes till he drives her mad.

Spoken].—Do you dine at home to-day, sir? I can't tell, ma'am. What shall I provide? What you like. Would you like a roasted chicken? You know I don't like roasted chicken. Well, boiled then? Worse and worse. What will you have then? Nothing. Very well, sir. Very well, ma'am. I say, Mr. Shrimp, when am I to have that 'ere new polece, which you promised me? When you treat a gentleman like a german, and conducts yourself like a lady. O, not till then. No. Wery vell, sir, then you will let me perish with cold. That I'm sure you vun't, for you are always in et vater. O, I wish you vore—At the

devil ; I know's you do, but I'll live a few years longer
on purpose to plague you. Thus

Wedlock is a dreadful state,
Ho terrible hey, and hey terrible ho !
When cold hearts are joined by fate,
Ho terrible ho, hey ho !

THE FAT ACTOR AND THE RUSTIC.

CARDINAL Wolsey was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, Shakspeare says.
♦ Meaning, (in metaphor,) for ever puffing,
To swell beyond his size and span ;
But had he seen a player in our days
Enacting Falstaff without stuffing,
He would have owned that Wolsey's bulk ideal
Equalled not that within the bounds
This actor's belt surrounds,
Which is, moreover, all alive and real.
This player, when the peace enabled shoals
Of our odd fishes
To visit every clime between the poles,
Swam with the stream, a histrionic Kraken,
Although his wishes
Must not, in this proceeding, be mistaken ;
For he went out professionally,—bent
To see how money may be made, not spent.

In this most laudable employ
He found himself at Lille one afternoon,
And, that he might the breeze enjoy,
And catch a peep at the ascending moon,
Out of the town he took a stroll,
Refreshing in the fields his soul,
With sight of streams, and trees, and snowy floeces,
Thoughts of crowded houses and new pieces.

When we are pleasantly employed time flies ;
 He counted up his profits, in the skies,
 Until the moon began to shine,
 On which he gazed awhile, and then
 Pulled out his watch, and cried—" Past nine,
 Why, sounds, they shut the gates at ten."—

Backward he turn'd his steps instanter,
 Stumping along with might and main ;
 And, though 'tis plain
 He couldn't gallop, trot, or canter,
 (Those who had seen him would confess it) he
 Marched well for one of such obesity.
 Eysing his watch, and now his forehead mopping,
 He puffed and blew along the road,
 Afraid of melting, more afraid of stopping,
 When in his path he met a clown
 Returning from the town.
 Tell me," he panted, in a thawing state,
 " Dost think I can get in friend, at the gate ?"
 " Get in !" replied the hesitating loon,
 Measuring with his eye our bulky wight,
 " Why—yes, Sir,—I should think you might,
 " A load of hay went in this afternoon."

NAPOLEON AT THE KREMLIN.

DEEPLY shadow'd by the night,
 On the platform'd tower he stands ;
 And his lonely hour is bright
 With the dream of conquer'd lands,
 Where his chosen hands have striven ;
 Where his plumed host appears,
 And its soaring eagle bears
 Its boast of blood and tears
 Unto heaven !

Hush'd in silent midnight sleep
The city lies below ;
And the watch-call hoarse and deep,
As he passeth to and fro,
Sternly breaks its deep repose.
Lo ! kindling one by one,
A thousand lights are shown ;
Each meteor-like and lone
Brightly glows !

" Say ! hath the licensed hour,
With years of danger bought,
Hath the wine-cup's wanton power
To my hardy veterans taught
Deeds of riot—rapine—shame ?
Have they bade yon flames arise
To tell the crimson skies
That the stain of outrage lies
On our name ?

" Or doth my warriors' mirth
Yon fires in triumph raise,
To scare the shuddering earth
With the terrors of their blaze ?
Like a flag of war unfurl'd,
Doth yon flood of radiance flow
From our camp ?"—" Invader,—no !
'Tis a beacon-fire, whose glow
Cheers the world !"—

" Lo ! its fury rageth higher,
Column'd upward to the sky,
Like that pyramid of fire
Gleaming of old, on high
To guide the people of the Lord.—
Soldiers of Fame ! come forth,—
Let the Empress of the North
Note your valour's daring worth,
At my word.

"Tear down each smoking wall
 Of her city doom'd to death ;
 Ere her towers unaided fall,
 Lie bravely earth'd beneath,
 Where her bulwarks darkly nod !"
 —"Invader ! stay thy hand,—
 Those mighty flames are fann'd
 By the *patriots* of the land,
 And their God !

"The sulphureous smoke pours down
 To mock the conqueror's flight—
 Flames gather like a crown
 Round the Kremlin's sacred height :—
 Invader ! thou shalt find,
 That before the blazing war
 Of yon flames that shed afar
 Their glorious light—thy *star*
 Hath declined !"

THE LAND OF MY BIRTH.

DEAR Cambria ! I love thee, thy vales and thy mountains,
 And beauty and grandeur proclaim thee their home :
 Whilst dark flowing streams and crystalliz'd fountains,
 O'er thy fertiliz'd bosom delightfully roam.
 But lovelier than all are thy beautiful daughters,
 Whose smiles are like sunbeams that gladden the
 earth : [waters,
 These forms are more fair than the nymphs of the
 They bless and adorn thee, lov'd Land of my Birth.

Dear Cambria ! I love thee, the home of my fathers,
 Whom liberty honour'd as chiefs in her cause ;
 Though hoary destruction now silently gathers
 Around the grey relics that speak their applause :

And sympathy raises with tears of affection,
 A lasting memorial of infinite worth,
 To those who shelter from sword and subjection,
 E'en dying defended thee, Land of my Birth.

Dear Cambria! I love thee, long famed in thy glory,
 And forthcoming ages shall cherish thy fame;
 The deeds of thy heroes unrivalled in story,
 With trophies immortal now blazon thy name.
 No more may fierce war's bloody trumpet sound o'er
 thee, [mirth;
 Be thy battle hymns changed for the anthems of
 May the song of the bard have no cause to deplore thee,
 But peace ever smile on thee, Land of my Birth.

NUMBER ONE.

It's very hard, and so it is,
 To live in such a row;
 And witness this, that every Miss
 But me has got a beau:
 For love goes calling up and down,
 But here he seems to shun;
 I'm sure he has been ask'd enough
 To call at Number One.

I'm sick of all the double knocks
 That come to Number Four;
 At Number Three I often see,
 A lover at the door.
 And one in blue at Number Two,
 Calls daily like a dun;
 It's very hard they come so near,
 And not to Number One.

Miss Bell, I hear, has got a dear
 Exactly to her mind,
 By sitting at the window pane
 Without a bit of blind.

But I go in the Balcony,
Which she has never done,
Yet arts that thrive at Number Five,
Don't take at Number One.

'Tis hard with plenty in the street,
And plenty passing by—
There's nice young men at Number Ten,
But only rather shy.
And Mrs. Smith, across the way,
Has got a grown-up son ;
But la, he hardly seems to know
There is a Number One.

There's Mr. Wick at Number Nine,
But he's intent on pelf,
And though he's pious, will not love
His neighbour as himself.
At Number Seven there was a sale,
The goods had quite a run ;
And here I've got my single lot,
On hand at Number One.

My mother often sits at work,
And talks of props and stays ;
And what a comfort I shall be
In her declining days.
The very maids about the house,
Have set me down a nun ;
The sweethearts all belong to them
That call at Number One.

Once only, when the flue took fire
One Friday afternoon,
Young Mr. Long came kindly in,
And told me not to swoon.
Why can't he come again without
The Phoenix and the sun ?
We cannot always have a flue
On fire at Number One.

I am not old, I am not plain,
 Nor awkward in my gait ;
 I am not crooked like the bride,
 That went from Number Eight.
 I'm sure white satin made her look
 As brown as any bun ;
 But even beauty has no chance,
 I think at Number One.

At Number Six, they say Miss Rose
 Has slain a score of hearts ;
 And Cupid for her sake has been
 Quite prodigal of darts.
 The Imp they show with bended bow,
 I wish he had a gun ;
 But if he had he'd never deign
 To shoot at Number One.

It's very hard, and so it is,
 To live in such a row ;
 And here's a ballad-singer come,
 To aggravate my woe.
 O take away your foolish song,
 And tones enough to stun !
 There is no luck about the house,
 I know at Number One.

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### **I'M A MERRY PARISH BEADLE.**

God save the Queen !  
 I'm a merry parish beadle.  
 To church I bring  
 The little ragged boys ;  
 The bells I ring,  
 To call to church all righteous people,  
 And bang the little rogues  
 Whenever they make a noise.

Each parish resolution  
I put in execution ;  
At every vestry party,  
With spirits gay and hearty,  
I there rejoice with heart and voice.  
God save the Queen !

*Spoken.* ] I'm not one of your lazy, foolish officers, who walk about doing nothing ; no, no, I fill my *hospitable* capacity as it ought to be fill'd ; because I consider as how I represents her Majesty, and therefore should always act with becoming dignity ! I never objects to a fee, when it's a good one ; I never takes up any person but when I expect to get something by it ; I never declines an invitation to a parish dinner ! Oh, there's no gammon in me !

And when in my capacity,  
I represent her Majesty,  
With heart and voice I do rejoice,  
God save the Queen !

God save the Queen !  
Till my death I shall be loyal,  
I'll feast, sing, and drink,  
As headles ought to do '  
God save the Queen !  
For she is my mistress royal,  
God save the Queen !  
And bless her subjects, too.  
To ev'ry parish dinner  
I'll go, as I'm a sinner ;  
I'll gorge the best of puddings,  
But they must be good ones.  
Both boil'd and roast I'll taste, then toast  
God save the Queen !

*Spoken.* ] Oh yes, oh yes, oh yes ! Lost a church-warden's appetite, supposed to have been taken from him by an over gorge at the last parish dinner. Whoever has found the same, and will return it safe and

sound to the owner, will be handsomely rewarded.  
*N. B.* If not returned within a fortnight *previous to the next feast*, it will be of no use to the said churchwarden. Now, young woman, what do you do here? I don't know. Why don't you go home?—Acause I've got none.—Well, go to your mother's.—I haven't got one.—Go to your father, then.—I've not got a father.—Go to your brother's or sister's, then.—I've not got any.—Well, go and get your dinner.—I haven't got a dinner.—What, got no father, no mother, no sisters, no brothers, no home, and no dinner? Here take this half-crown, and get out of the parish then.

So when in my *capacity*,  
 I represent her Majesty,  
 With heart and voice I do rejoice,  
 God save the Queen!

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## THE MAIL COACH.

*TUNE.—The Country Club.*

COME listen to my story:  
 Now seated in my glory,  
 We make no longer stay;  
 A bottle of good sherry  
 Has made us all quite merry  
 Let Morans rule the day:  
 We hearty all and well are,  
 Drive to the White Horse Cellar,  
 Get a snack before we go—  
 Bring me a leg of mutton,  
 I'm as hungry as a glutton—  
 Some gravy soup—hollo!

*Spoken in different voices.]* Why, waiter!—Coming, sir.—Where is my gravy soup?—Just took off the gridiron.—Make haste, I shall lose my place.—I hope 'I remember the poor ostler.—Are the

beef-steaks ready?—No, but your shops are.—What a concourse of people are going in those coaches?—All fast behind. Hip! (Imitates the sound of the guard's horn.)

Then 'tis away we rattle,  
Jolly dogs and stylish cattle,  
Crack whip, and dash away.

What a cavalcade of coaches  
On every side approaches!  
What work for man and beast!  
We must have a little drop, sir—  
Then we'll gallop till we stop, sir—  
And afterwards make haste.  
I mount—the whip I crack now,  
All bustle—what a pack now  
On every side approach!  
Now making sad grimaces,  
All for the want of places,  
They cry—I've lost the coach.

*(Spoken in various voices.)* How's this?—I'm sure my name was booked.—No such thing, ma'am.—A lady and a parrot in a cage.—That fare can't go inside, one parrot's enough at a time.—No room for two ladies?—None at all for females; this is a *men's* coach.—Set me down at the butcher's shop; I should not like to be seen getting out of a coach.—Tie a handkerchief round your neck, Billy; you'll catch cold.—Yes; good-bye, grandpapa; give my love to grand-mamma.—Hip! (Imitates the horn.)

Then 'tis away we rattle,  
Jolly dogs and stylish cattle,  
Crack whip, and dash away.

Four-in-hand from Piccadilly,  
Snugly seated in the dilly,  
Away we scamper all.  
What merry wags and railers,  
What jolly dogs and milers.

Begin to sing and bawl  
 From every place we start, sir,  
 Some company depart, sir,  
 And others come, no doubt ;  
 For plenty there's of room, now,  
 If they will only come, now,  
 Four inside and one out.

*Spoken in different voices.*—Are my boxes all safe?—You have put my trunk in a wrong coach.—Never fear, ma'am, we shall overtake it.—What a figure you cut in that Welch wig?—Hold your tongue, sirrah, you've woke me out of a comfortable nap.—Keep the windows shut ; I have got a cold and a stiff neck—My little girl isn't well—Keep your feet in ; you've got you're leg between mine.—I don't mind it, if the gentleman don't.—Hip ! (Imitates the horn.)

Then 'tis away we rattle,  
 Jolly dogs and stylish cattle,  
 Crack whip, and dash away.

### ELIZA.

Now stood Eliza on the wood-crown'd height,  
 O'er Minden's plain, spectatress of the fight ;  
 Sought with bold eye, amid the bloody strife,  
 Her dearer self, the partner of her life.  
 From hill to hill the rushing host pursued,  
 And view'd his banner, or believed she viewed,  
 Pleased with the distant roar, with quicker tread,  
 Fast by his hand one lisp'ing boy she led ;  
 And one fair girl, amid the loud alarm,  
 Slept on her kerchief, cradled by her arm :  
 While round her brows bright beams of honour dart,  
 And love's warm eddy circle round her heart.—  
 Near, and more near, the intrepid beauty press'd,  
 Saw through the driving smoke, his dancing crest :

Heard the exulting shout, 'They run, they run!'—  
 'Great God!' she cried, 'he's safe! the battle's won.'—  
 A ball now hurtle through the airy tides,  
 Some Fary winged it, and some Demon guides!—  
 Parts the fine locks, her graceful head that deck,  
 Wounds her fair ear, and sinks into her neck;  
 The red stream issuing from her azure veins,  
 Dyes her white veil, her ivory bosom stains.  
 'Ah, me!' she cried, and sinking on the ground,  
 Kissed her dear babe, regardless of the wound;  
 'Oh, cease not yet to beat, thou vital urn'  
 'Wait, gushing life' on, wait my love's return.'  
 Hearses bark the wolf, the vulture screams from far,  
 The angel Fity shuns the walks of war!  
 'Oh, spare, ye war-hounds, spare their tender age,  
 On me—on me,' she cried, 'exhaust your rage!'  
 Then with weak arms, her weeping babe caress,  
 And sighing, hid them in her blood-stain'd vest.

From tent to tent, th' impatient warrior glim,  
 Fear in his heart, and frenzy in his eyes;  
 Eliza's name along the camp he calls,  
 'Eliza,' echoes through the canvas walls;  
 Quick through the murmuring gloom his footsteps  
 tread,  
 O'er groaning heaps, the dying and the dead,  
 Vault o'er the plain, and in the tangled wood,  
 Lo, dead Eliza, weltring in her blood.—  
 Soon hears his list'ning son the welcome sounds,  
 With open arms, and sparkling eyes he bounds—  
 'Speak low,' he cries, and gives his little hand,  
 'Eliza sleeps upon the dew cold sand.'  
 Poor weeping babe, with bloody fingers prest,  
 And tried with pouting lips her milkless breast.  
 'Alas, we both with cold and hunger quake;  
 Why do you weep?—mamma will soon awake.'  
 'She'll wake no more,' the hopeless mourner cried.  
 Upraised his eyes to heaven, he clasp'd his hands and  
 sigh'd:



Stretch'd on the ground, awhile entranc'd he lay,  
 And press'd warm kisses on the lifeless clay ;  
 And then upsprung, with wild convulsive start,  
 And all the father kindled in his heart !  
 'Oh, Heaven,' he cried, 'my first rash vow forgive,  
 These bind to earth—for them I pray to live.'  
 Flound his chill babes he wrapp'd his crimson vest,  
 And clasp'd them sobbing to his aching breast.

### HANDS versus HEADS.

I THINK the hand must certainly be a more important member than the head, for we all know, if a man lose his hand, he is subjected to much inconvenience which cannot be disguised, whereas if a man lose his head, there's an end of all his troubles, and he never complains about the matter. Again, if a man should be born without a head, although it might at first be thought he would cut a very strange figure in the world, yet we know from experience otherwise. We know that such a man may be a good neighbour, a loyal subject, and indeed, an excellent parish officer. Suppose the same man without an arm—still he is better, for if there's any treason abroad, he's sure to have no hand in it ; although this may not say much for his honesty, inasmuch as the world may call him *light fingered*. I am willing to take both sides of the question, but still I cannot avoid a little partiality in the favour of hands. I hope every person present has not lived so long in the world, without being three or four times in imminent danger of going out of it. If this has been the case, I must triumph in one position ; does the doctor deal with his head ? no, he applies to the hand. Go to a lawyer, ask him for a single monkey-lia, and we all know, before he opens his mouth—he holds out his hand. There is a current from the palm to all the other functions and moral capacities of man. The hand may be said to contain

all the channels in the moral world :—from the hand of a lawyer it washes the Cape of Good Hope, and abounds in ships. In the mine it is the *Prison Ocean*. In the doctor, too frequently, the *Dead Sea*. In the slave-merchant, it is the *Atlantic*, for it keeps the whites from the blacks. The parson's hand holds the parish stream. Every man contributes a share—to the hand of the tax-gatherer is the *Bay of Illness*, for what falls in, there is no knowing where it goes to—in the hand of the man of the world, is the petrifying spring of *Lardershire*, for whatever is put into it, comes out a stone. and in the hand of the man of charity is the blessed *Ria*, for its overflowings give abundance and content. It would be well if our hardship were, as *Uthello* says, "hands, not hearts." From the true poet's hand flows the parent crystal, which without disguise, shows the little shining pebble and the hollow shell in their native brilliancy and emptiness. Hands are the most important members, far superior to heads—even a bad man's head may be sometimes held out, and give a hearty shake, when in five minutes after the head may improve the action, when the hand is given in hand, the suppliant head sometimes says "excuse my glove," which may be translated, "excuse my heart." How often do we see, when gentlemen can do nothing with their hands, settle matters with their heads, men, who have frequently not reason to withdraw an objection, have fortunately a finger to draw a trigger. I hope these affairs will, in many cases, be allowed to depend entirely upon hands, and in which Arms have not the least transaction. A hand, I repeat it, is the most powerful engine in the possession of man, and if any gentleman pretends to excepted on this point, I trust he may be arrested before he gets home, to order that he may deliver to me, by to-morrow morning's post, that there is nothing so useful as the hand of a sheriff's officer, never mind the head of the law, or I should say, hand and wig, for what would one

be without the other ; but keep from the hand—touch but a little finger, and you are lost. A hand must be the best, for, as Lord Chesterfield says, “ Show me the company he keeps, and I’ll tell you the man :” now as the hand keeps the best company, viz. the pocket—it must consequently be superior to every other part, at least, until any thing shall be found superior to the pocket ; which no one will have the hardihood to say is the head, for how often is the head completely lost in the pocket ! Every thing depends upon the hand ; and we may liken society to one great fiddle, that only wants judicious fingering to be made profitable. on it, all men play different tunes, but the most prevalent is—a *catch*. What would Hymen do if it were not for hands ?—when a man comes to the dreadful resolution of fettering himself up for life, where does he put the ring of his charmer ?—upon the hand ; the hand settles all matters at the marriage, and very frequently after it. I am aware that this important subject has been but slightly touched by me, but I at first merely attempted it off hand, and will leave it to abler fingers ; and if, like the patriarchs of old, I find refreshment under your palms, my gratitude shall not be wanting for the obligation.

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### THE ARAB’S FAREWELL TO HIS HORSE.

My beautiful ! my beautiful ! that standest meekly by,  
 With thy proudly arch’d and glossy neck, and dark  
     and fiery eye,  
 Fret not to roam the desert now with all thy winged  
     speed,  
 I may not mount on thee again, thou art sold, my  
     Arab steed ;  
 Fret not with that impatient hoof, sniff not the breezy  
     wind—  
 The further that thou fliest now, so far am I behind.

The stranger hath thy bridle rein—thy master hath  
his gold—  
Fleet limbed and beautiful, farewell, thou'rt sold, my  
steed, thou'rt sold.  
Farewell! these free untired limbs full many a mile  
must roam,  
To reach the chill and wintry sky, which clouds the  
stranger's home.  
Some other hand, less fond, must now thy corn and  
bed prepare—  
The silky mane I braided once, must be another's care.  
The morning sun shall dawn again, but never more  
with thee  
Shall I gallop through the desert paths where we  
were wont to be.  
Evening shall darken on the earth, and o'er the sandy  
plain,  
Some other steed, with slower step, shall bear me  
home again.  
Yes, thou must go, the wild free breeze, the brilliant  
sun and sky,  
Thy master's home, from all of these my exiled one  
must fly.  
Thy proud dark eye will grow less proud, thy step  
become less fleet,  
And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck, thy master's  
hand to meet.  
Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye glancing  
bright;  
Only in sleep shall hear again that step so firm and  
light;  
And when I raise my dreaming arm, to check or  
cheer thy speed,  
Then must I starting wake, to feel thou'rt sold, my  
Arab steed.  
Ah! rudely then, unseen by me, some cruel hand may  
hide,  
Till foam wreaths lie, like crested waves, along thy  
panting side,

And the rich blood that is in thee swells in thy indignant pain ;

Till careless eyes, which rest on thee, may count each started vein.

Will they ill use thee ? If I thought—but no it cannot be—

Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed, so gentle, yet so free.

And yet, if haply when thou'rt gone, my lonely heart should yearn,

Can the hand which cast thee from it, now command thee to return.

Return, alas ! my Arab steed, what shall thy master do,  
When thou who wert his all of joy hath vanished from his view ;

When the dim distance cheats mine eye, and through the gathering tears,

Thy bright form for a moment like the false Mirage appears,

Slow and unmounted will I roam, with weary foot alone,

Where with fleet step and joyous bound, thou oft has borne me on.

And sitting down by that green well, I'll pause and sadly think,

It was here he bowed his glossy neck when last I saw him drink.

When last I saw thee drink ? Away ! the fevered dream is o'er,

I could not live a day, and know that we should meet no more.

They tempted me, my beautiful ! for hunger's power is strong,

They tempted me, my beautiful ! but I have loved too long,

Who said that I'd giv'n thee up, who said that thou wert sold ?

'Tis false, 'tis false, my Arab steed, I fling them back their gold ;

Thus, thus, I leap upon thy back, and scour the distant plains,  
Away, who overtakes us now, shall claim thee for his pains.

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THE FELON.

Oh ! mark his wan and hollow cheek,
And mark his eye-balls glare :
And mark his teeth in anguish clench'd,
The anguish of despair :
Know, since three days, his penance borne,
Yon felon left a jail ;
And since three days no food has pass'd
Those lips so parch'd and pale.

" Where shall I turn ? " the wretch exclaims ;
" Where hide my shameful head ?
How fly my scorn ? Oh ! how contrive
To earn my honest bread ?
This branded hand would gladly toil ;
But when for work I pray,
Who sees this mark—' A FELON ! ' cries,
And loathing turns away.

" This heart has greatly err'd, but now
Would fain revert to good ;
This hand has greatly sinn'd, but yet
Has ne'er been stain'd with blood.
For work, or alms, in vain I sue ;
The scorners both deny :
I starve ! I starve !—then what remains ?
This choice—to *sin* or *die* !

" Here virtue spurns me with disdain ;
Here pleasure spreads her snare ;
Strong habit drags me back to vice,
And urged by fierce despair,

I strive while hunger gnaws my heart,
 To fly from shame in vain.
 World, 'tis my cruel will ! I yield,
 And plunge in guilt again.

"There's mercy in each ray of light
 That mortal eyes e'er saw ;
 There's mercy in each breath of air
 That mortal lips e'er draw :
 There's mercy both for bird and beast
 In God's indulgent plan ;
 There's mercy in each creeping thing—
But man has none for man !

"Ye proudly honest ! when ye heard
 My wounded conscience groan,
 Had generous hand or feeling heart
 One glimpse of mercy shown,
 That act had made, from burning eyes,
 Sweet tears of virtue roll ;
 Had fix'd my heart, assur'd my faith,
And heav'n had gain'd a soul."

THE BACHELOR'S REASONS FOR TAKING A WIFE.

GRAVE authors say, and witty poets sing,
 That honest wedlock is a glorious thing :
 But depth of judgment most in him appears,
 Who wisely weds in his maturer years,
 Then let him choose a damsel young and fair,
 To bless his age, and bring a worthy heir ;
 To soothe his cares, and free from noise and strife,
 Conduct him gently to the verge of life ;
 Let sinful bachelors their woes deplore,
 Full well they merit all they feel, and more ;
 Unaw'd by precepts, human and divine,
 Like birds and beasts, promiscuously they join :

Nor know to make the present blessing last,
To hope the future, or atone the past ;
But vainly boast the joys they never try'd,
And find divulged the secrets they would hide.
The marry'd man may bear his yoke with ease,
Secure at once himself and heaven to please ;
And pass his inoffensive hours away,
In bliss all night, and innocence all day :
Tho' fortune change, his constant spouse remains,
Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.
But what so pure which envious tongues will spare ?
Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair.
With matchless impudence they style a wife
The dear-bought curse, and lawful plague of life ;
A home serpent, a domestic evil,
A night invasion, and a mid-day devil.
Let not the wise these slanderous words regard,
But curse the home of every lying bard.

All other goods by Fortune's hand are given—
A wife is the peculiar gift of heaven.
Vain Fortune's favours, never at a stay,
Like empty shadows, glide and pass away ;
One solid comfort—our eternal wife,
Abundantly supplies us all our life.
This blessing lasts (if those who try say true)
As long as e'er a heart can wish—and longer too.

Our grandsire Adam, e'er of Eve possess'd,
Alone, and even in Paradise unblest'd,
With mournful looks the blissful scenes survey'd
And wander'd in the solitary shade.
The maker saw, took pity, and bestowed
Woman, the last, the best reserve of God.

A wife! ah, gentle deities, can he
That has a wife e'er feel adversity ?
Would men but follow what the sex advise,
All things would prosper—all the world grow wise.
'Twas by Rebecca's aid that Jacob won
His father's blessing from an older son :

Abusive Nabal ow'd his forfeit life,
 To the wise conduct of a prudent wife ;
 Heroic Judith, as old Hebrews show,
 Preserv'd the Jews, and slew the Assyrian foe :
 At Hester's suit, the persecuting sword
 Was sheathed, and Israel lived to bless the Lord.
 Be charm'd with virtuous joys, and sober life,
 And try that Christian comfort, call'd a wife.

THE BUMPKIN AND THE STABLE-KEEPER.

A TALE.

YOUNG Ned, a sort of clownish beau, one day,
 Quick to a livery-stable hied away,
 To look among the nags ;
 A journey in the country he was going,
 And wanted to be mounted well, and knowing ;
 And make among his bumpkin kin his brags.
 The rogue in horses shew'd him many a hack,
 And swore that better never could be mounted ;
 But still young Ned at hiring one was slack,
 And more or less their make and shape he scouted.
 " A gentlemanly steed I want, to cut a shine,
 So that I may be dasking call'd, and fine,
 And set relations, friends, acquaintance, staring—
 From London to look vulgar, there's no bearing."
 " True," quoth the jockey, with attentive bow,
 And look'd his customer quite through and through,
 " I see the case, indeed, exactly now,
 And have a horse that to a T will do ;"
 He found the cash was plenty, and all ready,
 And mounted to his utmost wishes Noddy.
 Barcenically muttering, as he rode off,
 " At *these* the natives cannot fail to scoff ;
 So far, most proper 'tis indeed,
 That thou should'st have a handsome steed ;
 For where two animals a travelling bid,
 One should be gentlemanly by the by."

THE YORKSHIREMAN AND HIS FAMILY.

*Hosted by Mr. Mathews, in his Hall Coach
Adventure.*

A YORKSHIREMAN saluted the guard of the coach with "I say, Mr. Guard, have you a gentleman for Lannan in coach?" "How should I know?" said the guard. "Well," said he, "I am going about four miles where, and I'll gang inside if you please, and then I can find him out myself." On being admitted into the coach, where seated, he addressed himself to the person opposite him and said, "Pray, air, ay'ut you for Lannan?" "Yes," said the gentleman. "Pray, air, ay'ut you cannot at saying his?" "What makes you ask?" said the gentleman. "I hope no defence," said he,—"why, air, you may know, I'm building a mill, and in about three weeks I mean to have a sort of house-warming, and, as we are very crowded in our parts—I play on fiddle at church myself, and my brother plays on a great long thing like a harp's leg pointed with a piece of brass crook stuck in the end, and pulls away like a pig in a fit, and, as we have a vast of music meetings, and these sort of things—I should like to open my mill with a tory very, and wanted to ask you to come and sing at it."

He then related a family anecdote—"You may know, air, that my father died all on a sudden like, and never gave any body notice he was going to die, and he left his family in complete confusion, and when I found he was dead, as I was eldest son, I thought I had a right to have all the money—I told my brother so—but he said, that though I was eldest son, I had no right to all the brass, but I said, that I was not only the eldest, but handieman into the bargain, for you never see'd five such ugly, covetous headed devils among any bunch of pigs, as my five brothers and sisters, and, as I found they wanted to diddle me out of my paternal estate, I was determined to take the

law at top of the regicide." "And you applied to counsel no doubt," said the gentleman. "Na, I did'nt," said he, "for I do'nt know him. I went to one Lawyer Lattitot and paid him six and eight-pence, all in good half-pence, who wrote me down my *destructions*." The gentleman read his *destructions*, as he called them, which ran as follows: "You must go to the Temple and apply to a civilian, and tell him that your father has died intestate, or without will; that he has left five children, all infantine, besides yourself; and that you are come to know if you can't be his executor." "Well," said the gentleman, "what did you do?" "Why sir," said he, "I went to the Temple, and knocked at the door, and the gentleman cum'd out at door himsen; and I said, Pray, sir, ar'nt you a *silly villian*? and he ax'd me if I were cum'd to insult him; and I said, Yea, I partly cum'd on purpose. I cum to insult you, to know what I am to do, for my foyther has died *detested* and *against his will*; he has left five young *infidels* besides mysen, and I've cum'd to know, if I can't be his *executiorer*."

NOBODY.

SURE Nobody's a wicked devil,
The author of consummate evil;
In breaking dishes, basons, glasses,
In stealing, hiding—he surpases.
Behold the punch-bowl crack'd, around,
For weeks the ladle was not found;
How crack'd—'twas Nobody that did it;
How misplaced—Nobody hid it.
When in the school sits Dr. Pedant,
He calls to him, that is, the head in't,
"Who made that noise? who let his tongue stir?"
"Nobody, sir," exclaims the youngster.
The governess same mischief spurs out,
And, in a passion, thus she cries out—

"Hey day! a pretty litter, this is!
Whose doing, pray? come, tell me, miss!
Whose doing?" she repeats with fury;
"Nobody's, madam, I assure you."
The lady of the house believes
A guest her servant maid receives,
A thief, perhaps, who shams the lover,
The windows' fastenings to discover:
She hears a foot—yes, hears it plain,
And calls—"Who's there?" but calls in vain;
She lists—so anxious she to know,
And hears a stranger's voice below,
"Why, Jane, who is it you've got there!"
"Lord, madam—Nobody, I swear,
As everybody can declare;"
"I'm sure somebody it must be,"
"Nobody, madam—come and see;"
She goes, but all in vain she peeps,
For anywhere Nobody creeps.
She finds her gravy soup diminished:
"Hey day! who these provisions took?"
"Nobody, ma'am," rejoins the cook!
"Impossible! what do you mean?"
"Why then the cat it must have been."
Thus nobody is never seen
In anybody's shape but that
Of a domestic dog or cat.
This Nobody, how strange, I think,
Can walk and talk, can eat and drink;—
But male or female? why, I ween,
The gender must be Epicene,
An old offender, it appears,
Who's lived above a thousand years;
For Polyphemus had his odd eye
Knock'd out by him—I mean Nobody.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

STAY, Lady, stay, for mercy's sake,
And hear a helpless orphan's tale ;
Ah ! were my looks must pity wake,
The want that makes my cheeks so pale !

Yet I was once a mother's pride,
And my brave father's hope and joy ;
But in the Nile's proud fight he died,
And I am now an Orphan Boy !

Poor foolish child—how pleas'd was I,
When news of Nelson's victory came :
Along the crowded street to fly,
And see the lighted windows flame !

To force me home my mother sought,
She could not bear to see my joy :
For with my father's life 'twas bought,
And made me a poor Orphan Boy !

The people's shouts were long and loud,
My mother, shuddering, clos'd her ears !
Rejoice ! rejoice ! still cried the crowd,
My mother answer'd with her tears !

Why are you crying then, said I,
While others laugh and shout for joy ?
She kiss'd me, and with such a sigh,
She call'd me her poor Orphan Boy !

What is an Orphan Boy ? I said,
When suddenly she gasp'd for breath,
And her eyes clos'd—I shrink'd for aid,
But, ah ! her eyes were closed in death !

My hardships since I will not tell ;
But now no more a parent's joy :
Ah ! Lady, I have learn'd too well
What 'tis to be an Orphan Boy !

Oh ! were I by your bounty fed,
 Nay, gentle Lady, do not chide ;
 Trust me—I mean to earn my bread,
 The Sailor's Orphan Boy has pride.

Lady ! you weep—ah ! this to me !
 You'll give me clothing, food, employ ;
 Look down, dear parents, look and see
 Your happy—happy Orphan Boy !

THE NEGRO'S RETORT.

As lately return'd from the Isles of the West,
 Lorenzo, with health and prosperity blest,
 And surrounded by friends, at his table presided,
 Where all the good things of the world were provided,
 A domestic, with Africa's hue on his skin,
 A basket of apples and chesnuts brought in.
 Lorenzo, with wine and good fellowship warm,
 To laugh at poor Mungo conceived it no harm ;
 And exclaim'd, as he held up the fruit to his view,
 "This apple's a white man ; this chesnut is you."
 "Ah ! Mama," said Mungo, "acknowledge I must
 The connexion is good, the comparison just ;
 For Negro, like chesnut, tho' dark is his skin,
 Is *white*, firm, and sound, as the *kernel* within ;
 While tho' beauteous, like apple, is buckra so smart,
 He has oft *many little black grains at his heart*."

HOW TO CURE A COUGH.

ONE Biddy Brown, a country dame,
 As 'tis by many told,
 Went to a doctor (Drench by name)
 For she had caught a cold !

And sad indeed was Biddy's pain,
The truth must be confess'd,
Which she to ease found all in vain,
For it was at her chest.

The doctor heard her case—and then,
Determined to assist her,
Prescribed—oh, tenderest of men,
Upon her *chest* a blister!

Away went Biddy—and next day
She call'd on Drench again ;
“ Well, have you used the blister, pray ;
And has it eased your pain ? ”

“ Aye, zur, ” the dame with curtesy cries,
“ Indeed I never mocks ;
But—bless ye—I'd no *chest* the size,
So I put it on a *box* ! ”

“ But la ! zur, it be little use,
It never rose a bit ;
And you may see it if you chobba,
For there it's sticking yet. ”

—

THE BEGGAR'S LAMENT.

BY MALLET.

Oh, mercy ! heaven's first attribute,
Whose care embraces man and brute !
Behold me where I shivering stand ;
Bid gentle Pity stretch her hand
To want and age, disease and pain,
That all in one sad object reign.

Still feeling bad, still feeling worse,
Existence is to me a curse :
Yet how to close this weary eye !
By my own hand I dare not die :

And Death, the friend of human woes,
Who brings the last and sound repose,
Death does at dreadful distance keep,
And leaves one wretch to wake and weep.

JACK KETCH AND THE FRENCHMAN.

A FRENCHMAN once at some amuse,
(’Twas Nottingham the muse surmises,)
Fell justly by the course of law,
A victim for—*un grand faux pas*.
When he approach’d the fatal tree,
(*Une autre Place de Greve pour lui,*)
And when Jack Ketch prepar’d to tie
The noose that would exalt him high,
Instead of praying to the Lord,
Monsieur exclaim’d “*Ah misericorde!*”
“*Measure the cord!*” replied Jack Ketch;
“Measure the cord yourself, you wretch.”
Still “*misericorde!*” was all his cry—
“*Ah, misericorde!* dat I should die;
Ah, misericorde! good folks, good bye!”
“*Measure the cord, you sniv’ling cur!*”
Rejoin’d the executioner;—
“’Tis long enough—I know ’twill do
To hang a score such rogues as you;
And since you’ve been a thieving elf,
Measure the cord, I say, yourself.”

THE ATHEIST AND THE ACORN.

METHINKS the world seems oddly made,
And every thing amiss;
A dull complaining Atheist said,
As stretch’d he lay beneath the shade,
And instanced it in this:

"Behold," quoth he, "that mighty thing,
A pumpkin large and round,
Is held but by a little string,
Which upward cannot make it spring,
Nor bear it from the ground.

While on this oak an acorn small,
So disproportion'd grows,
That whoso'er surveys this all,
This universal casual ball,
Its ill-contrivance known.

My better judgment would have hung,
The pumpkin on a tree,
And left the acorn slightly strung,
'Mongst things that on the surface sprung,
And weak and feeble be."

No more the caviller could say,
Nor further faults decry ;
For upwards gazing, as he lay,
An acorn loosen'd from its spray
Fell down upon his eye.

The wounded part with tears ran o'er,
As punish'd for that sin :
Fool ! had that bough a pumpkin bore,
Thy whimsies would have work'd no more ;
Nor skull have kept them in.

THE WARRIOR'S DREAM.

DARK was the night, and heaven's host of stars
Were lurk'd behind the misty watering clouds ;
Loud roar'd the thunder, and the whistling wind
Beat the fierce torrents 'gainst my trembling tent :
When I, depress'd and weary with the march,
Most gladly sought my pallet once again.

I slept—and soon a visionary sight
Arose, and bore me to my distant home.
Methought, the battle's bloody strife was o'er—
These lay unnumber'd heroes on the ground,
Covered with wounds, bathed in their clotted gore,
And yielding up their last and silent breath.

Unknown I left the camp, and cross'd the field
Towards the cottage, which I left in tears;
Purs'd the huge mountain's steep and craggy form,
Where, in my youthful days, I lov'd to chase
The wild chamois that bounded on the spot;
I pass'd the abbey, heard the dreary bell
Chiming the midnight hour; all still remained,
Savouring the wind's shrill whistle through the trees.

Onward I went, whilst each new step gave birth
To sad reflections, mix'd with musing sighs:
A tear escap'd—I startled, but 'twas vain
To try to check the tear, which larger grew;
I whispered 'shame!' but down my cheek it roll'd.
My cot, once happy, I with joy beheld,—
A glimmering taper through its canopy play'd;
I heard my children—saw my mournful wife.—

'My Edward wife!' she cried, and flying to my arms,
Spotted my breastplate with her pearly tears;
Two infant boys soon hung about my knees,
And cried out, 'father, welcome home again!'
I then embraced, and was about to speak,
When sleep forsaking my o'er anxious frame,
The pleasing vision died.

My scattered thoughts I called to my aid,
The wind still whistled round my canvas tent—
I heard the sentry's steady march without—
I call'd—he answered,—bid me to prepare
For battle on the morrow, there to meet
With rest eternal, or return again
With trumpets, drums, and timbrels loudly playing
The warrior's welcome home.

READY-MADE SPEECH.

Sir,—Dressed, unacquainted, unhabituated, unaccustomed to public speaking, I rise, sir, in consequence of having caught your eye, sir, to express, with the utmost diffidence, my humble views on the important subject now before the house.

I will therefore, sir, be bold to affirm, and I am also free to declare, that I by no means meet the ideas of the noble Lord. I will not, however, go over the same grounds or commit myself, by taking up a principle without the most perfect consideration. But as I am now upon my legs, I certainly shall not blench the question, nor am at all inclined to meet him half way, because on the first blush of the business, I was determined to meet the idea in toto, for if, sir, the well being of crested society, and the establishment of order and tranquillity, is the grand object of our investigation, I cannot hesitate to pronounce—
Sir! I cannot hesitate to pronounce, that I want words to express my indignation at the general tenour of the arguments so ably agitated by the honourable member on my left hand.

But, sir, the idea does not attach, and when my learned friend professed to lay down his principles with so much method, he only proved his weakness by undertaking to chase the Angora stable, and to perform the labours of Hercules himself. No, sir, I am again free to assert, and, sir I am by no means disinclined to prove, that if gentlemen, under existing circumstances, do not act with vigour and unanimity against the introduction of French principles, our glorious constitution, produced by the wisdom of our ancestors, may fall to the ground, sir! yes, fall to the ground, by the influence of a Jacobin innovation. But on this head, we are ripe to deliberate, and I trust the gentlemen with whom I have the honour to act, and who constitute the decided majority of this

honourable house—for whose worth, integrity, firmness, perspicuity, ingenuity, perseverance, and patriotism I have the most dignified respect, and in whom also I place the most perfect confidence—I say, sir, I trust they will preserve the privileges of this assembly from the lawless handitti of acquitted felons, who, not having been killed off, insult us daily by their negative successes, and circulate their seditious principles, to the danger of every respectable man in the community, who may, by possessing property, become an object of their diabolical depredations. Not, however, to trespass any longer upon the patience of the house, I shall conclude by observing, with the great Latin poet of antiquity—

‘Quid sit futurum cras, fuge querere :
Carpe diem.’

THE IDIOT BOY.

WHO'S in the grave with the osiers entwining,
Where clustering flowers in beauty arise,
Where the hallowed cross bright in the moonbeam is
shining,
And seems to reflect the blest smile of the skies ?
There lie the white bones of poor Gertrude, once dear,
Her virtues in memory are dwelt on with joy ;
Her spirit is fled to yon happier spheres,
And she dwells with the blest, and her Idiot Boy.
How oft would she spin while the gold fly he'd chase,
And mark his wild eye as with passion it shone ;
Then weep as she kiss'd his pale beauteous face,
For tho' reason had fled, still the boy was her own.
And oft when the tear had bedim'd her wild eye,
He wept—for he thought there's no tear drops for joy ;
And he paid back her tears, return'd sigh for sigh,
As he leaned on her bosom—the Idiot Boy.

When she press'd her rude pillow, the pillow of death,
 And thought when the veil of the grave was unfurl'd,
 How sad was her soul for the form she'd gave birth,
 When he'd linger alone in the gloom of the world.

She held up her arm, it was fleshless and bare,—
 And that moment she felt a soft transient joy,
 For heaven had chased from her soul her despair,
 And she died as she gazed on her Idiot Boy.

'Ah! wake, dearest mother, I'm hungry and cold,'
 Cried the youth, as in glancing her fix'd features o'er,
 'Ah! why don't you wake in my arms' tender fold,
 For you never have slept such a long time before.

'I love only you, and I feel such delight
 When, although weeping, you call me your joy ;—
 From the boys of the village I oft urge my flight,
 For they tell me with tears I'm an Idiot Boy.

'She's cold, very cold! and her breast heaves no more!
 She's just like a bird when it hung it's soft head,
 When it hopp'd not, nor chirp'd not, nor sang as before,
 And they told me the poor little robin was dead.'

At that instant, conviction flashed over his brain—
 He knew she was dead, and that dead was each joy ;
 The heart burst its bounds, and broke life's feeble
 chain,
 And he died on his mother—the Idiot Boy.

THE LEARNED APOTHECARY.

THIS was an action that was brought against a man of the name of Warburton, for having practised without being duly qualified—it was tried before Sir W. Garrow at the Staffordshire Assizes ; the defendant was son to a man who had been in early life a gardener, but afterwards set up a cow-leech. Cross-examined by Mr. Dauncey.

Mr. D. Have you always been a surgeon?

Wit. Pray, my Lord, is this a proper answer?

Judge. I have not heard any answer; Mr. Dann-
ey has put a question.

Wit. Must I answer?

Judge. Yes, do you object?

Wit. I don't think it a proper answer.

Judge. I presume you mean question; I beg leave
to differ with you in opinion.

Mr. D. Have you always been a surgeon?

Wit. I am a surgent.

Mr. D. Can you spell the word you mention?

Wit. My Lord, is that a fair answer?

Judge. I think it a fair question.

Wit. Spell the word! to be sure I can. S-y-u-r-gunt.

Mr. D. I am rather hard of hearing—repeat what
you have said.

Wit. S-u-r-gend.

Mr. D. What did you say was next to S, sir?

Wit. S-y-u-gent.

Judge. As I take it down, please to favour me with
it once more.

Wit. S-q-u-r-gent.

Judge. What?

Wit. S-e-r-gund.

Mr. D. Have you always been what you say?
what were you originally?

Wit. S-y-u-r-g-e-n-d.

Mr. D. Were you ever a gardener, Dr. Warburton.

Wit. Surgent.

Mr. D. I do not ask you to spell that word again.

Wit. Sergund—aye, that's it.

Mr. D. My Lord, I fear I have thrown a *spell* over
this poor man, which he can't get rid of. Where was
you a gardener?

Wit. I never was a gardener—I first was a farmer
—I ceased to be a farmer, because I learnt the busi-
ness I now is.

Mr. D. Who did you learn it of?

Wit. My Lord, is that a proper question?

Judge. I see no objection to it.

Wit. I learned it of Doctor Hum—he practised the same as the Whitworth doctors, and they were regular physicians.

Mr. D. Where did they take their degrees.

Wit. I don't think they ever took any.

Mr. D. Then do you suppose they could be regular physicians?

Wit. No—I believe they were only doctors.

Mr. D. Were they doctors of law, physic, or divinity?

Wit. They doctored cows and other human beings.

Mr. D. Did you ever make up medicines from the prescription of a physician.

Wit. I never did.

Mr. D. Do you understand the characters they use for ounces, scruples, and drachms?

Wit. I do not. I can make up as good medicine in my way as they can in theirs.

Mr. D. What proportion does an ounce bear to a pound?

Wit. My Lord, is that a fair answer—I mean question?

Judge. Certainly.

Mr. D. There are sixteen ounces to the pound.

Wit. We do not go by weight, we mix ours by the hand.

Mr. D. Do you ever bleed?

Wit. Yea.

Mr. D. With a fleam or lancet?

Wit. With a lancetot.

Mr. D. Do you bleed from the vein or the artery?

Wit. From the wain.

Mr. D. There is an artery about the temple, can you tell the name of it?

Wit. I does not pretend to have so much knowledge as some.

Mr. D. Can you tell me the name of that artery?

Wit. I don't know what artifice you mean.

Mr. D. Suppose I was to tell you to bleed my servant—which heaven forbid—in the jugular vein, where would you apply the lancet?

Wit. In the arm to be sure. I am a bit of a dentist.

Mr. D. Indeed! suppose then a person had the tooth-ache, and could not bear it, how would you proceed?

Wit. Beat it out, to be sure.

Mr. D. With what?

Wit. A hammer.

Mr. D. You may retire—I am perfectly satisfied.

THE FORSAKEN.

You remember the maid whose dark brown hair,
And her brow, where the finger of beauty
Had written her name, and had stamp'd it there,
Till it made adoration a duty.

And have you forgot how we watch'd with delight
Each charm—as a new one was given—
Till she grew in our eyes to a vision of light,
And we thought her a spirit from heaven.

And your heart can recall, and mine often goes back
With a sigh and a tear to those hours,
When we gazed on her form, as she follow'd the track
Of her butterfly's wings through the flowers;
When, in her young joy, she would gaze with delight
On its plumage of mingling dyes,
Till she let it go free, and look'd after its flight
To see if it enter'd the skies!

But she wander'd away from the home of her youth
One spring, ere the roses were blown;
For she fancied the world was a temple of truth,
And she measured all breasts by her own:—

She fed on a vision, and lived on a dream,
And she follow'd it over the wave ;
And she sought where the moon has a milder gleam
For a home , and they gave her—a grave !

There was one whom she loved, though she breathed
it to none,

For love of her soul was a part,—
And he said he loved her—but he left her alone,
With the worm of despair in her heart.
And oh' with what anguish we counted each day,
The roses had died on her cheek,
And hung o'er her form as it faded away,
And wept o'er the beautiful wreck !

Yet her eye was as mild and as blue to the last,
Though shadows stole over its beam ;
And her smiles are remember'd—since long they are
past,—

Like the smiles we have seen in a dream !
And—it may be that fancy deludes with a spell,
But—I think though her tones were as clear,
They were somewhat more soft, and there murmur-
ings fell
Like a dirge on the listening ear.

And while sorrow threw round her a halim' grace,—
Though she always was gentle and kind,—
Yet I thought that the softness that stole o'er her face
Had a softening power on her mind.
But, it might be, her looks and her tones were more
dear,

And we valued them more in decay,
As we treasure the last fading flower of the year,
For we felt she was passing away !

She never complain'd—but she loved to the last ;
And the tear in her beautiful eye
Often told that her thoughts were gone back to the
past,
And the youth who had left her to die.

But mercy came down, and the maid is at rest,
Where the billows wave o'er her at even,
With the turf of a far foreign land on her breast,
Whence the palm-tree points upwards to heaven.

THE COUNTRYMAN AND RAZOR-SELLER.

A FELLOW in a market town,
Most musical cried razors up and down,
And offer'd twelve for eighteenpence,
Which certainly seem'd wondrous cheap,
And for the money quite a heap,
As every man would buy with cash and sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard,
Poor Hodge, who suffer'd by a thick black beard,
That seem'd a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose :
With cheerfulness the eighteenpence he paid,
And proudly to himself in whispers said,
"This rascal stole the razors, I suppose."

No matter if the fellow be a knave,
Provided that the razors shave ,
It certainly will be a monstrous prize.
So home the clown with his good fortune went,
Smiling, in heart and soul content,
And quickly soap'd himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lather'd from a dish or tub,
Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub
Just like a hedger cutting furze ;
'Twas a vile razor ! then the next he tried—
All were impostors—" Ah !" Hodge sigh'd,
" I wish my eighteenpence within my purse."

In vain to chase his beard, and bring the graces,
He cut, and dug, and wine'd, and stamp'd, and swore ;
Brought blood, and danced, blasphemed, and made
wry faces,
And cursed each razor's body o'er and o'er.

His muzzle, form'd of opposition stuff,
Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff ;
So kept it—laughing at the steel and suds :
Hodge in a passion stretch'd his angry jaws,
Vowing the direst vengeance, with clench'd claws,
On the vile cheat that sold the goods—
“ Razors ! a cursed confounded dog,
Not fit to scrape a hog ! ”

Hodge sought the fellow—found him, and began,
Perhaps, Mr. Razor-rogue, to you 'tis fun,
That people flay themselves out of their lives ;
You rascal !—for an hour have I been grubbing,
Giving my scoundrel whiskers here a scrubbing,
With razors just like oyster knives ;
Sirrah ! I tell you you're a knave.
To cry up razors that can't shave.

“ Friend,” quoth the razor-man, I'm no knave ;
As for the razors you have bought,
Upon my soul I never thought
That they would shave.”

“ Not think they'd shave ! ” quoth Hodge, with wondering eyes,
And voice not much unlike an Indian yell,
“ What were they made for then, you dog,” he cries,
“ Made ! ” quoth the fellow, with a smile—“ to sell.”

THE OCEAN.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods ;
THERE is a rapture on the lonely shore ;
THERE is a society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar :

I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From those our interviews, in which I stand
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe,—and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean!—roll;
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain—
Man marks the earth with ruin, his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The vessels are all thy dead, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's rage, save his own;—
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with babbling gain,
Without a grave, unknel'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,—
The oak-levinethane, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war,
These are thy toys, and as the snowy flake,
They melt into the yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spears of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee;—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage,—what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; *their shores obey*
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts—not so *thou*,
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play;
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow;
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the ALMIGHTY's form
Gazes itself in tempest, in all time,
Calm or convulsed,—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Soleing the pole, or in the world's deep gloom,
Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime—

The image of sternity,—the throne
Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made : each zone
Obeys thee ; thou goest forth—dread—fathomless—
alone !

THE SPANISH CHAMPION.

THE warrior bow'd his crested head, and tamed his
heart of fire,
And sued the haughty king to free his long imprison-
ed sire ;
“I bring thee here my fortress keys, I bring my cap-
tive train,
I pledge my faith—my liege, my lord, Oh ! break my
father's chain.”
“ Rise ! rise, even now thy father comes, a ransomed
man this day,
Mount thy good steed, and thou and I will meet him
on his way.”
Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his
steed,
And urged, as if with lance in hand, his charger's
foaming speed.
And lo ! from far as on they press'd, they met a
glittering band,
With one that mid them stately rode, like a leader in
the land ;
“ Now, haste, Bernardo, haste, for there is very
truth in he,
The father—whom thy grateful heart hath yearned so
long to see.”
His proud breast heaved, his dark eye flashed, his
cheeks' hue came and went,
He reached that gray-haired chieftain's side, and there
dismounting bent ;

A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand he took,
What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook.

That hand was cold, a frozen thing, it dropped from
his like lead ;
He looked up to the face above, the face was of the dead ;
A plume waved o'er the noble brow, the brow was fixed and white,
He met at length his father's eyes, but in them saw no sight.

Up from the ground he sprung, and gazed, but who
can paint that gaze ?
They hushed their very hearts who saw its horror and amaze ;
They might have chained him, as before that noble form he stood,
For the power was stricken from his arms, and from his cheek the blood.

"Father!" at length he murmured low, and wept like children then,—
"Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of war-like men ;"
He thought on all his glorious hopes, on all his high renown,
Then flung the falchion from his side, and in the dust sat down ;

And covering with his steel-gloved hands his darkly mournful brow,
"No more, there is no more," he said, "to lift the sword for now ;
My king is false, my hope betrayed—my father, Oh! the worth,
The glory and the loveliness are past away to earth!"

Up from the ground he sprung once more, and seized
the monarch's rein,
Amid the pale and wildered looks of all the courtier
train ;
And with a fierce o'ermastering grasp, the rearing
war-horse led,
And sternly set them face to face, the king before
the dead.

" Came I not here on thy pledge, my father's hand
to kiss,
Be still ! and gaze thou on, false king, and tell me
what is this ;
The look, the voice, the heart I sought—give answer,
where are they ?
If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, put life in
this cold clay.

" Into those glassy eyes put light ; be still, keep down
thine ire,
Bid those cold lips a blessing speak, this earth is not
my sire.
Give me back him for whom I fought, for whom my
blood was shed,
Thou canst not ! and, oh king, his blood be mountains
on thy head !"

He loosed the rein, his slack hand fell, upon the silent
face
He cast one long deep mournful glance, then fled
from that sad place ;
His after fate no more was heard amid the martial
train,
His banner led the spears no more among the hills of
Spain.

THE DEAD DÖNKEY.

HE was stretched at full length beside the ditch where he died. A half finished house in the background seemed to rejoice in the fate of the poor animal; maliciously displayed on a board, whereon was legibly written—

"THIS CARCASS TO BE SOLD!"

The sturdy thistle boldly reared its head in its vicinity, fearless of the donkey's pluck.

The crows, like a knot of lawyers at the funeral of a rich man, were hovering near. They threatened to engross the whole skin, and make away with the personal property by conveyance.

The deceased they knew could not resist their charge, nor did they apprehend their bills would be taxed by the master.

Alack—alack! that he who had stoutly carried many a bushel, should thus fall beneath their peck. The well-worn saddle, like many a better, had gone to back some other favourite of the race. The reins, too, were gone—yes, his disconsolate master, like a drunken man, had—*slipped off the curb!*

Wo, wo! but what avails it crying "*Wo!*" to a dead donkey? Were I thy master, I would have thy portrait taken. How many an *A-double-S* is drawn by an *R.A!* There is a placid docility about thy head that might supply Gall or Spurzheim with a lecture. But no cast remains to immortalise thee—albeit thy master, in thy life, made many an impression *with whacks!*

Like a card-player, thou hast cut the pack and left it in the hands of the dealer.

Unlike thy ragged brethren that run loose upon the common, expounding their ribs (as vulgar husbands do their wives in general company) there is a plumpness and rotundity in thy appearance, that plainly proves thee no common donkey. The smoothness of

thy coat, too, shows thine owner's care. He, doubtless, liked thee (as Indians do their food) *well curried!*

Farewell, *Edward*, I exclaimed—too serious on the occasion to use the familiar epithet of *Neddy*.

I heard footsteps. I saw a man approaching the spot I had just quitted: he was a tall raw-boned-looking gipsy. Concealed from observation by the intervening hedge, I watched his motions.

I saw him stride across the animal. Drawing a clasp-knife from his breast, he looked wistfully around him. I had often heard of famished Russians devouring their horses. What did he meditate?

Keen hunger was depicted in his sharp countenance. The vagrant wielded his knife—I stood breathless—the next moment I saw him cut a huge *steak*.

“From the donkey?”

No, Madam: from the adjoining hedge.

NOSE AND EYES.

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong;
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause,
With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning,
While Chief baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

“In behalf of the Nose, it will quickly appear,
And your lordship” he said, “will undoubtedly find,
That the Nose has had spectacles always to wear,
Which amounts to possession time out of mind.”

Then holding the spectacles up to the court—

“Your lordship observes they are made with a
straddle,

As wide as the ridge of the nose is! in short,
Designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

“Again, would your worship a moment suppose
(’Tis a case that has happened, and may be again,)
That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
Pray who would, or who could wear spectacles then?

“On the whole it appears, and my argument shows,
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them.”

Then, shifting his side, (as a lawyer knows how,)
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes;
But what were his arguments few people know,
For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed, with a grave, solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*—
That whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
By day-light or candle-light,—Eyes should be shut!

I WANT TO FLY.

DURING the last war there were a number of French officers, in an inland town, on their parole of honour. Now, one gentleman, being tired with the usual routine of eating, drinking, gambling, smoking, &c., and therefore, in order to amuse himself otherwise, resolved to go a fishing. His host supplied him with a rod and line, but being in want of artificial flies, went in search of a fishing-tackle-maker's shop. Having found one, kept by a plain pains-taking John Bull, our Frenchman entered, and with a bow, a cringe, and a shrug of the shoulders, thus began:—

'Ah, Monsieur Anglaise, comment vous, parlez vous ?'

'Oh, that's French,' exclaimed the shop-keeper; 'not that I understand it, but I'm very well, if that's what you mean.'

'Bon bon, ver good; den, mra, I call tell you, I want deux fly.'

'I dare say you do, Monsieur,' replied the Englishman, 'and as do a great many more of your outlandish gentry, but I'm a true-born Briton, and can never consent to assist the enemies of my country to leave it—particularly when they cost us so much to bring them here.'

'Ah, Monieur, you no comprehend; I call repente, I want deux fly, on de top of de water.'

'Oh' what you want to fly by water, do you? then I'm sure I can't assist you, for we are, at least a hundred miles from the sea-coast, and our canal is not navigable above ten or twelve miles from here.'

'Diable, mon Dieu' mra, you are an stop of the block. I call tell you once more again—I want deux fly on the top of de water, to dangle dangle on de end of de long pole.'

'Ay, ay' you only fly, Monsieur, by land or water, and if they catch you, I'm damned if they won't dangle dangle you, as you call it, at the end of a long pole.'

'Sacre on de dieu' la biao' wat you mean by dat, enter diable? you are an honest jack of de ass, Johnny de Hall. Ha, ha, you are effronte, and I disgrace me to parley wid you. I tell you, mra, dat I want deux fly on de top of de water, to dangle dangle at de end of de long pole, to la trap poison.'

'What's that you say, you French Monsieur—you'll lay a trap to poison me and all my family, because I won't assist you to escape? why, the like was never heard. Here, Betty, go for the constable.'

The constable soon arrived, who happened to be as ignorant as the shop-keeper, and of course it was not expected that a constable should be a scholar. Thus the man of office began.—

'What's all this? Betty has been telling me that this here outlandish Frenchman is going to poison you and all your family? Ay, ay, I should like to catch him at it, that's all. Come, come to prison, you delinquent.'

'No, sare, I sall not go to de prison; take me before de—what you call it—de ting what nibble de grass?'

'Oh, you mean the cow.'

'No, sare, not de cow; you stup Johnny bœuf—I mean de chouvel, vat you ride. [Imitating] Com, sare, gee up. Ah, ah.'

'Oh, now I know, you mean a horse.'

'No, sare, I mean de horse's wife.'

'What, the mare.'

'Oui bon, yes, sare, take me to de mayor.'

This request was complied with, and the French officer soon stood before the English magistrate, who, by chance, happened to be better informed than his neighbours, and thus explained, to the satisfaction of all parties.

'You have mistaken the intentions of this honest gentleman; he did not want to fly the country, but to go a fishing, and for that purpose went to your shop to purchase two flies, by way of bait, or, as he expressed it, to la trap la poisson. Poisson, in French, is fish.'

'Why, aye,' replied the shop-keeper, 'that may be true—you are a scholar, and so you know better than I. Poison, in French, may be very good fish, but give me good old English roast beef.'

THE GRAVE STONES.

THE grass is green and the spring floweret blooms,
And the tree blossoms all as fresh and fair
As death had never visited the earth:
Yet every blade of grass, and every flower,

And every bud and blossom of the spring,
 In the maternal that nature rears
 Over a hundred grove — Ay, and the song
 Of woodland warbler, or his croptail lay,
 As blithe as if the year no winter knew,
 Is the lament of unrepentant death.
 The merry singer is the living link
 Of many a thousand years of death gone by,
 And many a thousand in futurity, —
 The summit of a moment, spared by him
 But for another mind to gorge upon.
 This globe is but our father's cemetery —
 The sun, and moon, and stars that shine on high,
 The lamps that burn to light their copulature,
 The bright crucifixions of our funeral vault.
 Yet does man move as gaily as the barge,
 Whose keel sings through the waters, and her sails
 Kythe like the passing motor of the deep,
 Yet ere to-morrow shall those sunny waves,
 That wafter round her, as they were in love,
 Turn dark and storm, and swell, and swallow her,
 So is he girt by death on every side,
 As hoodlum of it. Thus he perceives
 Such were my thoughts on a summer eve,
 As forth I walked to quell the cooling breeze.
 The setting sun was curtaining the west
 With purple and with gold, so fiercely bright,
 That eye of mortal might not look on it —
 Perfection fitting for an angel's home,
 The sun's last ray fell slanting on a thorn
 With blossoms white, and there a blackbird sat
 Blissing the sun adieu, in tones so sweet
 As fancy might awake around his throne.
 My heart was full, yet found no utterance,
 Save in a half-breathed sigh and unuttering tear.
 I wandered on, scarce knowing where I went,
 Till I was meted on an infant's grave.
 Alas! I knew the little tenant well
 She was one of a lovely family,

That oft had clung around me like a wreath
 Of forests, the fairest of the maiden spring—
 It was a new-made grave, and the green sod
 Lay loosely on it ; yet affection there
 Had reared the stone, her monument of fame.
 I read the name—I loved to hear her lip—
 'Twas not alone, but every name was there
 That lately echoed through that happy dome.
 I had been three weeks absent ; in that time
 The merciless destroyer was at work,
 And spared not one of all the infant group.
 The last of all I read the grandsire's name,
 On whose white locks I oft had seen her cheek,
 Like a bright sun-beam on a fleecy cloud,
 Rekindling in his eye the fading lustre,
 Breathing in his heart the glow of youth.
 He died at eighty of a broken heart,
 Bereft of all for whom he wished to live.

THE BARBER'S SHOP.

I'm a dapper little shaver,
 Who in manners and behaviour,
 Bear the bell from all the trade.
 I'm descended from the Razors,
 Who, as most people say, sir,
 A fortune should have made.
 For be it known, my father
 Such numbers used to lather,
 And so briskly plied his trade,
 And so briskly plied his trade,
 That, by hair dressing and shaving
 Though his family was craving,
 He a decent living made.

Spoken.] Mr. Razor, says my poor deceased mother ;
 My duck, says my father. Vy, lovy, I've been thinking
 as how we should send Tony to a larned seminary, for

I like Latin.—A little learning is a dangerous thing—drink deep, or a fig for learning, says my father ; or if he learns any thing, let him learn to shave, and as to drinking deep, he'll learn that from his father.—So instead of being a man of letters, I can barely tell them, and am left with all my imperfections on my head, to shave, dress hair, comb wigs, and retail Day and Martin's blacking, Russia oil, pomatum, and powder, and instead of wearing a counsellor's wig to be constantly employed in keeping it in curl, while the only bar I ever pined at is the bar of old Score'em, though I generally contrive to pay my way ; I wish every tradesman could put his hand to his heart and say as much—we should then see fewer dividends of a shilling in the pound, and the credit of old England keep up its ancient vigour.

So, with scissors, comb, and lather
I a sufficient harvest gather,

To keep open the barber's shop,

The barber's shop,

The barber's shop,

To keep open the barber's shop.

Should my customers e'er vapour

I show 'em an old paper,

Which I beg 'em to peruse,

Should they find the cheat, sir,

There patience entreat, sir,

Which they seldom or e'er refuse.

For by this time I contrive,

My business quick to drive,

And be ready their beards to mow,

And be ready their beards to mow ;

Of me you're making fun,

Sir, I tell you I've just done,

Mr. Latherem, here, hollo.

Spoken.] Mr. Feeble, shall I shave you ? your beard's in a sad condition, like the times—Don't talk to me of the times, for I've no time to talk to you—

How's Mrs. Feeble, sir?—Mind your business, and don't pester me—if you move your head, I shall do your business—Mr. Ledderum, dat blacking you sould me is all turned brown, burn my caxon, but I've a great desire to give you, for de blacking, a black eye; devil de drop of Day and Martin was dere; no, by de powers, it was all Betty Martin—Sir, if you'll return it—Tunder and turf, return it, how, you shabroon, d'ye think I'm to do that? didn't I tell you, do I forget to mention it, dat I had used every sup of it—Well, sir, I hope we shall make matters up over a glass of Geneva—Oh! and is it dat you're after, oh! musha, my darling, you're a nate little bottle seller; here's to ould Ireland—here's may animosity be washed away by the soap-suds of oblivion; may the voice of the people never be cut in two by the razor of discord, and may the shop of justice never be shut when honesty knocks at the door.

So, with scissors, comb, and lather, &c.

ON THE DOWNFALL OF POLAND.

O SACRED Truth! thy triumph ceased awhile,
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued Oppression poured to Northern wars,
Her whinkered pandours and her fierce husars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet horn;
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Preaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

Warsaw's last champion, from her height survey'd
Wide o'er the fields a waste of ruin laid,—
"O Heaven!" he cried, "my bleeding country save!
Is there no hand on high can shield the brave?
Yet though destruction sweep those lovely plains,
Rise fellow-men! our COUNTRY yet remain:!"

By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,
And swear for her to live!—with her to die!"

He said, and on the rampart brightly arrayed
His trusty warriors, few, but undimay'd
Firm paced and slow, a barred front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm!
Low, murmuring sounds along their banner fly,
Revered, on death! The watchword and reply;
Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm!

In vain—also! in vain ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your valiant numbers flew:
O' bloodiest picture in the book of time,
Barrabas fell, unscathed, without a crime!
Found not a generous friend, a paying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropt from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career;
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And freedom shrank—as Koscisko fell!

The sun went down nor ceased the earings there,
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air—
On Prague's proud arch the fire of ruin glowed—
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below.
The storm prevailed! the rampart yields away—
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!
Hark! as the moultering plian with thunder fell,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!
Earth shook!—red meteors flashed along the sky!
And conscious nature shuddered at the cry!

O righteous Heaven! ere Freedom found a grave,
Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save!
Where was thine arm, O Vengeance! where thy eye,
That smote the foes of Zion and of God?
That crushed proud Ammon, when his iron car
Was yoked in wrath, and thundered from afar?

Where was the storm that slumbered till the host
Of blood-stained Pharaoh left their trembling coast ;
Thine bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
And heaved an ocean on their march below ?

Departed spirits of the mighty dead !
Ye that at Marathon and Leucra bled !
Friends of the world ! restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van ;
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own ;
Oh ! once again to Freedom's cause return,
The patriot Tell—the Bruce of Bannockburn !

PADDY AND THE BEAR.

ABOUT the time I was a boy, Archy Thompson lived in Cushendall, lower part of the county Antrim. He was a great man ; kept a grocer's shop, was like Jack Partotum,—sold every thing portable ; he was a ponderous fellow, wore a wig like a beehive, and was called king of Cushendall. He one night found a male child at the shop door some months old, he embraced it—swore he would keep it, and was as fond of him as ever Squire Allworthy was of Tom Jones. A woman was sent for to nurse him ; they called her Snouter Shanganney, because she wanted the nose.—Snouter had no suck, and poor Paddy (for so he was christened) was spoon-fed, and soon grew a stout, well built fellow ; and to show his gratitude, (for Paddy had a heart) would do all about the house himself. He was like Scrub in the Beaux Stratagem, servant of all work ; he milked the cow ; he dunged the byre, and thatched it ; he went to market ; he soled the shoes ; he cleaned the knives ; he shaved ; and powdered his master's wig, which, after being drenched in a journey, he would put a poker in the fire, and change it from its state of lineidity to its pristine form, as well as Char-

by Doyard, or over a parade meter among them. Paddy's delight was in frequenting wakes, listening with avidity to any thing marvellous. His master being at Belfast, he went to old Brown Rolloghan's wake, where a lad just from a foreign voyage was telling stories out of the corner of nature, improbable. Paddy believed all but something about blackamoors, he was relating for he swore " 'Twas impossible for one man to be black and another man white, for he could not be naturally black without he was painted, but I'll ask the master in the morning, when he comes home, and then I'll know all about it." So he says in the morning, "Master is there any such thing as a blackamoor?" "To be sure there is, as many as would make regiments of them, but they're all abroad." "And what makes them black?" "Why it's the climate, they say." "And what's the climate?" "Why I don't know. I believe it's something they rub upon them when they're very young." "They must have a deal of it, and very cheap, if there's as many of them as you say. The next time you're in Belfast, I wish you'd get a piece of it, and we'll rub little Barney over with it, and then we can have a blackamoor of our own. But as I'm going in the Irish Volunteer, from Larne to America, in the spring, I'll see them there." Paddy went over as a redemptioner, and had to serve a time for his passage. He was sent by his master on galley from Baltimore, to the heights of Derby on an errand—Paddy thinking and reasoning on the road that he had not yet seen a blackamoor. Forgot the directing post on the road, and got entangled in a forest—it happened to be deep snow, and there was a large black bear lying at the foot of a tree, which he did not observe till within a few yards of him. "Herra, my darling" says he, "here's one of them now, at last—queen of glory such a one as he has—they talk about Longfellow Padaghen's nose why, the nose of all the Padaghens put together would not make this fellow's nose. I never saw one of your sort before."

says Paddy : " why, man, you'll get your death of cowl lying there, I have an old taster yet left from Cusheadall, and if there's a shaboon near this I'll give you a snifter, for I'd like to speak to you." " Ben," says the bear " Lord what a voice he has—he could sing a running song." " Ben, too" again cries the bear " Who the devil are you buying at? if it's fun you're making of me, I'll ram my fist up to the elbow in you." I p gave the bear, and catches Paddy by the shoulder " Is it for wrestling you are? Cusheadall for that—well, but you grip too tight, my jewel, you had better take your fist out of my shoulder, or I'll take an unfair advantage of you." Paddy went to catch him by the middle, " O sweet had luck to you, you thief, and the tailor that made your breeches—you're made for wrestling, but I'll teach you." Paddy pulled out his tobacco knife, and gave him a dart in the right place—down he fell to run no more. " O sweet father! what will become of me now?" says he—" I've killed this black son of a bitch, and I'll be hanged for him. O sweet Jesus! that ever I left Cusheadall! O murder, murder! O what will become of me!" A gentleman, proprietor of the place, and who had blacks on his estate, comes up at the moment. " What is all this about? what's the matter, sir?" " Nothing, but I'm from Cusheadall, aving your honour's worship, I never seen a blackamoor before, and I just asked one of them to take a drop with me, but he would do nothing but make fun of me, so I gave him a prod, for I could not get a hold of him."—" Stop, stop, there's a time lying take care." " Faith he was going to make me bare, sure enough, see where he tore my coat." " Was that the blackamoor you were wrestling with? why, sir, that's a bear, that ten men in the forest could not kill." " By the holy father, I'll drop them to you for a taster a dozen," says Paddy. The gentleman admired his courage and honest appearance so much, that he went to Baltimore, bought off his time, and made him an

True liberty!—I turned my bow aside,
And let him ear away!

Heavens, with what pride I used
To walk these hills, and look up to my God
And bless him that it was so. It was free—
From end to end, from cliff to lake 'twas free—
Free as our torrents are that leap our rocks,
And plough our valleys without asking leave;
Or as our peaks that wear their caps of snow,
In very presence of the regal sun.
How happy was it then! I loved
Its very storms. Yes, Emma, I have sat
In my boat at night, when midway o'er the lake.
The stars went out, and down the mountain gorge
The wind came roaring. I have sat and eyed
The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled
To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,
And think I had no master save his own.
You know the jutting cliff round which a track
Up hither winds, whose base is but the brow
To such another out, with scanty room
For two abreast to pass? Overtaken there
By the mountain blast, I've laid me flat along,
And while gust followed gust more furiously,
As if to sweep me o'er the horrid brink,
And I have thought of other lands, whose storms
Are summer flaws to those of mine, and just
Have wished me there—the thought that mine was free,
Has checked that wish, and I have raised my head,
And cried in thralldom to that furious wind,
Blow on! This is the land of liberty!

SWEET MR. LEVI.

WHEN a pretty little boy,
A young merchantman so gay,
With my lollipops and toy,
Of Duke's Place I bore the sway.

The pretty little maidens,
 With their pretty little smile,
 Dey stole my little heart,
 For my senses they beguile.

Spoken.] Vel, I remember the day when I tramped with my little shop round my neck, and turned my honest living ; but den de little shedibels always was upon my thoughts—dere (was their cry) dere goes sweet Mr. Levi ! dere goes charming Mr. Levi !—dere goes handsome Mr. Levi !—dear me ! dear me ! the sound of their pretty little voices always made me sing

Fal lai la, &c.

A few years pass away,
 And a young man soon I growe
 When around in London streets,
 I chant away old clothes ;
 Clo-sale—clo-sale—clo—
 I raise aloud the cry,
 And as I pass along,
 How the pretty damsels sigh.

Spoken.] Bless me heart ! vel, vat can I do ; I console with them as well as I am able ; and, though a circumscribed Jew, I tickle their fancy as vell as the best, for I always make 'em sing

Fal lai la, &c.

Den my uncle Aarons died,
 And I was heir for life ;
 So I thought myself as how
 To get a little vife ;
 I'd kissed and toyed away
 With many a vixen she,
 But I wanted one alone
 To kiss and toy vid me.

Spoken.] So I left off trading in old clothes to trade with ladies' hearts ; so I makes love to Miss Ra-

chael, and she, beautiful creature, melts my heart like
a stick of Dutch sealing wax, which makes me sing
Fal la la, &c.

So married soon I got,
And sung "begone, dull care,"
And nine months after that
I danced a little heir;
Then Jacob, Mo, and Sue,
Vid Samuels so sly,
How happy was the Jew
Vid such a family.

Spoken.] Bless ma heart, vat a happy rogue vas I;
I thought myself richer than Solomon in all his glory,
for I had got the true-begotten children of ma heart
around me, and vat could my wife and I do, but sing
Fal la la, &c.

EXTRACT FROM SPEED THE PLOUGH.

Sir Philip Blandford and Farmer Ashfield.

Sir Philip.—Come hither. I believe you hold a
farm of mine?

Ashfield.—Ees, zur, I do, at your sarvice.

Sir Philip.—I hope a profitable one?

Ashfield.—Zometimes it be zur. But thic year, it
be all t'other way as twur—but I do hope, as our land-
lords have a tightish big lump of the good, they'll be
so kind hearted as to take a little bit of the bad.

Sir Philip.—It is but reasonable. I conclude, then,
you are in my debt.

Ashfield.—Ees, zur, I be—at your sarvice.

Sir Philip.—How much?

Ashfield.—Sir, I do owe ye a hundred and fifty
pounds—at your sarvice.

Sir Philip.—Which you can't pay.

Ashfield.—Not a varthing, zur—at your sarvice.

Sir Philip.—Well, I am willing to give you every indulgence.

Ashfield.—Be you, sur? that be deadly kind.—Dear heart! it will make my cold come quite young again, and don't think helping a poor man will do your honour's health any harm—I don't indeed, sur—I had a thought of speaking to your worship about it—but then thinks I, the gentleman, mayhap, be one of those that do like to do a good turn, and not to have a word said about it—so, if you had not mentioned what I owed you, I am sure I never should—should not, indeed sur.

Sir Philip.—Nay, I will wholly acquit you of the debt, on condition—

Ashfield.—Een, sur.

Sir Philip.—On condition, I say, you instantly turn out that boy—that Henry.

Ashfield.—Turn out Henry! Ha, ha, ha! Excuse my tittering, sur; but you been making your van of I, sure.

Sir Philip.—I am not apt to trifle. Send him instantly from you, or take the consequences.

Ashfield.—Turn out Henry! I vow I shou'dn't know how to set about it—I should not, indeed sur.

Sir Philip.—You hear my determination. If you disobey, you know what will follow. I'll leave you to reflect on it. *(Exit.)*

Ashfield.—Well, sur, I'll argufy the topic, and then you may wait upon me, and I'll tell ye. *(Makes the motion of turning out.)*—I should be deadly awkward at it ver sartin—however, I'll put the case. Well, I goes whistling whoam—noo, drabbit it, I shou'dn't be able to whistle a bit, I'm sure. Well, I goes whoam, and I sees Henry sitting by my wife, mixing up someit to comfort the wold soul, and take away the pain of her rheumatics. Very well, then Henry places a chair vor I by the fire side, and says—“Farmer, the horses be fed, the sheep be folded, and you have nothing to do but sit down, smoke your

pipa, and be happy!" Very well, (*becomes affected*)
 Then I say—"Henry, you be poor and friendless, so
 you must turn out of my house directly." Very well,
 then my wife starts at I—reaches her hand towards
 the fire place, and throws the poker at my head. Very
 well, then Henry gives a kind of anguish shake, and
 getting up, sighs from the bottom of his heart—then
 holding up his head like a king, says—"Vernon, I
 have too long been a burthen to you—Heaven protect
 you as you have me. Farewell! I go." Then I say,
 "If thee dost I'll be down'd," (*with great energy.*)
 Hello; you Mister Sir Philip! you may come in.

(*Enter Sir Philip Blandford.*)

Sur I have argu'd the topic, and it wou'dn't be
 pratty—so can't.

Sir Philip.—Can't! absurd!

Ashfield.—Well, sur, there is but another word—I
 won't.

Sir Philip.—Indeed!

Ashfield.—No, sur, I won't;—I'd see myself hang'd
 first and you too, sur—I would indeed (*bowing.*)

Sir Philip.—You refuse then to obey

Ashfield.—I do, sur—at your service (*bowing.*)

Sir Philip.—Then the law must take its course.

Ashfield.—I be sorry for that too—I be, indeed
 sur; but if corn wou'dn't grow, I cou'dn't help it; it
 wou'n't poison'd by the hand that sow'd it. This hand,
 sir, be as free from guilt as your own.

Sir Philip.—Oh! (*sighing deeply*)

Ashfield.—It were never held out to clinch a hard
 bargain, nor will it turn a good lad out into the wicked
 world, because he be poorish a bit. I be sorry you be
 offended, sur, quite—but come what wool, I'll never
 hit this hand against here, but when I be sure that
 someit at inside will jump against it with pleasure
 (*bowing.*) I do hope you'll repent of all your sins—
 I do, indeed, sur, and if you shou'd, I'd come and see
 you again as friendly as ever—I wool, indeed, sur.

Sir Philip.—Your repentance will come too late!

(*Exit*)

Ashfeld. Thank ye, sur—good morning to you—
I do hope I have made myself agreeable—and so I'll go
whom. (*Exit.*)

HOW TO SAVE ONE'S BACON.

EARLY one fine morning, as Terence O'Flenry was hard at work in his potato-garden, he was accosted by his gossip, Mick Casey, who he perceived had his Sunday clothes on.

"God's 'bad! Terry, man, what would you be after doing there wid them praties, an' Phelim O'Laughlan's berrin' goin' to take place? Come along, ma bochal! sure the praties will wait."

"Och! no," said Terry, "I must dig this ridge for the childer's breakfast, an' then I'm goin' to confession to Father O'Higgins, who boulds a stashin' beyond there at his own house."

"Bother take the stashin'!" said Mick, "sure that 'ud wait, too." But Terence was not to be persuaded.

Away went Mick to the berrin'; and Terence, having finished "wid the praties," as he said, went over to Father O'Higgins, where he was shown into the kitchen, to wait his turn for confession. He had not been long standing there before the kitchen fire, when his attention was attracted by a nice piece of bacon, which hung in the chimney-corner. Terry looked at it again and again, and wished the childer "had it at home wid the praties."

"Murther alive!" says he, "will I take it? Sure the priest can spare it, an' it would be a rare throte to Judy an' the gorseons at home, to say nothin' iv meself, who hasn't tasted the likes this many's the day." Terry looked at it again, and then turned away, saying—"I won't take it—why won'd I, an' it

not mine, but the priest's? an' I'd have the sin iv it, sure! I won't take it," repeated he, "an' it's nothin' but the Old Boy himself that's temptin' me! But sure it's no harm to feel it, any way," said he, taking it into his hand, and looking earnestly at it. "Och! it's a beauty, and why wouldn't I carry it home to Judy and the childer? An' sure it won't be a sin afther I confess it!"

Well, into his great coat pocket he thrust it; and he had scarcely done so, when the maid came in and told him that it was his turn for confession.

"Murther alive! I'm kil't an' ruin'd, horse and foot, now, jay, Terry, what'll I do in this quandary at all, at all? By gunnies! I must thry an' make the best of it, any how," said he to himself, and in he went.

He knelt to the priest, told his sin, and was about to receive absolution, when all at once he seemed to recollect himself, and cried out—

"Och! stop—stop, Father O'Higgins, dear! for goodness' sake, stop! I have one great big sin to tell yit; only, sir, I'm frightened to tell id, in the regard of never having done the likes afore, sir, never!"

"Come," said Father O'Higgins, "you must tell it to me."

"Why, then, your Reverence, I will tell id; but, sir, I'm ashamed like!"

"Oh, never mind! tell it," said the priest.

"Why, then, your Reverence, I went one day to a gentleman's house upon a little bit of business, an' he bein' engaged, I was shroved into the kitchen to wait. Well, sir, there I saw a beautiful bat iv bacon hangin' in the chimney-corner. I looked at id, your Reverence, an' my teeth begin to wether. I don't know how it was, sir, but I suppose the Devil tempted me, for I put it into my pocket, but, if you please, sir, I'll give it to you," and he put his hand into his pocket.

"Give it to me!" said Father O'Higgins; "no certainly not; give it back to the owner of it."

"Why, then, your Reverence, sir, I offered id to him, and he wouldn't take id."

"Oh, he wouldn't, wouldn't he?" said the priest ;
 "then take it home, and eat it yourself, with your
 family."

"Thank your Riverince kindly!" says Terence,
 "an' I'll do that same immediately, plaize God ; but
 first and foremost, I'll have the absolution, if you
 plaize, sir."

Terence received absolution, and went home, re-
 joicing that he had been able to save his soul and his
 bacon at the same time.

TO AN OLD WIG.

HAIL thou ! that hast so sung in this old box ;
 With awe I bend before thy wood-built shrine !
 Oh, 'tis not closed with glue, nor nails, nor locks,
 And hence the bliss of viewing thee is mine.

Like my poor aunt, thou hast seen better days ;
 Well curled and powdered, once it was thy lot
 Balls to frequent, and masquerades, and plays,
 And panoramas, and I know not what.

Oh, thou hast heartily seen Madams Mara sing,
 And oft-times visited my Lord Mayor's treat ;
 And once, at court, wert noticed by the King,
 Thy form was so commodious, and so neat.

Alas ! what art thou now ? a mere old mop,
 With which our housemaid Nan, who hates a broom,
 Dusts all the chambers in my little shop,—
 Then slily hides thee in this lumber-room.

Such is the fate of wigs—and mortals too !
 After a few more years than thine are past,
 The Turk, the Christian, Pagan, and the Jew,
 Must all be shut up in a box at last.

Vain man ! to talk so loud, and look so big,
How small the difference 'twixt thee—and a wig !
How small, indeed—for, speak the truth I must—
Wigs turn to dusters, and man turns to dust.

A PARODY ON THE TRIAL SCENE IN BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

CHARACTERS—Magistrate, Bill, and Witness.

Mag. PRISONER, as your donkey is almost bent double with the load o' mackerel on his back, and it am been thought proper that your pals, the drovers and slaughter-men, should be witnesses of whatsoever penalty we may inflict upon you, in case we finds you guilty on the crime that you are charged vith ; it will be necessary to receive the dispositions of the witnesses without bringing the donkey into court, because, you see, the hampers would perwent. You of the witnesses, I grieves to say, is your woman—howsoever, out of mercy to your sittuation, we ain't brought her up.

Bill. Thanks, your vorship, thanks, my woman Sarah, standing here afore me pattering words vhat'd send me to the mill, would be laying on too thick for a covey to bear. I thanks your vorship—if I must mount the wain again, I couldn't have it in sight o' my woman.

Mag. Prisoner, you am charged under Muster Martin's hact, vi' almost killing your donkey to death.
Answer—am you guilty, or not guilty ?

Bill. I vants your vorship to mind vot your arter stixt the questions. If it should go for to be axed if I wanted to kill the donkey, I could prove, if I wanted to be bounceable, that my donkey vas nitch a run'un, I could ha' sold him to a knacker for five hog—all's von for that ere. I ain't guilty of an attempt to kill the donkey to death ; but if it's guilty for a

costermonger to strike his moko when he von't kemarp, vy then I says guilty, and think I've no cause to cry stinking fish.

Mag. You pleads guilty, then? Let me as a jolly good trump of a beak, vot I is, advise you to eat your words. At all events, chance your luck on a proper hexamination.

Bill. I leaves that ere chance to your vorship's own breasts, if they have not a vord for poor Bill, vy I ain't got dimmock to employ a lawyer:

Mag. You von't go back then?

Bill. I'm fixed to it, back and edge, and no gammon.

Mag. Brother Beak, nothing more is left for us to do nor to consider on the amount o' the fine. Although the case o' the unfortunate costermonger admits of a little pity, still, for the proper diffusion of the milk of humane kindness—as the immortal Blackstone says—amongst the bullock boys and donkey-men of the metropolis, any wood winking or learning for'ard on our parts would set a bad hexample, and I fears can't be yielded to. Gennemen, am you made up your minds as to the verdict? Guilty? It remains, then, for me to force the penalty. Prisoner, does not von of your cronies come for'ard to speak to your carrotter? Are you no von?

Bill. Not von, your vorship: I didn't go for to think to ax em; but let them choovick, and, may I never die in child-bed, if from one end of Kent-street to t'other, you can find a kid to say nothink agin me.

Mag. Ring out for vitnesses!

(Enter First Witness.)

What am you?

Wit. A coal-heaver, your vorship.

Mag. Vot know you on the prisoner?

Wit. Know, your vorship! that he's the humanest man as ever skinned a heel—the first at Billingsgate in a morning, the last to go to roost at dark; von an

never vos thought nothing else nor a trump; he deals in the freshest mackerel and the largest sprats; for buying and selling to the best advantage, give me Bill Finch before any kid in Kent-street.

Mag. But vos knows you on his moral character?

Wil. His maw—maw—ale character, your vorthship? vy he plays at shove-ha'penny like a cock.

Mag. Are there any more witnesses?

(Another Witness comes forward.)

Vos knows you on the prisoner?

Wil. Nothing but good, my lorthur.

Mag. Vos he never lock'd up in the vatoilins?

Wil. Not never but once, my lorthur; and that ere vos for a shindy, when ve vos both lathy.

Mag. Vos else do you know?

Wil. Vy, as this here, my lorthur—if he goes to the mill, they can't make him work hard.

Mag. Am you nothing else to show? Did he not never do no great nor mag-nanny-mous action?

Wil. Do any who, my lorthur? Ye—Yes. He twice flogged his grandmother, and twice put his old blind father into a vater butt.

Mag. Am there any more witnesses?

Bill. Your Vorthship, I feels as if I had the barnacles on, or stood in the stocks, to stand here and listen to yarks about a character, and all that ere. If you doesn't think I'm a trump, vy it's no more use than taking coals to Newcastle to patter here.

Mag. Gennomen, is your opinion still unshook'd? Prisoner, what am you to say vy the full penalty of furdy hog should not be levelled a-top on you? If you is got nothing to offer, now is the time to launch out.

Bill. In a moment, your vorthship—in a moment.—*(Blowing his nose.)* Damn it, my nose is rather troublesome. Your vorthship I had been three months to the mill for a 'gaunt, and my donkey—as good a von to go as ever was seen—had not done no work all that ere time. I had come home as frisky as a fly in a

treacle-pot. I found Sarah—that's my woman, your vorahip—with all her toggery up the flue, but runn'ay all other rags. Vell, your vorahip, I invited my pals to a bit of a blow out, and when vo vos all as merry as a lot o' chummies on a May-day, there comes in a cove to say there vos a glut o' mackerel down at the Gate. I hampered my moke, and set off vi' the bags to lay in a dollop. I hadn't got further nor the t'other side o' Smiffel, when my donkey got his leg in a plug-hole. I ups vi' my bit of ash—[shewing a stick about the size of a rolling-pin]—run up to him, and velted away on his behind as long as I vos able; when up comes a covee, and begins to preach a sarmint about cruelty to the hanimal. I never stowed it—never stopped. Would any o' your vorahips? Jolly good luck to you and your women, says I! Would any o' your vorahips ha' struck a donkey, as if you'd been going to kill a flea or a bug? No, you wouldn't! You'd ha' done as I did. And vot did I? vy, I vopp'd the donkey like a sack; and had your vorahip been the donkey—you're am enough—so help me tatur, I'd ha' done it.

TO MY STICK.

ATTEND my muse, and with thee bring
Thy most harmonious facile string;
Grant me thy potent aid, to sing

My Stick.

Assist me, all ye sacred Nine,
To celebrate this stick of mine,
And I'll devote unto your shrine

My Stick.

Come Pegasus—I'm safe astride—
A quicker pace must soon be tried,
Or I will lay upon thy hide

My Stick.

There ! gallop on with might and main,
Parnassus' top we'll quickly gain,
And I'll pursue that pleasing strain,
My Stick.

Hail, hail, all hail ! man's firm support
Through evil and through good report ;
Hail, hail, all hail ! 'tis thee I court ,
My Stick.

In every clime, in every age,
Or saint or savage, sot or sage,
Man leans on thee, in every stage,
His Stick.

When Satan for his sins was driven
Forth from the eternal joys of heaven,
We read that unto him was given
A Stick.

The tallest pine was but a wand
Compared to that he took in hand,
To help him o'er the burning strand,
His Stick.

With what did Balaam smite his ass ?
What pledge gave Judah, too ? alas,
What stretch'd poor Abel on the grass ?
A Stick.

The Preacher says—" thy son chastise,
Or he will thee ;" again he cries—
" Spare not the rod," and rod implies
A Stick.

In infancy, what was my pride ?
What was't for which I often cried ?
What did I saddle, mount, and ride ?
My Stick.

And when my tardy teens began,
I flourish'd oft my gay rattle ;
Thou grac'd me while I aped the man,
My Stick.

With tight-laced stays and hair in curls,
Aided by thy majestic twirls,
We made sad havoc 'mongst the girls,
My Stick.

What never left me in a spree?
What made the drunken Charlies flee?
What broke their heads and lanterns? thee,
My Stick.

Carousing at some midnight revel,
If any dared to prove uncivil,
We were the boys to play the devil,
My Stick.

What stands my friend in bloody fray?
What cheers me on my lonely way?
What keeps the yelping curs at bay?
My Stick.

Thou help'st me through mud and mire,
Thou mak'st me stand six inches higher,
With thee I lord it like a squire,
My Stick.

Theatre, market, church, or fair,
Wherever I am, thou art there,
Ev'n children cry—there goes a pair
Of Sticks.

Thou giv'st an air of consequence,
Thou stamp'st me as a man of sense,
Yet costs but six or seven pence,
My Stick.

What makes me, when with whisky toddy
I'm drunk and stupid as a noddy,
Walk home like any sober body,
My Stick.

With taper, straight, well-polished stem,
And graceful curve, thou art a gem
To decorate a diadem,
My Stick.

Whether of ash, elm, oak, or vine,
Of rare bamboo, or humble pine,
Hail! hail! all hail! for thou art mine,
My Stick.

If life's meridian spared to see,
Depend upon it thou shalt be
Still part and particle of me,
My Stick.

When stuff'd with luxury and pride,
Too fat to walk, a steed I'll ride,
And proudly flourish at my side,
My Stick.

Tottering down life's declivity,
I'll confidently trust to thee,
Thou'lt prove the same kind friend to me,
My Stick.

Yet wo is me ;—true friendship never,
In this vile world did last for ever,
Fell death from me some day will sever
My Stick.

But till my door of life is shut,
Till in my kindred earth I'm put,
Till life's extinct, I'll never cut
My Stick.

PAT AND THE MAGISTRATE.

A PATLANDER, with a pole as red as the Red Lion, at Brentford, and rendered still more red by a copious discharge of blood which oozed through a dirty rag tied over a recent wound on his scalp, applied to a magistrate for a warrant, when the following dialogue took place :—

Mag. Well, Pat, (for his countenance operated as a sort of finger-post, pointing to the road whence he came) what do you want?

Pat. I'd be wanting a warrant, your worship's glory.

Mag. Against whom?

Pat. Agin Barney O'Leary, please your Rivirince.

Mag. For what?

Pat. For murther, your grace.

Mag. Whom did he murther?

Pat. Murther! Och, the divil a crature but myself, your excellency.

Mag. Indeed! Has he really been guilty of that?

Pat. By my sowl he has! Bad luck to him! He has made a hole in my napper big enough to bury a cat in.

Mag. He has not killed you outright, I see.

Pat. Och sure, it isn't his fault that he hasn't, for he intended it, and nothing surer.

Mag. I suppose an assault warrant will suit you? When did he assault you?

Pat. He 'laughted me last night, about two o'clock this morning, your serene highness?

Mag. Did he strike you with a stick?

Pat. No, my lord, it was a small taste of a poker.

Mag. A poker! What a dreadful murderous weapon.

Pat. Arrah! sure your holiness, it is indeed, indeed.

Mag. Where were you when this happened?

Pat. Where was I? sure I was in bed.

Mag. Asleep or awake?

Pat. As sound as a roach, your majesty.

Mag. And what provocation had you given him,

Pat. Divil a provocation at all, most noble. How could I when I was dead drunk asleep?

Mag. What! do you mean to say he came to your bedside and struck you in this dreadful manner without cause?

Pat. Yes, your mightiness—barring he came to his own bedside instead of mine.

Mag. His own bedside! were you in his bed?

Pat. Faith, you have guessed it, your Rivirince.

Mag. And what brought you there?

Pat. That's more than I can tell, your honour, barring it was the liquor.

Mag. Was this all you did to provoke his anger?

Pat. Divil a thing else.

Mag. Was there any other person present?

Pat. Not a creature—independent of his wife, dat was in bed with me, your grace.

Mag. His wife! were you in bed with his wife?

Pat. In course I was, your worship!

Mag. And don't you think you deserved what you got?

Pat. Is it me? Not I, indeed, it was all a mistake.

Mag. Mistake!

Pat. Yes, I thought it was my own wife in the dark, I went into the room in a mistake!

Mag. Well, I hope you committed no other mistake. You must be careful in future. I cannot grant you a warrant.

Pat. Thank your majesty. If he hits me agin it shall go for something. By my sowl I will give him a crack that will knock him into the middle of next week. So an illigant good day to your mightiness.

Pulling up his unmentionables, he hopp'd off in a real Irish trot.

It turned out that Paddy went into the bed unconscious of where he was, till Barney gave him a gentle hint with the poker, and fortunately his skull was thick enough to resist the intended finisher. Barney's sleeping beauty was also awake by the shock, who gave her tender assistance in larruping the intruder out of the chamber of her lord and master.

THE BLIND BOY.

WHEAT'S the blind child, so admirably fair,
With guileless dimples, and with flaxen hair

That waves in every breeze? He's often seen
Beside your cottage wall, or on the green,
With others, matched in spirit and in aim,
March on their clubs, and capture in their eyes
That full expansion of virtue, to childhood due,
Some of these sports, so duly cherished here
And here—that laugh is his, that joyful cry
He hears the low, and wraddling hoop break by,
And runs the giddy course with all his might,—
A very child in every thing but sight.

With circumstances, but not abused power,
Play the great object of his infant hours,
In many a game he takes a noble part,
And shows the native gladness of his heart.
But even he hears, on pleasure all intent,
The new suggestion, and the quick ascent
The grove ascends, delight fills every breast
To leap the ditch, and catch the daisy seed,
Away they start, move swift and leaps befitful,
And one companion leave—the box is filled!

His father points their distant paths to say,
That childish fortitude awhile grow may
He feels his broadest arm, yet shorn the pain,
Soon he renounces his chivalrous again.
Pondering how best his moments to employ,
He seizes his little wings of unbroken joy,
Camps on the warm green turf for many an hour,
And pines, by chance, the white and yellow flower;
Stunning their stamens, while resting on his arm,
He looks a ransome which he never saw
Along the hitherward path than leads his way,
Lifting his brow against the shining day,
And, with a playful rapture round his eyes,
Presents a sighing parent with the prize.

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

THE QUEEN, and may she always live in the hearts of her Subjects.

May the health of our Sovereign keep pace with the wishes of her people.

The Queen, and success to her arms by sea and land.

His Royal Highness Prince Albert.

The Princess Royal.

All the Royal Family.

All our independent Nobles, and all noble hearts.

May the constitution of Great Britain and Ireland flourish and prosper to the latest posterity.

Firmness in the senate, valour in the field, and fortitude on the waves.

May the sword of Justice be awayed by the hand of Mercy.

May the seeds of dissension never find growth in the soil of Great Britain.

May the meanest Briton scorn the highest slave.

Britons in unity, and unity in Britons.

A cobweb pair of breeches, a porcupine saddle, a hard-trotting horse, and a long journey, to the enemies of Britain.

May the worth of the nation be ever inestimable.

May kings and subjects reign in each other's hearts by love.

May he who has neither wife, nor estate, in Britain, never have a share in the government of it.

A speedy export to all the enemies of Britain without a drawback.

May British virtue shine when every other light is out.
 The commerce of Britain and Ireland.
 The Rose, Thistle, and Shamrock, may they flourish
 united by the common graft of Union.

The land of the Rose,
 Where liberty glows,
 The land of the Shamrock,
 The Emerald Isle.
 The land of the Thistle,
 And heather so green.

May we never know any other difference between
 England and Ireland than St. George's Channel.
 May the enemies of Great Britain and Ireland never
 meet a friend in either country.

May every succeeding century maintain the principles
 of the glorious Revolution, enjoy the blessings of
 them, and transmit them, unimpaired, to future ages.
 May the enemies of Great Britain know the want of
 beef and claret.

May those who would revel in the ruin of Britain, or
 her ladies, dance in a hempen neckcloth.

May the annals of Great Britain never suffer a moral
 plot.

Annihilation to the trade of corruption.

May the produce of Great Britain never exceed her
 consumption.

May every Briton be loyal and find a loyal protection.

May loyalty flourish for ever.

May the rights of Great Britain never be invaded by
 foreigners.

Success to our arms by sea and land.

Short shoes and long corns to the enemies of Great
 Britain.

May the hearts of our sons be modest and brave, and
 our daughter modest and pure.

May the thorns of the Thistle, the thorns of the Rose,
 Be ever the portion of Great Britain's foes.

Britain; and may the land of our nativity be ever the
 abode of freedom, and the birth-place of heroes.

May we ever honestly uphold our rights.

May the pleasures of Britons be as pure as their breezes, and their virtues firm as their oaks.

Addition to our trade, multiplication to our manufacturing, subtraction to our taxes, and reduction to places and pensions.

May the rights of the people to a fair and equal representation in parliament never again be dispersed.

Cork to the heels, Cash to the pockets, Courage to the hearts, and Concord to the heads, of all those who fight for Great Britain.

Confusion to those who, wearing the mask of patriotism, pull it off, and desert the cause of liberty in the day of trial.

Disappointment to those who form expectations of places and pensions on the ruin of their country.

Improvement to the inventions of our country.

Improvement to our arts, and invention to our artists.

Liberty, prosperity, and security from oppression.

May truth and liberty prevail throughout the world.

May the protecting arm of the civil power always defend our rights.

May the tree of liberty flourish round the globe, and every human being partake of its fruits.

The land of our forefathers, may it ever continue free.

May the weight of our taxes never bend the back of our credit.

May our enemies never touch the union dish—mutton, beef, barley-cakes, puddings, and potatoes.

May trade and manufactures be unrestrained by the fetters of monopoly.

May the skin of our foes be turned into parchment, and our rights written thereon.

May he who plots the nation's downfall get what he deserves—a halter.

May we, as Christians, be zealous without uncharitableness—as subjects, loyal without servility—and, as citizens, free without faction.

May the blossoms of liberty never be blighted.

The three great Generals in power—General Peace,
 General Plenty, and General Satisfaction.
 May surrounding nations admire, and prefer the ex-
 cellence of our arts and manufactures.
 Success to our army, success to our fleet,
 And our foes be compell'd to bend at our feet.
 May the laurels of Great Britain never be blighted,
 May the liberties of man never be clipped by the
 shears of bad economy.
 May our country ever be, as it always has been, a se-
 cure asylum to the unfortunate and oppressed.
 The English rose—may it never be grafted on any
 foreign stock.
 The Sea, and may it always bring a spring tide of joy
 to Great Britain.
 May the tar who loses one eye in defence of his coun-
 try, never see distress with the other.
 The tar that sticks like pitch to his duty.
 The tar well tarred, and tars well feathered.
 Britain's stout anchor, her tars, and the wooden walls
 of Old England.
 Should the French come to Dover, may they miss
 Deal in their landing.
 May our brave tars never be in the Fleet (prison).
 England's bull-dogs—may they be ever ready to re-
 ceive the enemy in good style.
 Long may the foe tremble, and every friend rejoice,
 at the arrival of the British fleet.
 Lots of beef and oceans of grog.
 May the tars of Old England triumphantly sail,
 And over its enemies ever prevail.
 May the Navy of Great Britain never know defeat
 but by name.
 The world's wonder, and Great Britain's pride—her
 Navy.
 May the boat of Placeme always be steered by the
 pilot of Reason.
 May we never want a Nelson, to show an enemy that
 we can beat them with one hand.

May our enemies be pickled in the brine that preserves Old England.

An army that will stand ; but no standing army.

Days of ease, and nights of pleasure.

The roses of Love without the thorns.

Laughing lovers to merry maids.

May we kiss whom we please, and please whom we like.

May the wings of Love lose every feather.

The single married, and the married happy.

A Friend, and a bottle to give him.

May we never want wine, nor a friend to partake of it.

A drop of good stuff, and a snug party,

To spend the evening social and hearty.

Cheerfulness in our cups, content in our minds, and competency in our pockets.

Old wine and young women.

Friendly may we part, and quickly meet again.

May the evening's amusement always bear the morning's reflection.

May the hinges of friendship never rust.

May the lamp of friendship be lighted with the oil of sincerity.

May we always have a friend, and know his value.

Ability to serve a friend, and honour to conceal it.

May we never see an old friend with a new face.

May merit never be compelled to beg for reward.

May we never break a joke to crack a reputation.

Our injuries written in sand, and our friendship in marble.

May our endeavours to please be always crowned with success.

May the heart that sympathizes in the distresses of others, never sorrow over its own misfortunes alone.

May the morning of prosperity shine on the evening of adversity.

May we never want a bait when we fish for content.

All Fortune's daughters except the eldest, Mis fortune.

Good luck till we are tired of it.

Good trade and well paid.

- Eldest with content, and from misfortunes free,
Long may we live, and happy may we be.
May we never know sorrow but by name
May we never make a sword of our tongues to wound
the character of a good man.
May we be always merry as wise, and wise as merry.
May we always delight to please.
May our pleasures be free from the stings of remorse.
May misfortunes make us wise.
May the desires of our hearts be virtuous, and those
desires gratified.
May poverty ever remain a day's march behind us.
May the women we love be honest, and the land we
live in free.
May every day bring more happiness than yesterday.
May real merit meet reward, and its counterfeit
punishment.
May we always be able to resist the assaults of pro-
perity and adversity.
May the gates of consolation be ever open to the chil-
dren of affliction.
May prosperity never make us arrogant, nor adver-
sity mean.
Plenty to the poor, and feeling to the rich.
The grey-headed man, whose actions have secured the
approbation of all good men.
May we cease to blame the ways of Providence.
May the tongue speak the sentiments of the heart.
May we look forward with pleasure, and backward
with content.
May casual mistakes never be construed into wilful
crimes.
Sprightliness in youth, stability in manhood, and se-
renity in old age.
May we always see our neighbour's distresses with an
eye of compassion.
May temptation never conquer virtue.
Life's best pilot, wisdom and discretion.
May appetite attend on good living, and health wait
on both.

May our love for our Queen have no bounds, nor our fear of her need any.

May sprigs of liberty adorn the fire-side of John Bull.

May the whole universe be incorporated into one city, and every inhabitant be presented with the freedom.

May all the governments of the world speak the will, and promote the happiness of the governed.

Everlasting happiness to the man who gave the death-blow to the slave-trade.

All the societies associated for promoting the happiness of the human race.

May revolutions never cease while tyranny exists.

May the freedom of election be preserved, the trial by jury maintained, and the liberty of the press secured, to the latest posterity.

May all mankind make free to enjoy the blessings of liberty, but never take the liberty to subvert the principles of freedom.

May our councils be wise, and our commerce increase.

May the miseries of war never more have existence among enlightened nations.

Confusion to those despots who combine themselves against the liberties of mankind.

May the frowns of avarice never disfigure the face of a Briton.

Health to the Queen ; prosperity to the people ; and may her ministry ever direct their endeavours to the public good.

May the whole world become more and more enlightened and civilized.

May every civil government be founded on the natural right of man.

May civil and religious liberty always go hand in hand.

May civil distinctions among men be founded upon public utility.

May the halt of our enemies always betray the lameness of their designs.

To all honest reformers of our country.

May British virtue always find a protector, but never need one.

May the laws of the land be always consonant to those
of nature.

The liberty of the press, and success to its defence.

May equity govern every branch of the law.

May the glorious liberties of the people be immortal.

May religion and politics flow from upright and liberal
principles.

Our country, may it continue to be the land of liberty
to the end of the world.

The inside of a house, and the outside of a prison.

The pleasure of pleasing.

The resurrection of friendship, and the funeral of
animosity,

May we strive to avoid law as we do the devil.

A merry heart and a full purse.

An upright judge, and a downright jury.

Fair days, fair times, and fair ladies.

No magic but the magic of bright eyes.

May big wigs cover wise heads.

May the devil never show his eleven feet.

Success to that government which prefers armed citi-
zens to armed slaves.

The abolition of domestic slavery throughout the world.

Success to the industrious peasantry of Great Britain
and Ireland, and may they profit by their industry.

Religion without priestcraft, and politics without party.

May the brow of the brave never want a wrinkle to
adorn it.

The Queen, and may true Britons never be without
her likeness in their pockets.

Holiness to our pastors, honesty to our magistrates,
and humanity to our rulers.

May those who delight in war, share its calamities.

May Peace o'er Britain spread her wings,

And commerce fill her ports with gold.

May the smiles of peace dispel the frowns of war.

May neither precedent nor antiquity be a sanction to
errors.

May taxation be levied annually.

May the nation that plots against another's liberty or prosperity, fall a victim to its own intrigues.

May he who betrays his country, know the want of a country to shelter in.

May those who root up the tree of liberty be crushed by its fall.

Honour and affluence to the patrons of trade, liberty, and property.

May the love of country be imprinted in every Briton's breast.

A lasting peace, or an honourable war.

May the brave heart never want protection.

An Englishman's birthright, trial by jury.

May our seamen, from the captain to the cabin-boy, be like our ships, hearts of oak.

May the ensigns of the British Navy always prove the harbingers of dismay and defeat to their enemies, and of confidence and security to the allies of their country.

May the tar who has lost a leg, an arm, or any of his members in the defence of his country, be remembered by his Brave countrymen.

May the gale of prosperity waft us into the port of happiness.

More hard ships to Britain, and less to her enemies.

Riches to seamen's widows and orphans.

A broadside of comfort to every distressed heart.

May no true son of Neptune ever flinch from his gun.

Girls for sailors, and sailors well stored for girls.

Grape-shot to our friends, and chain-shot to our enemies.

A round dozen to all pirates.

The immortal memory of Lord Nelson, and may every British Admiral follow his example.

Our naval affairs well managed.

Neptune's favourites, British sailors.

A British seaman's toast : success to every young cock-boat who ventures on the sea in defence of Great Britain.

May British tars be, like their ships, hearts of oak.
Old England's wooden walls.

All ships at sea, and all sea-ships.

Success to the fair for manning the Navy.

May the offspring of the brave tar, who falls in the
defence of his country, never want a protector or
home.

The British Army. May its distinguishing character-
istics be, fortitude in the hour of disaster, courage
in the hour of danger, and mercy in the hour of
victory.

When honour is to be decided by the sword, may it
never find its way to the heart.

May the army of Great Britain never feel dismay at
its enemies.

May the soldier never fall a sacrifice but to glory.

The Waterloo heroes, and may the widows and chil-
dren of those who fell in that memorable battle,
never feel distress through their death.

May the brave soldier, who never turned his back to
the enemy, never have a friend turn his back to him.

The soldier's boast, an unsullied honour.

May the arms borne by a soldier never be used in a
bad cause.

May the soldier's orphan never want a protector.

Beauty without affectation, and virtue without deceit.

Love without licentiousness, and pleasure without
parade.

May the cautious fair one never be deceived by the
appearance of Love.

May Love and Reason be friends, and Beauty and
Prudence marry.

May "Lovers' Vows" never end in "Lover's Quarrels."
Her I love best.

Sincerity before marriage, and fidelity afterwards.

A speedy union to every lad and lass.

Beauty's best companion, Modesty.

Charms to strike the sight, and merits to win the heart.

May the honourable lover never be deceived in the
object of his affections.

Love and opportunity.

Love in every breast, liberty in every heart, and learning in every head.

Long life, pure love, and boundless liberty.

Love without fear, and life without care.

Life, love, liberty, and true friendship.

May the lovers of the fair sex never want means to support and defend them.

May we give way to that which unbends the force of thought, Love.

May the villain who robs a modest female of her virtue, outlive every friend.

May the joys of the fair give pleasure to the heart.

May the sparks of love brighten into a flame.

May we be beloved by those we love.

May the fair daughters of Britain be resplendent in beauty, virtue, and honour.

May the confidence of love be rewarded with constancy to its object.

May the honourable lover be blessed with the object of his wishes.

The lass we love, and the friend we can trust.

The charming companions of beauty, Modesty and virtue.

The greatest blessing Heaven can send, a good wife.

The pillars of Love, Kindness and Constancy.

The face that Nature paints, and the heart that knows no deception.

May the generous heart ever meet a chaste mate.

When Love attacks the heart, may honour be the proposer of a truce.

May the union of persons be always founded on that of hearts.

Constancy in love, and sincerity in friendship.

Sense to win a heart, and merit to keep it.

May the blush of conscious innocence ever deck the faces of the British fair.

May our joys with the fair give pleasure to the heart.

May the tempers of wives be suited to those of their husbands.

May those we love truly be ever believ'd,
 And those who deceive us be ever convinc'd.
 The love of liberty, and the liberty of love.
 May those who enter the rocky paths of matrimony
 never meet with thorns.
 May matrimony and domestic bliss go hand in hand.
 May we never overleap the bounds of prudence, nor
 trample on the beams of friendship.
 Love to one, friendship to a few, and good-will to all.
 May our love of the glass never make us forget decency.
 May Fortune resemble the bottle and bowl, and stand
 by the man who can't stand by himself.
 May we act with reason when the bottle circulates.
 When wine enlivens the heart, may friendship sur-
 round the bottle.
 May the moments of mirth be regulated by the dial
 of reason.
 A bottle at night and business in the morning.
 A hearty supper, a full bottle, and a soft bed, to the
 man who fights the battles of his country.
 Good wine and good company, to the lovers of rea-
 sonable enjoyment.
 May the juice of the rich grape enliven each soul,
 And good humor preside at the head of each bowl.
 We meet to be merry, then let us part wise,
 Nor suffer the bottle to blind Reason's eyes.
 Friendship without interest, and love without deceit.
 Fidelity to our friends, and grace to our enemies.
 Gratitude to preserve old friends, and good behavior
 to procure new ones.
 Heaven's best gift—a friend.
 May friendship draw the cork, and love the curtain.
 May the bark of friendship never strike on the rock of
 deceit.
 May we be rich in friends rather than money.
 May friendship, love, and truth, unite.
 May all honest souls find a friend in need.
 May we never, by overleaping the bounds of prudence,
 trample upon the limits of friendship.

May old friends never be forgotten for new ones.
May friendship be enlivened by good-humour, but
never wounded by wit.
May the difference of opinion never divide friends.
Our favourite friends and favourite girl.
The sunshine of the soul—a friend.
May our friendship continue as long as our lives.
May he that deserts his friend in the time of need,
come to know the want of one.
The soul of friendship, honour.
May our hounds, horses, and hearts, never fail us.
May every fox hunter be well mounted.
May the heart of the sportsman never know affliction
but by natter.
The jolly sportsman that beats about the bush.
The huntress that never fails to start game.
May we always run the game breast high.
May opinion never float on the wave of ignorance.
May our actions ever evince the belief that honesty is
the best policy.
May the pleasures of youth afford us consolation in age.
May health paint the cheek, and sincerity the mind.
May bashful merit rise to favour, and daring insolence
sink into contempt.
May the wealth of rogues devolve on honest men.
Every virtuous woman happy, every vicious one peni-
tent.
May fortune fill the cup where charity guides the hand.
May the devil never pay visits abroad, nor receive com-
pany at home.
Liberty, may it never degenerate into licentiousness.
May we look around with pleasure, and upward with
gratitude.
Humanity in prosperity, and fortitude in distress.
May the sunshine of comfort dispel the cloud of care.
Poverty always at the rear, and hope and power ready
to assist.
All our wants supplied, and our virtuous wishes
satisfied.

All we wish and all we want, when we ask nothing unreasonable.

Desire and ability to do good.

Equal punishment to the ragged rascal and the rich villain.

Faith in every kind of commerce.

From discord may harmony arise.

Freedom to those who dare honourably to contend for it.

Frugality without meanness.

Freedom to the slave.

Great men honest, and honest men great.

However obscure we are by birth, may we never be renowned for crimes.

Hastiness in doing good, and horror in doing evil.

A pot and a pipe, and a good-natured wife,

Just to make me feel happy the rest of my life,

Humanity in prosperity, and fortitude in distress.

Health of body, peace of mind, a clean shirt, and a guinea.

Integrity to those who wear the robe of justice.

May the mind never feel the decay of the body.

Honest men and bonny ladies.

May the best day we have seen be the worst in our lives.

May we learn to live well.

May harmony arise from the ashes of discord.

May the vicious thorn be eclipsed by the budding rose.

May each succeeding moment be as happy as the last.

May meanness never accompany riches.

May we never be blind to our own errors.

May we cherish hope and conquer fear.

May we be slaves to nothing but our duty.

Our happiness sincere, and our joys lasting.

May the cheerful heart never want a pleasant companion.

May Poverty never stare us in the face without presenting Hope as her successor.

May our principles be upright, and our morals pure.

May discerning eyes bestow charity, and discerning objects receive it.

May we derive amusement from business and improvement from pleasure.

May private grief never affect the public welfare.

May length of days be crowned with prudence.

May we always be in possession of the power to please.

May our looks never be at variance with our thoughts.

May the prison gloom be cheered by the rays of hope, and liberty fetter the arms of oppression.

May we never want courage when put to the shift.

May we live in honest pleasure and die out of debt.

May the turnpike-road to happiness be free from toll-bars and bye-ways, and furnished with guide-posts.

May every honest man turn out a rogue.

May the juice of the grape never drive reason from her post.

May our own wants never proceed from negligence of our own creating.

May our thoughts never mislead our judgments.

May the duties of social life never give way to selfishness.

Palsy to the hand of the assassin.

Plenty to the benevolent, and poverty to the miser.

Riches and honour to the charitable and humane.

Riches to the generous, and power to the merciful.

Gaiety in innocence.

May those who are first in sway be foremost in virtue.

The freedom of the press.

May happiness increase with length of years.

Health, happiness, riches, and a good wife.

Success to those who wish it to others.

The life we love, with those we love.

The land we live in.

Short shoes and long corns to our enemies.

Reconciliation to our friends.

Lenity to the faults of others, and sense to discover our own.

Pretty frigates well rigged, and jolly boys to man them.

May our laws guard our liberty, and our liberty our laws.

May mirth exalt the feast.

May the polished heart make amends for a rough countenance.

May might never overcome right.

Champagne to our real friends, and real pain to our sham friends.

A fig for care.

The pleasures of imagination realized.

Envy in an air-pump without a passage to breathe through.

When we watch in a calm, may we be always prepared for a storm.

Church and Queen.

Charms to strike the sight, and merit to win the heart.

A Venus born from Ocean's bed—Britannia.

May British virtue shine when every other light is out.

The jolly sportsman that enters the covert without being bit by the fox.

The fox's brush over the thatched tavern.

Artless love, and disinterested friendship.

Here's to the mouth that can keep a secret.

May our friends always possess the three H's—Health, Honour, and Happiness.

Harmony all over the world.

May the journey through life be as sweet as it is short.

May we never be stranded on Cuckold's Point.

Friendship in marble, animosity in dust.

May we always be bomb-proof against villany.

May the streams of rapture meet each other, and seize life in the middle current.

Our absent friends.

Caledonia; may it ever be the abode of freedom, and the birth-place of heroes.

In the voyage of life, may content be our cabin passenger.

All tails but tell-tales.

Emulation in virtuous breasts.

Here's life daintily dressed with the sweet sauce of kisses.

his leaden

plain dealing

IN Pariah, may we live all the

h. Ward never wear a red coat, nor the hypocrite a black one.

The complaisant door that opens before you knock.

The man that feels for sorrows not his own.

The beginning and end of love.

May paper-credit never lend to corruption wings to soar.

May we always detest the malice of those who attempt to disunite the interest of our Queen and country, which should be ever inseparable.

Laurel water to the enemies of the constitution.

May our trade and manufactories be unrestrained by the fetters of monopoly.

May the laws never be misconstrued.

May Britons never have a tyrant to oppose.

May Britons never invade the rights of others.

A strong cord and a long cord to those who make discord.

May the hospitable hearts of the Sons of Blunder never be seduced from their attachment to the constitution.

Greenwich Hospital, and health to its supporters.

May the adjective Victorious, be ever joined to the substantive Britain.

Every soldier his right, and every deserter a halter.

Commerce universally extended,

And blood-stained war for ever ended.

May French principles never corrupt English manners.

May our commanders have the eye of a Hawke, and the heart of a Wolfe.

An elevated situation to the knave.

A hearty heart make amends for a rough
 friend.
 May our friends overcome right
 terror.
 May friendship be
 the sun that ripens us.
 A pot and a whiff, and a good
 As sensibility is the child of nature,
 cherished.
 Gratitude to remember, and sense to forget.
 May the folly of those who ape the manners of the
 great be always held up to ridicule.
 May we always do unto others as we would they should
 do unto us.
 The Glorious Revolution, which placed a William on
 the Throne—and whose his successors heard another
 Revolution, may they be its first and only vic-
 tims.
 A lasting cement to all contending powers.
 Brunswick's glory, and may it last till the end of time.
 Friendship in a palace, and falsehood in a dungeon.
 Gratitude to our friends, and grace to our foes.
 Gratitude to preserve our friends, and good behaviour
 to procure new ones.
 Home pleasant, and our friends at home.
 In friendship and love may we never know vacation.
 May the son of our friend live to be a better man than
 his father.
 A good horse, a warm house, a snug estate, and agree-
 able wife, to every one that deserves them.
 Every thing of fortune but her instability.
 Conscious innocence, and constant independence.
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